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# The 'ism that failed

Marx himself was a passionate lover of freedom. Yet the philosophy founded by him has led to the negation of freedom in different parts of the world.

by V. M. TARKUNDĒ

LEAVING aside religious preachers like Buddha and Jesus Christ, no social thinker has had a greater impact on the shaping of world events than Karl Marx.

The birth of socialism preceded Marx's *Communist Manifesto* (1848) by merely sixty years. Socialism sprang to life with the great French Revolution of 1789. The early socialists like Saint-Simon, Fourier and Robert Owen disputed the laissez-faire theory of the emerging capitalist class and advocated cooperative enterprise. Their schemes, however, remained small and isolated. They were followed by other socialists, such as Louis Blanc in France and the Chartists in England, whose appeal was directed to the working class and who tried to extend the voting franchise. After the unsuccessful revolutions of 1848 and 1849, however, all types of socialism disappeared from Europe for nearly two decades. In 1864, Marx accepted the leadership of the International Workingmen's Association (the First International). From about 1870, Marxism became the dominating ideology of European socialism.

Marx and Engels expected that a proletarian revolution would take place very soon in an industrially developed capitalist country. That, however, did not happen. Although European socialists accepted the Marxian ideal of nationalisation of all the means of production, they did not fully agree with the other Marxian tenet that socialism can be achieved only by revolutionary means. Political democracy was being extended in European countries by the gradual extension of franchise, and socialist leaders could therefore perceive the possibility of improving the workers' lot by recourse to the ballot box. Eventually, Lenin forced a division between revolutionary and reformist socialism. As a consequence of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia in 1918, the European working class was sharply divided into communists and democratic socialists.

The Bolshevik Revolution of 1918 can hardly be regarded as a proletarian revolution as conceived by Marx. Although the Russian working class took some part in putting an end to the Czarist regime, the revolution was mainly a "pacifist putsch" by peasant soldiers returning from the First World War. Lenin and the other Bolshevik leaders were well aware that theirs was not a typically proletarian revolution. They expected that immediately after the Bolshevik Revolution of 1918, a proletarian revolution would take place in industrially advanced capitalist countries, particularly in Germany. No revolution, however, occurred in any other European country and eventually the Russian communists, under the leadership of Stalin, reconciled themselves to "socialism in one country".

The second communist revolution took place in 1949, more than 30 years after the first. Significantly, it took place in an industrially backward country like China. It could not be regarded by any stretch of imagination as a proletarian revolution. The working class was not in the picture at

all. It was entirely a peasant revolution, brought about by a Communist party consisting of determined revolutionaries who had sprung from the middle class.

After the Chinese Revolution, a few communist revolutions have taken place in some parts of the Third World. They also took place in industrially backward countries and were not proletarian in character. These revolutions, moreover, do not represent the major trend in the Third World. As a result of the Second World War, colonialism came to an end and the countries of the Third World became independent nations. Most of them, after a short period of unstable democracy, came to be dominated by indigenous dictatorships. While a few of these dictatorships are either communist or pro-communist, most of them have emerged from the Right and are definitely against communism.

Reverting to the influence of Marxism on the European continent, two developments are worthy of note. In the first place, after the Second World War, most of the socialist parties in Europe have rejected the Marxian tenet that socialism requires the nationalisation of all the means of production. The

**Capitalist economy in democratic states can be materially altered and even wholly replaced through the ballot box. A violent revolution is not necessary for the purpose.**

Socialist International which met at Frankfurt in 1951 declared that "socialist planning does not pre-suppose public ownership of all the means of production". Similar declarations were made by German Social Democrats in 1959 and Swedish Social Democrats in 1960. Nationalisation of some industries and social control over others, is the objective of most of the socialist parties in Europe.

The second significant development in Europe from the Marxian point of view is the emergence of Euro-communism in western countries. These communists have come to believe that socialism can be established through the ballot box and that a revolution is neither necessary nor inevitable.

Revisionist tendencies are, moreover, growing throughout the communist world. Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland are obvious instances. But the most impressive revision of orthodox communism is taking place in China. China drifted away from the Russian fold in 1961 and it now regards Russia as its main enemy. Chinese communism is more opposed to the "social imperialism" of Russia than to the capitalist imperialism of the United States. The inter-

nal economy of China is also being developed along lines which indicate a departure from orthodox communism.

The thirties of this century saw the apogee of the international communist movement. The Wall Street crash of 1929 and the Great Depression which followed appeared to corroborate the Marxian prognosis that capitalism would end in an insoluble economic crisis. Since the beginning of the Second World War in 1939, however, enthusiasm for communism has been continuously on the decline. The Russo-German Pact at the commencement of the Second World War shocked the conscience of anti-fascist supporters of communism. The narrow nationalism resorted to by communist Russia after the Second World War persuaded many communist supporters to look upon Marxism as "the God that failed". The rift between Russia and China in 1961 and their continuing antipathy caused further disillusionment. The main factor, however, which has eroded the legitimacy of communism (and also Marxism) is the indefinite continuation of rigid dictatorships in Russia, China and other communist countries. Experience has proved that a communist state does not wither away but remains autocratic and authoritarian. Even the economic achievements in communist countries are comparatively meagre and unimpressive, and they do not justify the eclipse of civil liberties and human rights. The recent experience of Poland has shown that a communist dictatorship is a dictatorship, not of the proletariat, but over the proletariat. The experience of communism in practice is not such as to invoke enthusiastic support. Young people, therefore, are not joining the communist ranks in large numbers as they used to do in the thirties.

Communism is the political practice of Marxism. Marx himself was a passionate lover of freedom. He declared in the *Communist Manifesto* that "the free development of each is the condition of the free development of all." He could not possibly have tolerated the prospect of any long-lasting dictatorship. Yet the philosophy founded by him has led to the negation of freedom in different parts of the world.

No scientist, however great, can be claimed to have discovered the final truth. This is true of social sciences as much as of physical sciences. Marx was undoubtedly one of the greatest of all social scientists. Yet the philosophical school founded by him has led to the perversion of its proclaimed ideal.

All the major shortcomings of Marxism can be traced to the theory of economic determinism, the so-called "economic interpretation of history", which is the cornerstone of Marxian philosophy. It is true that man's ideas are influenced to some extent, but only to some extent, by his economic interests. The theory of economic determinism is therefore a half-truth, and like all

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# The 'ism that failed

The spirit of Marx is represented better by the humanist Sakharov who had to leave Russia for his political opinions than by the communist leader Andropov who occupies the seat of power in Russia.

V. M. Tarkunde's article  
continued from Page 1.

other half-truths, is likely to be highly misleading. The economic and political theories of Marxism, which have resulted in the negation of freedom, were deduced from the basic postulate of economic determinism.

Consistently with the theory of economic determinism, Marxism assumed that the wages paid to workers in capitalist countries would always remain at the subsistence level, despite the increasing productivity of labour by the use of advanced machinery. There would consequently be an ever-increasing gap between the volume of the goods produced and the ability of society to purchase them. This would lead to

unsatisfactory economic system, but this is for reasons other than those visualised by Marx.

The Marxian theory of the state has also not been borne out by the march of history. Guided by the theory of economic determinism, Marx looked upon the state as consisting of a coercive machinery designed to serve the interests of the dominant economic class. A cabinet in a parliamentary democracy, according to Marxism, is in effect an executive committee of the ruling capitalist class. The necessary corollary is that such a state must be ended by a revolution and cannot be mended by reformist action. This theory of the state appeared to be true in Marx's lifetime, but has been falsified by subsequent developments. A modern democratic state in western countries is not just a coercive machinery set up by the capitalist class. A Labour Party cabinet in capitalist England is surely not an executive committee of British capitalism. Capitalist economy in democratic states can be materially altered and even wholly replaced through the ballot box. A violent revolution is not necessary for the purpose.

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by Dr. R.H. Dastur

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Cassandra has gone hoarse and is due  
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Intellectuals are as a rule not creative writers or vice versa. Neither are they generally political activists. Political activists do not explore inner spaces and study psychology, parapsychology, yoga and Zen Buddhism. Arthur Koestler engaged in all activities and indeed many others. He was a Renaissance man in the fullest sense of the term. He was, of course, not her Leonardo Da Vinci but he could legitimately claim to be her successor. Europe has produced other such men in his age — George Bernard Shaw; George Orwell, Andre Gide, Malraux and Camus, for example. He was perhaps the most of these remarkable men. It is difficult to think of a comparable living figure.

Koestler would have earned his place among the immortals had he disappeared after the publication of his masterpiece *Darkness At Noon* in 1940; this searing indictment tore the mask off the face of Stalinist Russia and exposed the horrors that were being perpetrated in the name of building a communist utopia. The system under Stalin had, Koestler showed, produced a new Soviet man — not a Renaissance prince of the 16th century but a Neanderthal. It shook a whole generation as only Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four* and *Animal Farm* could be said to have done. It would be ridiculous to compare or contrast these great works. Each one is a masterpiece in its own right and together they have so deeply influenced the post-war generations that for close to four decades it has been impossible for educated people to think without reference to them. *Darkness At Noon* was published in French in 1945 and was said to have been a factor behind the defeat of the French Communist Party in the post-war elections. The story may be apocryphal. But it illustrates the point that *Darkness At Noon* took the reader as no other literary work had for a long, long time.

The Communists, of course, hated Koestler and reviled him. He had exposed the true face of Stalinist Russia long before Winston Churchill made his famous "iron curtain" speech. Foulton or George Kennan wrote his equally famous article calling for measures to contain it. But Koestler was not a cold warrior. His was a cry of anguish born out of disillusionment with the faith which had attracted him as it had attracted many other idealist intellectuals all over the world in the twenties and thirties. His God had failed him and he wanted the world to know. Other European intellectuals went through the same painful experience of loss of faith. Some of them recorded their story in the book appropriately entitled *The God That Failed*.

It was characteristic of Koestler that once he had had his say on communism as it had developed in the Soviet Union under Stalin, he moved on to other fields — to explore, for example, the intuitive foundations of great scientific discoveries. In 1955 when the cold war was barely beginning to lose its grip, he quit writing on politics and announced: "The errors are atoned for; the bitter passion has burnt itself out. Cassandra has gone hoarse and is due for a vocational change." With the deletion of just two words "bitter" and "vocational" this statement can serve as his epitaph. The end was painful but so was much of life. Unlike millions of central European Jews, he escaped the Nazi gas chamber. But he carried the suffering of his race within him. The suffering was etched on his face. He seldom smiled. Even so, what a way to go for a man of his achievement!

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# Muslims Should Retire From Govt. Services in India

By Dr. Ram Pratap Bahadur, M. A., D. Phil.,

ALLAHABAD UNIVERSITY.

FOR long has raged a controversy in the press, the upshot of which was that the number of the Muslims in Government services in these and other provinces, which now comprise the Indian Union, should be brought down and placed in proportion to their exact ratio in the total population of the provinces concerned. At one time this demand was put forward as a counterblast to the Muslim claim to enjoy undisturbed, a favoured weightage, in the services, which they had inherited as a prize legacy from the British administration of the early part of the present century. But if the communalism of the Hindu was mainly at the back of this vociferous demand at one time, the same cannot be said to be the chief cause of this popular agitation today. The position now is altogether different from what it used to be once upon a time. The misbehaviour of the Muslims in Government services is the main factor responsible for this insistent and ever more pressing contention of the Hindu public. Their argument in the main is that a reduction in the number of Muslims in Government service has become necessary and inevitable, if for nothing else, chiefly in the interest of healthy and efficient administration of the country itself.

It is, however, a patent fact that Governments in the provinces took considerable time in appreciating the strength and realising the justification of this popular agitation, because most of them being Congress Governments, for the sheer fear of being dubbed as communal, they deemed it wiser to disregard the force of the argument, which was in very sense simply overwhelming. But soon the tumultuous course of communal events compelled our Governments to accept the challenge inherent in this demand, at least in theory, if not exactly in practice. The coming into existence of the two Dominion Governments on the 15th of August, 1947, however, transformed the whole situation, in this as in other respects. Particularly, the option offered by the Governments of India and Pakistan to the Central Government servants to opt out and serve under either of the two Governments, partly rectified the communal disproportion in the Central services at any rate created a chance for going so at a later stage. But, as we know, the position in the provinces remained the same more or less. In answer to the criticism offered by the resurgent Hindu public opinion, the Congress Governments continued to make promises of undoing what was wrong at a later stage, when conditions were likely to be more propitious for effecting such a drastic constitutional change.

The political perspective today is, however, altogether different. The recent organised or sporadic communal disturbances in the two Punjab, Delhi and other places, the resulting tension between Hindus and Muslims generally all over the country, and the consequent deterioration in the political and diplomatic relations be-

secure the sovereign status of an independent state of six crores of Muslims. In any case the cream of the four crores, either in the sphere of administration, technical ability, financial enterprise or political consciousness, is bound to migrate to Pakistan sooner or later. Only the husk will be left behind remains and that which does not matter for much, because in history not infrequently husk perilously shoved and shuffled to make the destiny of the kernel secure.

This is, perhaps, the reason why the Qaid-e-Azam now wants Muslims, outside Pakistan, to stay where they are, and desires discussion of the problem of exchange and transfer of population on a Governmental level. But discussion on Governmental level in this case, as no student of politics can afford to forget, will ultimately mean discussion and trial of strength on an international level, most probably under the auspices of the U. N. O. It will be so for the reason that representatives of India will ever find Jinnah as intractable in negotiations in future as they found him in the past. In fact, the chances are that he will be even more unmanageable in international discussions. And, may it be mentioned, it will be at that stage that further demands for territorial concessions from India will be made. This is likely to be the logic of the man who, on occasions more than once, expressed himself in favour of exchange of population. But he can now very well turn round and say that truncated Pakistan was not accepted with the idea of accommodating the four crores of Muslims of India. Transfer and exchange of population was inherent only in the original scheme of Pakistan as envisaged by the Lahore resolution. People think that Jinnah has forgotten what he used to declare on this most controversial question of exchange of population. But Jinnah forgets nothing. Only others find it hard to believe this, much less accept it.

The present position, however, is that nobody can possibly dissuade the haunted and persecuted Hindus and Sikhs of the Pakistan area from leaving their hearths and homes; neither can one persuade them at a later stage to go back and live in peace under the shadows of Pakistan administration. The condition of the Muslims in India is not less serious. As a matter of fact, the present fear and panic of the middle class Muslims in the Indian Union, far from being purely psychological, are based on hard realities of their present and future situation. Middle class Muslims, for example, in these provinces have mainly depended for their livelihood in the past on zamindari and Government service. While their population ratio was only fourteen per cent, they enjoyed a weightage of more than thirty. Now, who can possibly deny that sooner or later their present position in both these respects is going to be

(Continued on p. 6)

tween the two Governments of India and Pakistan have caused general panic and restlessness in the minorities, both in Pakistan and India. Consequently, both Hindus and Muslims are running away in mortal fear from their hearths and homes, with an intention and determination never to return again in their life-time. The exodus, for example, from the Western Punjab, N. W. F. and Sindh is now becoming general and it seems well-nigh impossible to check the movement of the Hindus and Sikhs from those areas. In India, on the other hand, so far only the middle class Muslims, especially living in the urban areas, appear to have become panicky, and it is only these people who are at the moment very eager to migrate to Pakistan. Muslims in Government service form part of this class of people.

## WINDOW-DRESSING CANNOT SOLVE THE PROBLEM

It is patent that those who want to go cannot be prevented and, in fact, they should not also be dissuaded from doing so, because it is really now that the problem of the minorities is becoming serious and dangerous in a real sense. Therefore, no amount of good-intentioned sermonising and window-dressing by our leaders, in my opinion, is going to solve that problem easily. In fact, if one were to read the writing on the wall, then there are apparent reasons to believe that the minority problems in the two Dominions is likely to assume even more serious proportions in the months and years to come. For example, even the blind can see that the Pakistan Government seems to be determined in its intention of playing the game of power politics, even if it has to do so by risking the lives of the huge Muslim minority in India. These four crores of Muslims who are going to be a trump card in the hands of the Pakistan State, and this trump card will be used even if Muslims do not want it. Governor-General Jinnah is not the man who will mind it. His logic seems to be of this pattern: that the lives of four crores can be sacrificed if it becomes necessary to do so in order to make



# WHAT INDIAN MUSLIMS SHOULD DO NOW?

By K. Rama Rao

IT would be neither good sense nor good Gandhism to refuse credence to or to condemn the growing volume of protesting and lamenting by a section of Indian Muslims that they have been betrayed by Mr. Jinnah and the Pakistan chief, that the partition was a mistake and Pakistan was a sin, that if they had known the evil consequences in blood and tears of the criminal vivisection of the country they would never have supported it. On the other hand, it would be difficult to believe that they were so child-like and so innocent as not to have imagined the deliberate developments.

present calamitous developments. One thing may, however, be said, that some at least of the views are so patently sincere that the condemnation of Pakistan must be taken to be the result of the honest new experience into which they have been shaken by the violence of events.

There will certainly be left fewer Muslims still who believe that Pakistan is a blessing or a beneficent development, now that they have been told that not a single Muslim man or woman outside the East Punjab would be allowed into it. The men who have got the partition primarily as a result of the labours and sacrifices of the Indian Mussalmans are to be kept out for the benefit of the tribes and sects of Pathans and West Punjab Mussalmans who would have the land of the Indus Valley all for themselves, and whose greed and hunger forgets the bonds and principles of Islamic brotherhood.

The position would, then, appear to be that Pakistan has left the Indian Muslims prisoners of misfortune and captives of India, in a manner of speaking. Either they pledge their absolute loyalty to the Indian Union or they will be wiped out, so they are warned by their own leaders. The hallucination that an independent Muslim State would be a strong bulwark of protection to the Indian Mussalman is the one staggering reality today before them. The position is grave for them in all conscience. How will they acquit themselves?

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or pledged loyalty.

economic democracy will minimise inequality of opportunity, and freedom of enjoyment of religion is assured so long as religion is not a basis of political action or organization. In India, we have not gone as far as this. It would cheerfully paraphrase the sentiments uttered recently by Dawn, the Muslim League organ of Karachi, and apply them to the Indian Muslims. It says, addressing the Hindus of Pakistan: 'You change your hearts and look upon Hindustan as an alien territory and tell the political leaders here not to meddle in your affairs but mislead you. Settle down firmly to the position of loyal younger brothers of the Muslims and give it to the Muslims to make your election the first charge on the conscience.'

main or may be compelled to remain in Pakistan must receive protection equal to that which Muslims receive in India—no more and no less. It is for the Indian Muslims to impress upon the Pakistan Government that for every blow that falls on a non-Muslim in Pakistan a similar blow might fall on the Muslims in India. This fear of theirs should be communicated to Karachi where there is no energetic appreciation of the peril in which the Muslims in India will be placed if the present incompetence of the Pakistan Government in putting down law and order continues.

Foolish and fierce speeches by Gazdars and Liaquat Ali have become too frequent. Preach Gandhi what he may, speak Nehru what he can, it would be impossible for the majority of the Hindu leaders to put up with the insolence and prevarication of the Pakistan chiefs. Indian Muslims must draw their attention to the value of silence and the danger of provocation or retaliation.

Cow slaughter, music before mosques and other age-long questions that have been causes of clashes between Hindus and Mussalmans will require slow and patient investigation for being ended. But meanwhile, Muslims should try to get on well with Hindus. Mere gesture will not be enough. They should give up some of the unfair advantages and privileges they got under the British at the expense of the Hindus.

Most important of all is the immediate need of breaking up the Muslim League. It has no right to exist now after Pakistan. If the Government of India will not have the courage to declare it as an unlawful association, Muslims themselves can virtually do so by killing it with their own hands. Its parent, the British empire, is gone. It has fulfilled its mission. The League was built on hatred and the two-nation theory. In India, there will only be one nation and that is the Indians. There can be no 'Muslims' as a community or as a party in the active political sphere. Let them join any party they please, but the League must be decently interred with all its bones in fact.

## LONG-RANGE PROGRAMME

Now for the long-range programme. 'At the present moment, it is impossible to unite India and Pakistan. The more you talk of it, the more acute become the differences. Talks of unity must end for the time being. It is enough if Pakistan and India do not fight and do not become theocratic states,' said Acharya Narendra Deva recently at Allahabad. Let us all echo these sentiments. But if a reunion is to come one day, what shall we do for it? So far as Pakistan is concerned, the question is forbidden as the topic of discussion. If non-Muslims take it up in India, they will be suspect as interested parties. It is, therefore, for Muslims in India to come out openly and work for reunion. They cannot do worse than take up the lead of that veteran statesman, Mirza Aslam, who has stated that the reunion must begin here and now in all but name. And it has got to be here soon enough. We must get

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**A**NANDA COOMARASWAMY will always be remembered for his association with America, the country where he lived for three decades and where he achieved his highest ideals even as he watched the growth of America from its adolescence to cultural fruition.

"America gave him the opportunity to attain his vital aims. As curator-creator of the Indian collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (1917-1947), an appointment which demanded little more of him than that he pursue his assiduous research, Coomaraswamy was able to devote his attention to his work with complete freedom from economic and political problems. During this period he produced a large number of scholarly publications and numerous unpublished studies on philosophy, religion, art, art history and essays of extraordinary variety and depth. Indeed Coomaraswamy's intellect, which ranged over petrology, music, iconography, philology and metaphysics, has been compared to that of Leonardo da Vinci's.

While America was still a newly found country India could boast of a civilisation which had flourished for thousands of years. While the settlers in America brought with them the culture of the Old World, India had established a

maraswamy who devoted himself to the cause of learning and the unity of mankind.

To the cause of Indo-American friendship few have given more than Ananda Coomaraswamy. During his lifetime, the great scholar did the work of two men. He interpreted the West to the East and the East to the West and in the process strengthened the ties between them.

During his stay in America, Coomaraswamy worked zealously for personal development and achievement, a 'will to power' which he distinguished from the 'will to govern'. This love of power, which was a dedication to truth rather than a yearning for world success, led him to conclude that individuals striving for perfection are necessary for the attainment of the ultimate goal — mankind united in freedom and happiness.

Coomaraswamy, the most knowledgeable scholar of Indian culture to have lived and worked in the United States, deeply influenced American thinkers in aesthetics, metaphysics and religion.

Coomaraswamy did not propound any new philosophical theories although he was considered by some to be a reactionary. It is as an interpreter and exponent of traditional values that he will be remembered. Unlike Radhakrishnan and Tagore he did not attempt to bring about an ideological synthesis because he saw no opposition between

distinctiveness to his works. While Tagore and other intellectuals recommended a synthesis of values, Coomaraswamy insisted on a re-education of the Western literati. He is convinced that "the motion towards a rapprochement must originate in the West for 'the sins of Europe can be atoned for only by repentance, recantation and restitution.'"

Coomaraswamy discovered the inner quality of Asian art. To him Eastern Art was not dead but living and would play an important role in the spiritual life of the West. Trained to be a scientist, but keenly alive to all forms of art, Coomaraswamy was also interested in the so-called 'primitive' cultures of the American Indian, the American Negro and the Pacific Islands. The result is a philosophy of "virtual theology" based on the concept that all genuine art is religious. Art became a sacrament in the eyes of Coomaraswamy. It conveyed and revealed intrinsic truths.

In America, Coomaraswamy was hailed as the man who explained the meaning of Oriental culture to Americans. He was the founder and first president of India Culture Centre in New York and also was the first honorary president of the National Committee for India's Freedom with headquarters in Washington. He made some lecture-tours and encouraged and formation of societies to promote know-

# Coomaraswamy And America

by S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM

way of life and thinking quite different from it.

Early American interest in India centred on such things as the Indian rope trick, snake charmers and, later, to Gandhiji, the Taj Mahal and the towering Himalayas. There were in the past many misconceptions and myths about the gods and goddesses having several heads and sets of arms. Also many of the early American scholars or thinkers, with the exception of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, William Dwight Whitney, Walt Whitman, Colonel Olcott and a few others, showed little interest in the complexities of Indian religion and culture.

As time went by, tenuous and scattered bonds developed between India and the United States. Since the independence of the latter in 1947, trade had thrived between the two countries. Ideas were exchanged. American religious thinkers and theologians benefited much from the writings and lecture tours of men of letters and religious reformers from India, such as Swami Vivekananda and poet Rabindranath Tagore.

American interest in India's literature and philosophical inheritance has continued to grow until this day. Today there is a renaissance of interest in Indian culture and thought in America. American scholars have developed an abiding affection for the Indian sub-continent. Over the years 'bridges of understanding' have been built by individual men and women of both nations dedicated to the vision of a world brotherhood. Perhaps the most imposing and firmly based bridge of Indo-American understanding was built by Ananda Coomaraswamy.

the two spheres of human culture (East and West) in ancient and medieval times.

Thus the East, for Coomaraswamy, stands for values that existed in Europe before the Renaissance. He found in the ancient and medieval mysticism of Europe the same spiritual impulse that is found in the humanistic mysticism of the Upanishads, of Mahayana Buddhism, of Chandidas and Tagore. And thus the post-Renaissance West, which includes America, must undergo a "change of heart" in order that a community of mankind may emerge again. "There was a time," says Coomaraswamy, "when Europe and Asia could and did actually understand each other well. Asia has remained herself; but subsequent to the extroversion of the European consciousness, it has become more and more difficult for European minds to think in terms of unity, and therefore more difficult to understand the Asiatic point of view. It is just possible that the mathematical development of modern science, and certain corresponding tendencies in modern European art on the one hand, and the penetration of Asiatic thought and art into the Western environment on the other, may represent the possibility of a renewed rapprochement. The peace and happiness of the world depend on this possibility.

It may be true that Coomaraswamy overlooked the achievements of the West which have contributed much to the betterment of the human lot. Yet this very 'weakness' is his strength. His refusal to compromise and his strong adherence to a traditional way of life have imparted com-

ledge of India and Indian philosophy. At Boston, he encouraged the foundation of the great collections of Indian art now to be found there as well as in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland and Kansas City.

America made it possible for Coomaraswamy to develop his talents. It is ironic that only in a materialistic atmosphere could he lead a life of philosophy but it is also true that only when one's material needs are taken care of can true philosophy develop. Richard T. Arnt paid him this tribute, "Indeed it is partly because of Coomaraswamy, and men like him, that America was able to move out of its adolescence."

Coomaraswamy's experience in America spanned some of the country's most important historic moments. He saw America through two world wars, he watched the prosperity and the slump and he watched the rebuilding of the new nation. Throughout his life in America, he took an active interest in its growth, especially its intellectual growth.

Coomaraswamy's formulations may be unjust, his panacea for modern materialism in a return to a medieval paradise may be questioned in the light of historical analysis, but he was sincere in his convictions and he dedicated his life to these convictions. He believed that what the West needs is the soul of the East. He referred to scholars and teachers from abroad who took up residence in the United States as men who helped to add to American 'virility' the quality of 'serenity'. Coomaraswamy himself was one such scholar and teacher.



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# System Beset By Conflicts

## Lack Of Mediatory Authority

By A.S. ABRAHAM

THE country is passing through extraordinarily trying times. Punjab remains restive, with terrorists still at large and able to inflict sporadic if not very large-scale damage. After the trauma of recent events in Kashmir, preceded by those in Sikkim where eventually President's rule had to be imposed, the dismissal of the NTR government in Andhra Pradesh has triggered a popular upheaval in that state as well as outrage throughout the country over the governor, Mr Ram Lal's action. In Assam, where things have been on the mend recently with the student agitationists giving indications of their preparedness for a negotiated solution of the "foreigners" question, *bandhs* and demonstrations are being resumed as differences between the Assam government, led by Mr Hiteswar Saikia, and the agitation leaders widen over which electoral rolls should be used for the next Lok Sabha elections in the state. While the agitation leaders, with whom the Centre is apparently in agreement, want the 1971 rolls to be used, Mr Saikia favours the 1979 ones since it was on the basis of these that his government was elected and since, to repudiate them in favour of 1971, would be tantamount to repudiating the present administration.

### Major Crises

But apart from the continuing and major crises in Assam, Punjab, Kashmir and now Andhra Pradesh, there are some other smaller political bushfires going on in other parts of the country which collectively reflect the overall unease which is affecting it. In Orissa, the bloody clash between students and traders in Burla in Sambalpur district on July 14, in which 11 students lost their lives, with the police playing a controversial role, has developed into a serious confrontation between students, backed by the opposition parties, and the state government. A protest *bandh* on August 14 led to violence and killings which, in turn, have provoked calls for a "condolence day" (August 21), regional dharnas (August 24 and 25), and another *dharna* outside Raj Bhavan on August 31 when a memorandum to the governor is to be presented. The Burla incident has been bracketed by opposition leaders together with the worker-police clash at Paradip on March 19 in their effort to show that the J.B. Patnaik government has let loose a "reign of terror".

In Tripura, the Amra Bangali, claiming to represent the interests of the Bengali majority in the state, called a *bandh* on August 21 in protest against the establishment of the Tripura tribal areas autonomous district council and the CPM-dominated Left Front government's moves to restore land to tribal ownership. The *bandh* was in response to a state-wide agitation launched by the Tribal Students' Federation, the student wing of the Tripura Upajati Juba Samiti, which stands for tribal interests. The first action under the agitation was to declare a boycott of classes on August 20. Both the Tripura unit of the Congress and the ruling Left Front opposed the rival *bandhs*, although the local Youth Congress had itself called a *bandh* on August 7 to protest against the state government's alleged failure to curb terrorist activity and to demand the imposition of President's rule. What the TUJS wants is the introduction of the inner-line permit system in the state's tribal areas so as to keep out fresh immigrants, an armed police battalion made up exclusively of local tribal youth and the reservation of 50 per cent of the state assembly

seats for tribals. What the TUJS is trying to do, in effect, is to nullify the political consequences of the reduction of the tribals to a minority in Tripura as a result of massive Bengali immigration over a long period of time.

The chronic social and political turbulence in the state would have been of less consequence than it is had terrorist violence not of late come to assume menacing proportions. Before the June panchayat elections, terrorist ambushes, raids and killings had begun to proliferate, but they were attributed at the time to the marauders' desire to disrupt the poll. When they continued after the poll, it was thought that they were in retaliation for the sentence of life imprisonment awarded to an important insurgent leader. But they have been intensifying thereafter, and the scale and brazenness of the attacks suggest that the extremists have reorganised and have been re-equipped. No less than 25 terrorist raiding groups are estimated to be operating in Tripura, some of whom are apparently aided by rebels of the outlawed Mizo National Front. The depredations of the small band of terrorists comprising the Tripura national volunteers, led by Mr Bijoy Kumar Hrangkhawl, aided and abetted by Bangladesh as well as the MNF, have been particularly murderous.

Tripura itself must be seen in the context of the general turbulence throughout the North-East where a combination of social, economic and cultural factors has created a melting-pot. The problem is that its contents are far from having settled down into stability. The loss of tribal tracts to new settlers, the spread of modernisation which simultaneously fascinates and repels tribal groups, large-scale conversions to Christianity at the same time as, for instance in Tripura, the revival of traditional animism as part of a deliberate rejection of the relatively recent Hindu heritage, the onset of insurgencies fuelled by unrealistic demands for independent states, are among the ingredients that keep the melting-pot bubbling away and sometimes spilling over destructively, as in the June 1980 slaughter in Tripura of over 3,000 people.

### Melting-Pot

What are we to make of all this? In the major scale, Punjab, Assam, Kashmir, Andhra Pradesh. In the minor scale, Orissa, Tripura and the North-East generally, in addition to periodic eruptions of communal violence (the old city of Hyderabad again and again, Bombay, Bhiwandi and Thane not so long ago) and linguistic chauvinism, notably in Karnataka. On the one hand, it can be said that at any given time in the last 37 years, the system has had more than its fair share of strains and stresses (the 1965 language agitation in Tamil Nadu and elsewhere, the turmoil over the linguistic reorganisation of states starting with the mid-fifties, the 1974 railway strike, the 1975-77 emergency), but has survived them all and to some extent grown stronger for that reason. Why, then, be over-perturbed about the stresses and strains it is now undergoing? On the other, it can be argued that to take the view that because we have survived crises in the past, we will overcome them in the future, as if by some unwritten natural law, is to take an amazingly complacent view. For the evidence, from this standpoint, shows that our "survival" has not strengthened but corroded the institutions on which the system rests: the legislatures (Parliament and the assemblies), the courts, the police, the

bureaucracy, the universities, even, some would say, the press, despite recent signs that it is being reinvigorated as it becomes more and more crucial with the decline of other institutions.

The reality seems to lie between the two extremes of a complacent optimism and a pessimism full of the darkest forebodings. One crucial difference between systemic pressures at work in the fifties and sixties and those in operation today is that then most of these tensions and conflicts were mediated by a relatively well-knit and wisely led political party that was as much a movement i.e., the Congress. Beginning with 1967, however, the Congress began to lose the overwhelming dominance of the party-political set-up as well as of the system generally that it had until then enjoyed. But the steady decline of the Congress over the last decade-and-a-half and more has not witnessed the rise of a compensatory and coherent mediatory force. The one attempt to develop such a force—the 1977-79 Janata government—ended so disastrously as to convince most people that a gaggle of opposition groups coalescing unconvincingly for the sake of power was worse than a much-debilitated Congress.

### Danger

But there is a second crucial difference between then and now. Then, i.e. until the end of the sixties, the system had only just begun to acquire the dimensions of mass participation that now so conspicuously characterise it. Competitive politics within a set-up that places a premium on people's consent has seen the decline of the Congress paradoxically because the ruling party's very attempts to retain and augment popular support through extending the process of development have created multifarious interest-groups, in rural as much as urban areas, many of which do not identify with Congress ideology and goals, such as they are. In other words, the ruling party's record, however patchy, on development has brought more and more people actively into the system and simultaneously led to a differentiation of interests on such a scale that it is no longer possible for one single party, however catholic its appeal, to mediate the numerous conflicts arising out of competing claims.

This is the positive side of the picture. And it follows from this that the more widely and deeply the system spreads its roots, the more turbulence there is likely to be. After all, the economic roots of the crisis in Punjab lie not in poverty and underdevelopment but in the achievements of the green revolution which has seen the rise of market agriculture for the first time in India's history. Likewise, the problems of Assam (as of the North-East as a whole) spring from the onset of modernisation, however abrasive that has been. And the emergence of a party like the Telugu Desam is witness again to how deep in the soil of popular consent and participation the system has taken root.

The danger is that, without an overt political authority, such as the Congress of the sixties, able to mediate the inevitable crises that the system's very success must bring in its train, these crises may collectively paralyse the system and cause it to stagnate. So far, it must be said, there is no sign that either the present-day Congress or the opposition parties, fragmented as they are, can play this crucial role. But it is not yet time to despair.



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# Voices in the house

The marble under our feet feels new. The cement has not dried. It does not have the glint of old marble that has aged in the sun. As we begin the parikrama, I stop to buy a garland of flowers for the Granth Saheb.

Anees Jung visits the Golden Temple in Amritsar and writes.

*The age is like a knife.  
Kings are butchers. Religion  
hath taken wings and flown.  
In the dark night of false-  
hood I cannot see where the  
moon of truth is rising.*

GURU NANAK —  
Majh ki Var

THE NIGHT has not paled. The kirtans have not ceased. They emanate from the Golden Temple, penetrate the darkness and fill the ancient courtyard, float out to further distances. Nanak's verse, born out of a great anguish, is being sung at

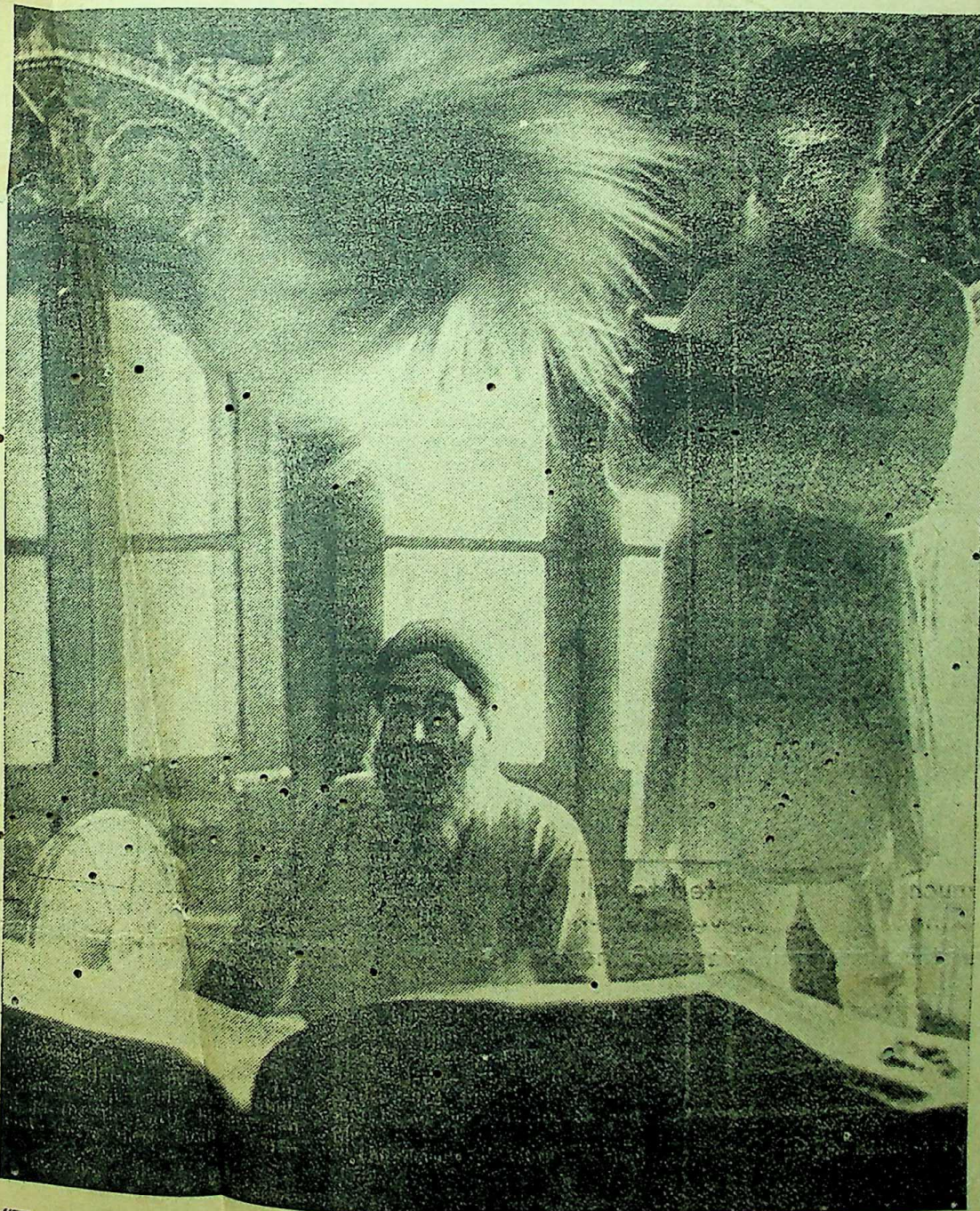
the holy hour, very early in the morning. I hear it in my hotel room broadcast over the radio.

It is the ambrosial hour, *amrit-vela*, the time that Nanak loved best. It was at this hour while bathing in the river before the sun rose that he had his first mystic experience. And it was at this hour that he passed away. It is the hour to visit the temple. But I do not know the way. The city is new. The orders that govern it are new. The temple is not open at all hours. The roads to it are closed. There is a curfew in the old town. The temple will only open at three in the afternoon and close at six—like a museum," says my Sikh friend,

whose forefather discovered Amritsar as he bicycled from Calcutta to Peshawar trading in dry fruits and Pashmina shawls. Since then the city has been their home.

In my mind Amritsar has always been the Golden Temple and this is my first visit to it, I tell him. "And mine too," he says "after the army operations. Sad it is that you should see it for the first time tarnished, its glory departed." Glory need not always rest in stones I want to tell him, but I don't. It is not yet, three.

We decide to take a drive beyond the city. It is greener than I had imagined. And there is a gentle breeze. "The rains have turned the fields green," says my friend. "Remember what Confucius said: 'The king is like the wind, the people are like the grass. When the wind passes, the grass must bow'." The touch of the breeze, the colour of the green connote an idyllic calm, the kind of calm one deceptively associates with the countryside when seen from the outside. It turns into a quiet that seems sinister as we enter the city—men in khaki float into our vision.



"The Granth Saheb is more than a book — it is the bani of all our ten gurus." Photo: Calogero Cascio.

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Is there a gentle voice let  
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hinged? Why has the spirit of  
Nanak receded and that of Ha-  
gobind returned? It was Gur

and quotes Bhule Shah:

Masjid dha-dey, mandir dha-  
dey; Dha-dey jo kuch  
dhain da;

Par kisi da dil na dhan vey,  
Rab dian vich reind.



the four massive doors represent the four castes of the Hindus," my friend explains. "When Arjun, the fifth guru began building the temple he wanted it open on all four sides. He invited the Sufi saint Mian Mir to lay its foundation stone. Instead of building the shrine on a high plinth as was the Hindu custom, Arjun had it built on a lower level than the surrounding land so that the worshippers would have to go down the steps to enter it. The lowest had to go down lower to meet God."

The marble under our feet feels new. The cement has not dried. It does not have the glint of old marble that has aged in the sun. As we begin the *parikrama* I stop to buy a garland of flowers for the Granth Sahib. Offering flowers to a book that carries the wisdom and poetry of men who have seen the light seems so natural and befitting. The flower shop under a tattered burlap roof is denuded. Two small piles of marigolds rest in two baskets. A solemn man with a black turban sits weaving the flowers in a long frail string. "I opened the shop only yesterday," he says. "There is no business. The people you see here are not pilgrims. They are sightseers. They have come to see the damages not to buy flowers."

"There is a curfew in the old town. The temple will only open at three in the afternoon and close at six — like a museum," says my Sikh friend.

We follow the sightseers, scattered groups of men and women, tired, dazed, disbelieving. Some stop to stare at the bullet holes that have not yet been filled. Some touch them to believe. There is a silence about them which is uneasy. When I turn to my friend he looks away hiding his tears. Gazing at a sky filled with white clouds he suddenly seems transformed as if he is back in another time. "Do you know the story of Nanak when he arrived in Multan?" he asks. "Whenever I tell it I feel rejuvenated. When Nanak was at the edge of the city the holy men dreading his visit sent him a symbolic gift—a bowl of milk full to the brim, indicating that there is no more room for holy men in their city. Nanak placed the petal of a jasmine flower on the milk and sent back the offering. Even though the bowl was full there was room enough for fragrance. Even though the world is loud with the clamour of rumour and discord, there are some who are still ready to listen to a gentle voice."

Is there a gentle voice left amongst a people who have begun to feel individually injured, unhinged? Why has the spirit of Nanak receded and that of Hagobind returned? It was Gur

and ballads of heroism. Wasn't it more than 200 years ago? Should religion still have to defend itself with arms? Should religion strive to be irrelevant, out of touch with the times? Should it not secularise itself, make an effort to be relevant, solve human problems, make man happy? Who needs rituals of moral behaviour which no one can or will follow?

"This is just the beginning," says a voice. Pushing back the questions in my mind I look around and see a tall, dark Jat woman staring coldly at the ruins of the Akal Takht. Her eyes exude the fierce brilliance of a fire that has just been lit. "The Akal Takht should not be rebuilt. It should stay as it is, become a testimony of our history," says my friend. Isn't the point of preserving a historic monument perhaps to help us understand the civilization which constructed it; also to understand our own? Today we neither understand the old nor the new. When we meet a danger we return to the past and sanctify it. We refuse to understand the order by means of which a religion grows and flowers in the heart of a society. We cling to the props and supports that are initially necessary, even inevitable. But the spirit of religion perhaps really matures in the inner life of man only when the props fall off or are removed.

"The Darbar Sahib is our final sanctuary," says a woman emerging out of the golden sanctum. "When the fighting started people must have crowded here because it is the safest place to be. Nothing could happen to them here. But it did. They came running to a mother and found her wounded." Sentiments such as these pour out in a crescendo. They are women who have come from large homes with shady trees. For years they have spent their mornings in kitty parties. Their talk then was of servants, clothes and movies. Now they talk of politics. "I never saw Bhindranwale nor liked him," says a Sikh woman who has just returned from Europe. "His death in a strange way has made every Sikh alive."

"The Hindu can never understand how a Sikh feels about the Golden Temple," says another. They have so many gods and goddesses and avatars. We only have the Granth Sahib. It is more than a book—it is the bani of all our ten gurus. An attack on the Golden Temple is an attack on the core of our faith. To destroy a bunch of madmen you can't destroy the heart of Sikhism."

"You can repair or build a temple or a mosque but not a broken heart," says a young woman quoting a Punjabi poet. "We were never communal. We lived next door to each other. Each family had a Hindu in it. But now the divide has arisen. Even if it is cemented it will be like the filling up of holes in the Darbar Sahib." How will the wounds heal, I ask my friend as we leave the temple and the group of agitated women. "Perhaps time alone can do what man cannot," he says, and quotes Bhule Shah:

*Masjid dha-dey, mandir dha-dey;  
Dha-dey jo kuch dhain da;*

*Par kisi da dil na dhan vey,  
Rab dian vich rai-*





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## DECADE OF DETENTE

now and then the international situation gets trans- a new situation develops and as new trends overtake al affairs. Once again we are on the threshold of a This is the decade of detente. If the fifties could ed as the decade of the cold war, and the sixties the thaw and reorganization, the seventies will go down cade of detente.

is the U.S.-China detente, the detente between two mies; there is the U.S.-USSR detente; West-East Ger- nte; the detente in Europe; the North-South Korea nno-Japanese detente in the offing and the beginning ble Indo-Pak detente. A large number of countries rtaken fresh efforts at ending the tensions and are for new areas of co-operation.

btably the world is witnessing a new power trans- Four major factors have contributed to bring about e. In the first instance, the United States and the on recognized the constraints of the balance of terror ved to take steps to prevent the outbreak of any ar between them. Indeed they have gone further strated their determination to seek co-operation not e limitation of strategic arms, but also in the eco- nomic and other fields.

ly, the new power transfiguration, while continuing over in the capitals of the two big countries of the reduced their capacity to take unilateral decisions other countries because of the rise of a number of iller centres of power. China's emergence on the and the economic advance of West Europe have out a new situation in which more and more coun- ze the futility of tension and conflict and the need ting co-operation in order to acquire more leverage affairs

y, the example of Europe has proved to be in- Europe, more particularly Western Europe, sick of g wars, enervating conflicts and exhausting rivalries, giant steps towards ending the conflicts in Europe g and supplementing the resources of the countries ion. In the process it has acquired tremendous weight ge and shown to the world that the pressures of big uld only be met by encouraging regional co-operation

hly, the example of Europe and the realization a y of conflict has slowly and gradually seeped her areas of the world too. Increasingly the the world which have been at logger head

China's emergence on the world scene and the economic advance of West Europe have brought about a new situation.

awakened to the fact the attempt to obtain results through the intervention of third parties was counter-productive. The awareness grew that problems could be resolved and more rapid economic development could take place only by discarding foreign meddling and through bilateral consultations and co-operation among the feuding countries.

All these factors encouraged direct negotiations and increasing willingness to take steps which would promote co-operation at all levels. Thus a new world situation has been brought about, revealing a qualitative change from the previous decades. Of course this does not mean that all tensions in the world have been liquidated or that the sources of international tensions have been eliminated. But certainly the enmities of yesterday are being dissolved and a process of increasing co-operation is gathering momentum.

In the new situation, relations, between the big powers and between the big and small countries have become more complex and complicated. To take the two biggest powers of the world, the relations between the United States and the Soviet Union have entered a new phase of complexity. As the two biggest powers of the world, the rivalry between the two has not evaporated. They continue to remain rivals. But at the same time they are making determined efforts to increase contacts and co-operation at various levels. Beneath the layer of rivalry is the layer of co-operative efforts and beneath the layer of co-operative efforts still remains the layer of rivalry.

A similar kind of relationship—of collusion and collision, of rivalry and co-operation—exists among the other big powers too. Western Europe co-operates and competes with the United States—in the economic field and in various parts of the world. China, on the other hand, is strenuously engaged in developing a new relationship with the United States and it is hard to say at this time as to who is wooing whom. China would like the equation with the United States to go much further and to draw the United States closer in order to throw a spanner into U.S.-Soviet relations. The real constraint at present on a full-blown relationship between the United States and China is Washington's need for a relationship of equilibrium with the Soviet Union.

The relations between big and small powers are also marked by a new complexity and a new duality. The accumulation of power in the hands of a few big powers often poses a challenge and a threat to the freedom of small countries and their capacity to take independent decisions. The big powers tried to impose their views and their political and economic philosophies on other countries. But at the same

**China would like the equation with the United States closer in order to throw a spanner into U.S.-Soviet relations.**

time the new power transfiguration and new dispersal in the power structure of the world enhances the resistance capacity of the small powers and gives them more opportunity to manage the situation for their own advantage. It is this duality of the international situation that must be properly grasped for evolving an adequate response.

Certainly, as I have said earlier, the sources of tension have not been smothered completely. There still remains many causes and sources of international tension. Firstly, imperialism has not yet been completely liquidated and the efforts by big powers to extend their influence and domination through the use of their economic and political power constitutes a major danger for the struggling countries of the world.

**by v. p. dutt**



# The Corollaries of the Spectrum

WHAT HAVE 25 YEARS OF FREEDOM MEANT TO US? TO THE YOUNG AND TO THE OLD. THOSE WHO WITNESSED THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND THOSE WHO WERE BORN IN FREE INDIA. OUR STATE CORRESPONDENTS TALK TO BOTH GENERATIONS.



R. K. RAJU TALKS TO MR. KESAR DAS (LEFT) AND SURINDER MOHAN BUDHRAJA OF NEW DELHI

It is with mixed feelings that Mr. Kesar Dass (50), a displaced person from West Pakistan, looks back on these 25 years in India. He summed up his feelings in a nutshell: "While in Pakistan I earned just Rs 5 to support my family and now when I earn enough, money has no value". A shopkeeper in dry fruits at the Mohan Singh Market, Kesar Dass places a lot of reliance on things that are pure and "shuddh". Kesar Dass dislikes corruption and malpractices. This is natural because men like Kesar Dass basically led a straight life in Pakistan. In all these years in India, Kesar Dass has been aboveboard. When he came to India, Kesar Dass possessed only 14 tolas of gold and lived in a one-room hutment in Paharganj paying Rs 5 per month. Thus, having seen a hard life, he feels unhappy at the way things are happening in India. "I did not know what corruption was before 1947 in Pakistan", he said. All said and done, Kesar Dass admitted that, the India of today was a different world than it was in 1947.

**TWENTYFIVE YEAR-OLD** Surinder, Mohan Budh-  
raja is an angry young man but with a purpose. He sees a grim future for the younger generation in India if things are as they are now.

Surinder is angry with everything that is happening in India. According to him all that

the younger generation in India was inheriting from the older ones was corruption and dishonesty. He recalled that when his father left Lyallpur, he was a mere shop assistant earning Rs 17 per month, but the Muslim employer was so touched at his departure that he gave food and grain for the entire family to carry with them on their journey to India. In India today, he said, even to move a blade of grass one has to bribe someone.



SUDHIR THAPLIYAL TALKS TO PARITOSH SEN, PAINTER, (LEFT) AND PRITISH NANDY, POET, —BOTH FROM BENGAL.

The deep-set eyes, aquiline nose and long sideburns shot with silver are deceptive for they are no clues to the unhappiness and anger of Paritosh Sen (54). Born in Dacca, he studied painting in Paris and has painted steadily ever since. Looking back over the 25 years since Independence, he says: "I personally feel that we have made considerable strides considering where we were before Independence. I qualify my statement by saying that relative to the level of achievement in international art we are lagging behind. The simple reason for this is that there has been no original movement in India".

He feels that independence should have released great volumes of creative energy. "This has not happened", he says. "The Government failed to come forward enough to help in the release of this

energy. The reason for this is a lack of consciousness about art".

\*

His voice is devoid of anger. But the words he uses unmask his belligerence. They tumble out in a steady cadence critical of the political, social and literary establishment. For Pritish Nandy, poet and translator, 13 books in six years are only a start to what he hopes will be some meaningful work as opposed to the "derivative and imitative" work of most Indians writing in English today.

"I have the right to protest. I am allowed to do that. But the situation is such that it is all ineffectual", says Nandy. "Most writers in the country today specially poets writing in English, have not belonged to the Indian situation. They live in the shadow of Romantic English poetry or imitate the poets of the 30's and the 40's. They are alien to the poetry of Latin America and Asia. They have not only derived the trappings of British poets but also the values of British poetry".



SWARAJ CHAUHAN TALKS TO MAYA (LEFT) AND NASEEM BANU, BOTH SINGING GIRLS FROM DELHI

MAYA, a plump middle aged woman now, moved in and rented a house at G.B. Road about 30 years ago after the singing girls were asked to

Continued on page 5

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Gen. D. K. Palit

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# Should India go nuclear?

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Gen. D. K. Palit

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BAN THE BOMB! : A CPI women's rally at New Delhi last year.

cadecades of our independence, the  
Nehruvian view of India's inter-  
national role notwithstanding.

The author uses all the empha-  
sis at his command to persuade  
us that the present international  
situation and India's inevitable  
role in it make it imperative for  
us to widen our horizons if we  
are to formulate a valid and  
effective national security policy.  
Factors that must be included  
within the expanded horizon are:  
the extension of the new cold war  
into the Indian Ocean area; India's  
responsibility in regional affairs,  
particularly in relation to the  
concept of non-alignment; and the  
new nuclear circumstance.

## Proxy Partners

The new cold war, in the pro-  
cess of shifting its forces from  
the stable and structured con-  
frontation in Europe to an un-  
stable conflict-system in West and  
South-West Asia, exposes some  
of the non-aligned states of the  
Indian Ocean area to pressures  
that virtually propel them into a  
role either of proxy partners or  
of potential third-corner confron-  
tationists in the cold war. Either  
course throws the concept of non-  
alignment into disarray.

India can no longer continue  
to act as an onlooker in the  
game. During the last decade a  
series of factors conduced to the  
reality of a regional power status

for India, even though we our-  
selves are always the first to de-  
cry it. India's industrial and tech-  
nological progress, its geographi-  
cal and demographic magnitude,  
the Bangladesh war, the nuclear  
test — all these have contributed  
to the image and the reality. Our  
national security perspective —  
in no spirit of jingoism but of  
factual acceptance — must now  
begin to adapt to this reality.

Subrahmanyam argues that the  
first axiom to establish in the  
light of this new acceptance is  
that the Indian sub-continent is,  
in regional terms, a strategic  
entity; and as a regional (or sub-  
regional) power India must shoul-  
der and manage the responsibility  
that this axiom connotes. At the  
same time, the highlighting of this  
"entity" could well raise alarm  
signals for our smaller neighbours  
— so that though our national  
security policy must take it into  
account, it must do so in a low  
profile so that our concept is not  
misinterpreted as an indication  
of expansionist policy.

Another point the author makes  
in this regard is that the security  
problems of the big powers of  
the industrialised world are dif-  
ferent from those of the develop-  
ing world. The arms race in their  
case is only an expression of cold  
war conflictual relationship. It  
does not necessarily conduce to  
war between themselves, as the

history of the past few decades  
has amply demonstrated. For the  
developing world it is different.  
An arms race becomes transform-  
ed into specific security problems  
and, in the past thirty or so years,  
has led to over a hundred major  
or minor wars.

This is as true of the nuclear  
arms race as it is of the conven-  
tional. It is convenient to trans-  
late notions of deterrence and  
absolute nuclear stability of super-  
power doctrine to the third world  
milieu; but it would be a totally  
false assurance, even though the  
big powers do everything to pro-  
mote it. The Nuclear Non-Prolif-  
eration Treaty was merely the  
first of the measures to sell this  
nuclear assurance to the non-  
nuclear world. The increasing  
nuclearisation of the Indian Ocean  
region and the current nuclear  
war-fighting doctrines of the Rea-  
gan administration clearly indi-  
cate its invalidity, if only be-  
cause they erode the psychologi-  
cal restraints in the use of nuclear  
weapons. India must take into  
account the actual threat of the  
use of nuclear weapons if ever  
we have to confront a hostile  
neighbour from a position of  
nuclear asymmetry.

INDIAN SECURITY PERS-  
PECTIVES: By K. Subrah-  
(A. B. C. Publishers, R)



A Thought

a part of all that I have

## Anglo-Indo Indo-A

Perhaps Merle Oberon was an Anglo-Indian. Perhaps not. But she gave herself a false identity so that she could be in the upper crust *pukka* sahib. No other Anglo-Indian had such social eminence. But her life sums up the tragedy of the mixed blood. British, convinced of their success as builders and never set and as pioneers, they treated them as inferiors all the same. They were as inferiors, though the surface view, this might be the Indian parent of the Anglo-Indian, the lower social strata. In the eyes of the British or the European background. But that with education spread, upper class remarkably well. This class of people against the Anglo-Indians tended to have reasons such as those on

The empire, however, produced also the Indo-Anglian. The meeting of two cultures in an alien in both worlds — some nowhere, as Nehru said, treated him too as an Anglo-Indian was an upstart in clubs and swimming pools — a term of contempt — to treat him as an inferior. He communicated for violating the crossing the sea but the Indo-Anglian had an income which was unrespectable. In fact a successful man or even a professor — for social recognition. His industry was conspicuous. He was generally in the line whose fortunes depended on standards miserly) way. He should be wary of the world. Conditions differ radically. He would not be an exaggerator for our freedom and individuals, co-brothers of those who manœuvre in large parts of the world. It spoke of communist (and Marxist) revolution in India. It was relevant in the present. The British finally left. The transplant was quite different. What a contrast with the past. To say what percentage of the population has become virtually invisible. There are no other such examples in the community has ever



## A Thought for The Week

a part of all that I have met.

— LORD TENNYSON

## A Thought for The Week

Id religionist cried out for his God. The new religionist cries for some god to be his.

— G. K. CHESTERTON

# Anglo-Indians And Thank God For It All Indo-Anglians

Perhaps Merle Oberon was a unique case in the history of Anglo-Indians. Perhaps no other Anglo-Indian gave himself a false identity so elaborately in order to pass off as an upper crust *pucca* sahib or memsahib. Perhaps no other Anglo-Indian so tormented himself or herself to that end. Perhaps no other Anglo-Indian woman adopted her methods to such social eminence. But her tragedy, though of an extreme kind, sums up the tragedy of the community. Its members were two very different societies. Neither accepted them. The British, convinced of their racial superiority by virtue of their success as builders and rulers of an empire on which the sun never set and as pioneers in the world of science and technology, treated them as inferiors; a shade above other Indians, but inferiors all the same. The Indians too treated the Anglo-Indians as inferiors, though they were in awe of the white man. On the surface view, this might appear surprising. But it was not. The Indian parent of the Anglo-Indian in most cases came from the lower social strata. And that was enough to condemn him in the eyes of the caste-conscious Indian. Of course, the British or the European parent too came from a similarly low background. But that was not as relevant for the Indians. Education spread, upper caste Indians, especially Brahmins, were remarkably well. This could also have strengthened the alliance against the Anglo-Indians who for some strange unexplained reasons tended to take to jobs with technical requirements such as those on the railways.

The empire, however, produced not only the Anglo-Indian but also the Indo-Anglian. The Indo-Anglian was the product of a meeting of two cultures and not of two races. He too was an alien in both worlds — the British as well as the Indian. He was nowhere, as Nehru put it in his autobiography. The British treated him too as an inferior. For them the successful Indo-Anglian was an upstart not worthy of being admitted to clubs and swimming pools. And for the unsuccessful they gave him a term of contempt — the *babu*. But the other Indians did not treat him as an inferior. Once in a while he might get into trouble for violating a caste rule as Motilal Nehru was when crossing the sea, but otherwise he was in good shape. The Indo-Anglian had a job or a calling which gave him an income which was unusual those days. He enjoyed respect. In fact a successful professional — a barrister or a doctor or even a professor — did not face much of a competition for social recognition. Business (trade) was often depressed; industry was conspicuous by its absence; such business as there was was generally in the hands of barely literate individuals whose fortunes depended more on their thrifty (by today's standards miserly) ways than on their profits.

One should be wary of making general statements in our country. Conditions differ radically from one part to another. It would not be an exaggeration to say that when we were fighting for our freedom under the leadership of western-educated individuals, co-brothers and cousins in spirit if not by blood, those who manned various services for the British, especially in large parts of the country, was synonymous with social practices. It spoke for their lack of touch with reality. Communist (and Marxist) theoreticians spoke of a coming social revolution in India. But that is another matter which is irrelevant in the present context. The pertinent point is that when the British finally left, the Indo-Anglians took over from the British. The transplant was quite a success even if not a complete one. What a contrast with the fate of Anglo-Indians. It is difficult to say what percentage of them have migrated but they have become virtually invisible in India. Incidentally, there is no other such example in India's long history. No community has ever virtually disappeared in this land.

As most other countries, India is in a flux. Like most other countries, India cannot realistically look forward to anything more than a holding operation for quite some time. The religious uncertainty is unsettling and painful. It produces a longing for some imaginary golden age when rivers of milk and honey flowed throughout the land, when the tiger and the lion lay side by side in peace and every man lived by his own hand and quested for spiritual bliss. It also produces a longing for an equally imaginary utopia where the spirit of democracy will prevail, where all religious, caste and linguistic differences will be subsumed under the larger national unity where exploitation of man by man will be a thing of the past and where the damage to nature caused by deforestation and whatever will be repaired so that our land remains productive for all time to come. Fortunately for us, neither the longing for the past nor the hankering for a future utopia has been strong enough to tear us away from reality. The result in the end would have been a Hindu variant of Islamic fundamentalism and in the other an Indian variant of communism. We should thank our stars that we have escaped both disasters.

Most human beings do not learn from the experience of the past. That is human nature. We in India are by and large immune to the catastrophes that have overwhelmed societies that have allowed self-proclaimed saviours to impose one ideology or another on them. And so we go on believing that our political parties are not guided by well-defined ideologies. The same holds for cadre-based parties. It is not only an articulate Indian seriously interested in the country's political life who does not argue that the Congress (L) is the shape it is because it does not possess well-trained cadres. Never does it occur to them to examine the fate of countries which are ruled by cadre-based parties. Democracy has survived in such countries. A cadre-based party in power must give rise to a parallel set-up and finally lead to the replacement and supersession of the *bona fide*, legitimate machinery of the state. We in India have been lucky in this regard. Like ideology-based, cadre-based parties have not prospered in this land.

Religion, it has often been pointed out by Western writers, is a secular variant of religion. This is so if religion is another word for a set of dogmas which cannot withstand scientific scrutiny into the nature of reality. But no ideology can take the place of religion if it represents the human search for the deep philosophical truths. By its very nature such a search cannot be forced to flow through one channel. It would flow through as many channels as there are human beings. We have recognised this truth throughout our history. Indeed, if there is such a thing as an Indian genius, it is shown by its ability to recognise and respect this truth about human beings. A society which reflects this approach, however imperfectly, cannot possibly sustain ideologies. Its implications for the country's political order should be obvious. The Congress survived and served the country as well as it has because it has not been a prisoner of ideology; not the ideology of nationalism in its narrow chauvinistic sense.

As ideology is an offshoot of religion in decay in the modern world, the cadre concept comes from the battlefield. Lenin was the first leader to have implemented this concept. The militarising politics came naturally to him. The consequence there for anyone to see in any communist country is that even those of us who are not enamoured of a secular version of the Kingdom of God on earth do not see the source of mischief — the mix of ideology and party political organisation. So once again we are unprepared to appreciate the disasters we have escaped.





ALWAYS A WINNER: Kuan-yin, Sung dynasty (960-1279).

## Art for dollar's sake

An admirable Tang jar, undoubtedly the most beautiful specimen of that shape — in green and amber splashed over an ivory ground, was knocked down in New York last June at \$ 484,000.

THE predominant characteristic of the past season has been a spectacular boom in objets d'art. Each time a record was broken professionals accounted for it by the rarity of that given piece in

the fact is that a decade ago rarity never lead to such prices. And three Queen Anne casters sold as a set for £96,800 — also a record in its way — were beautiful but not quite so rare. Silver has never been so feverishly sought after since the 1929 crash. Neither has medieval art.

A series of records was achieved last season, of which the Hever Castle offered the most astonishing case. An unusually large French ivory casket dated by Sotheby's to the 14th century made £418,000.

Equally impressive prices were achieved by furniture at various points. In November, Christie's scored with a marvelous Louis XVI period secretary in black lacquer with ormolu mounts. It made £626,400 for its Iranian owner, who had bought it for £126,400 in 1972. In New York last May it was Sotheby's turn with \$935,000 for a bureau

to the combined effect of separate, unrelated factors.

One is the dwindling number of important paintings. Major Old Masters are on their way out. Impressionists will follow soon.

A second factor is a new approach to art under the influence of art historians such as Andre Malraux and the art monthlies — the old Connoisseur and Apollo in England, and Connaissance des Arts in France. They were the first to treat so-called decorative objects as serious art. What Malraux did for small-size sculpture, the art monthlies did for pottery, porcelain, glass, silver, furniture. It takes a long time for such influence to sink in: A 20-year process is being completed now.

A third factor in the rise of objects has been the large-scale diffusion of modern and interior

Another great and enduring life is to bring an awareness of animals and forests into the schools. The public schools are doing a fine job in this area but we need more lectures, more film shows, slides and TV programmes for the hundreds and hundreds of other schools, both for affluent and underprivileged children. We need something on the lines of the Wildlife Clubs of Kenya, started by Jomo Kenyatta, with an enrolment roster of over twenty thousand second-ary school students, all devoted to the preservation of the animals if they are left to themselves. If they have shelter, their own adjustments with other animals, and by intruders we mean basically man. Animals make natural habitat free from intrusion and underprivileged of the needs of wildlife are not impossible ones. They need a reserve under Project Tiger has only one snag — there are ten villages in the "corridor" which will link the two sanctuaries together and shifting these and resettling the villagers will cause the usual problems. Why couldn't this have been thought of before?

The needs of wildlife are not impossible ones. They need a reserve under Project Tiger has only one snag — there are ten villages in the "corridor" which will link the two sanctuaries together and shifting these and resettling the villagers will cause the usual problems. Why couldn't this have been thought of before?

Local obscants and party officials are banded by the confines of their village or the next election, would tell all the forests, the land cleared to the land-use and kill all wildlife to feed the hungry. Recently there was a press statement on the Kaziranga reserve. The minister concerned had plans to build tennis courts, lake for boating and restaurant. The minister concerned his own adjustments with other animals if they are left to themselves. If they have shelter, their own adjustments with other animals, and by intruders we mean basically man. Animals make natural habitat free from intrusion and underprivileged of the needs of wildlife are not impossible ones. They need a reserve under Project Tiger has only one snag — there are ten villages in the "corridor" which will link the two sanctuaries together and shifting these and resettling the villagers will cause the usual problems. Why couldn't this have been thought of before?

Poster Praise

Argan Singh, of Tiger Haven

The minister was able to decide when to plan the trip before the budget session after. There were advantages and disadvantages in both: if before the budget, the proposed trip could conveniently be flagged in the expenditure allocation, which would be spent before the end of March to prevent its lapsing after the budget session, the season would be pleasant.

by R. K. Narayan

At Nashua in New Hampshire I discovered an office tucked away in a thriving florist's shop. A sense of grace imparted by government establishments which normally would be in prosaic surroundings of weary-looking officials on the counter and stamp on the other, with the wall rated with photographs of men wanted, mostly for bank robbery. Here was something fresh and original beyond an absolute riot of carnations, dahlias, and past a green arch-way sat

## Around

ul lady wearing a red gown, oral designs, dispensing forms. The place was with men and women, bumped about. The florist risk business, since those came to buy stamps also choose flowers for a Valentine. It seems heavenly our mail stamped to the bees and watch honey and butterflies while waiting our turn to be served.

When he came across a report of it, our minister thoughtful. He summoned and asked, "Have you heard of Nashua?" "I can find out where it is. After some research I brought the information, located in the United States, America." "Are you sure you can find someone in the American Embassy and find out

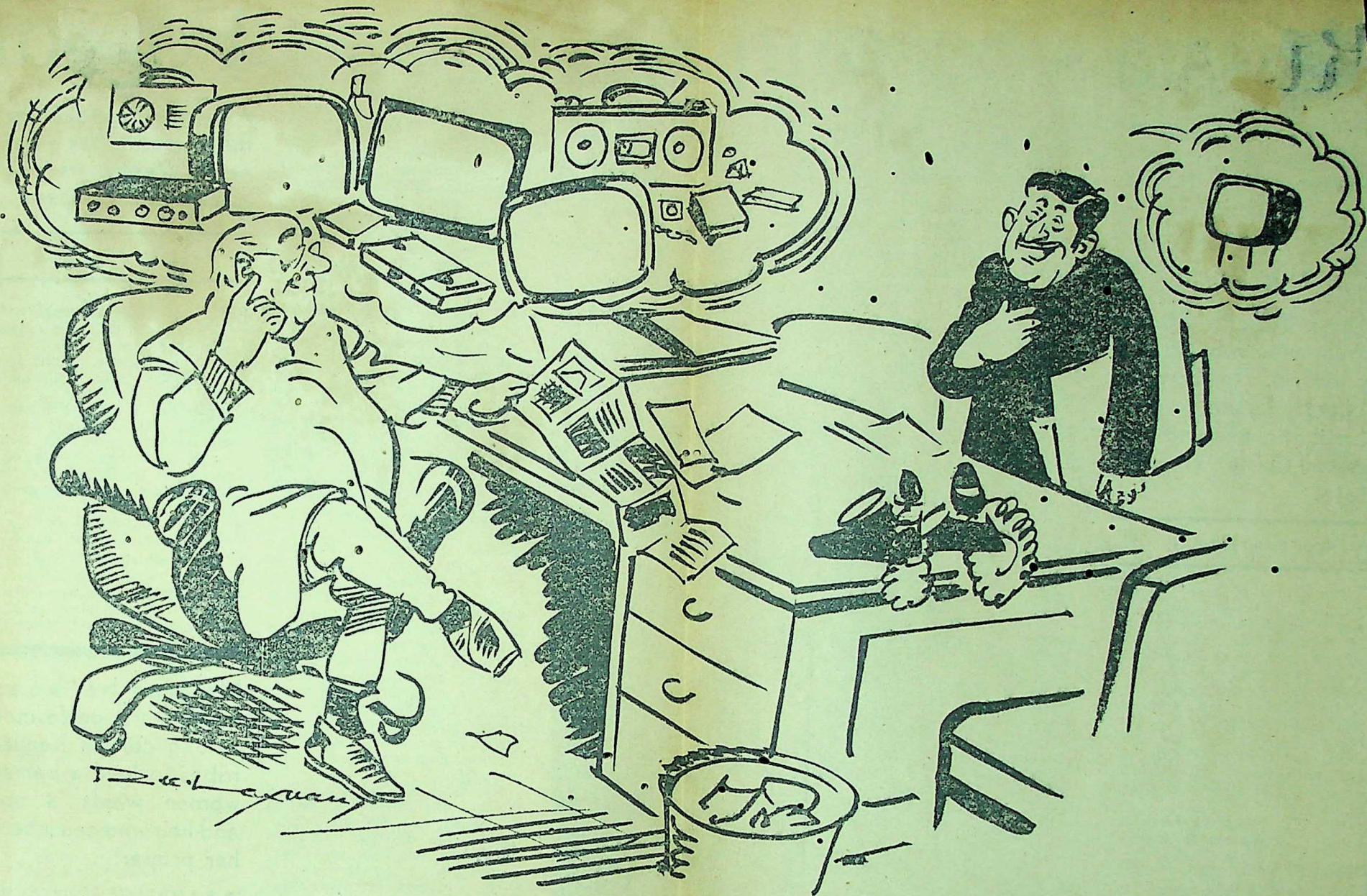
look in the is a good explanation ever included are M



The minister was not able to decide whether to plan the trip before the budget session or after. There were advantages and disadvantages in both: if before the budget, the proposed trip could be conveniently camouflaged in the existing allocation, which must be spent before the end of March to prevent its lapsing. If after the budget session, the season there would be pleasant.

by R. K. Narayan

AT Nashua in New Hampshire I discovered a post office tucked away in a flourishing florist's shop, a touch of grace imparted to a government establishment, which normally would be located in prosaic surroundings with weary-looking officials on one side of the counter and stamp-seekers on the other, with the walls decorated with photographs of men wanted, mostly for bank robbery. Here was something fresh and original. Beyond an absolute riot of roses, carnations, dahlias, and orchids, past a green arch-way sat a cheer-



# Around the world with the minister

ful lady wearing a red gown with floral designs, dispensing stamps and forms. The place was crowded with men and women, children romped about. The florist too did brisk business, since those who came to buy stamps also paused to choose flowers for a vase or a friend. It seems heavenly to get your mail stamped to the buzzing of bees and watch honey-suckers and butterflies while waiting for your turn to be served.

When he came across a news report of it, our minister became thoughtful. He summoned his P.A. and asked, "Have you heard of a place called Nashua?" "No sir, but I can find out where it is." After some research, he brought the information, "It is located in the United States of America..." "Are you sure? Then telephone to someone in the American Embassy and find out what

sort of a place it is, whether a village or a city and so forth and about its climate and seasons, hotel facilities and so forth. Then get in touch with our travel agents. I must have all information including the budget allocation for the proposal, in hand before I see the P.M. Keep this matter confidential for the present, even the deputy minister must not know. Also draft my personal letter to our consul general in New York of the possibility of my visit and to suggest that he might arrange a reception at Waldorf Astoria etc., etc."

The minister was not able to decide whether to plan the trip before the budget session or after. There were advantages and disadvantages in both: if before the budget, the proposed trip could be conveniently camouflaged in the existing allocation, which must be spent before the end of March to

prevent its lapsing. If after the budget session, the season there would be pleasant. He would leave the decision to the P.M. In any case there was a talk of an international convention at Bangkok at about the time, and he could combine the visit to Nashua with the convention. He was also going to find out if the Nashua scheme was to be found in other areas, especially in Grand Canyon and New Mexico. On his way to Bangkok he would also take a look at the conditions in Honolulu, Tokyo, and Hong Kong. For the future stability of the world, Asian countries must act together in all matters, and get away from the bondage imposed on them by the Western civilization.

The P.A. felt bored at this stage and diverted the minister's attention by reminiscing, "Your predecessor, sir, while on a U.N. mis-

sion, was invited to visit Hershey's factory and was offered such a load of chocolates that he protested how he could possibly carry all that home..."

"Because he was a diabetic, I know..."

"But they packed them neatly and forwarded whole lot as cargo by air and he distributed them generously to all and sundry in our ministry, sir, and even now people remember it..."

"It also provoked uncharitable comments," said the minister. "Because a man happens to be a minister, does it mean that he can have no human interests? This kind of mentality in the public gets on my nerves. Sometimes I feel that our public is not worth serving. Someday I may throw up everything and sit at the feet of my Guruji in his ashram at Badrinath. ... Never mind all that now."

When I am back from the tour be ready with plans for inaugurating the first garden post office, possibly at Lodi Gardens or Nehru Park. The horticulture department must give us maximum co-operation; I shall send a circular to all the ministries to participate in this project; my dream will be to see all government offices set only in groves and wooded areas through a phased programme; that will revolutionise the public outlook generally, and they will cease to talk ill of bureaucrats; I am sure better understanding will prevail between a public servant and the common man when their transactions take place in harmonious environmental conditions. Make a note that this aspect should be emphasised in the inaugural speech..."

"Yes, sir... I have noted all your instructions in my notebook

and will see that they are all carried out... I feel that this is going to be a unique occasion... May I add a small suggestion, sir. Can you bring me a small colour T.V. set from America?"

"I am not buying anything in America as I understand that all American shops are filled with Japanese articles... I shall probably do a little shopping in Tokyo..."

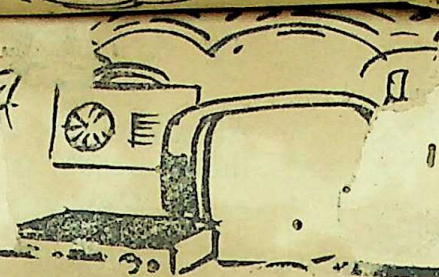
"I understand, sir. Why should you carry your goods half way round the world. In Tokyo you may pick up for my humble self, also, the smallest Sony set, sir."

"Oh, that may be difficult. I am planning to bring in two sets, which I need rather urgently... It may be awkward to bring three..."

"Should be no problem for a V.V.I.P. like your good self, sir, as the government are permitting gifts of T.V. from close relatives."

Even educated Indians remain rather insular in their outlook. As a result we have few genuine and worthwhile exchanges with other countries and societies. Our approach towards them is generally... Ramanuja National Research Institute, Melukote Collection.





# A Thought for The Week

No matter how many miles a man may travel, he will never get ahead of himself.

— GEORGE ADE

## Kashmiri derlust erst and last

Understand contemporary Kashmir better, it would be anyone to follow the Pandit Prem Nath Bazaz. An articulate scholar and from the minority community of the state, has not merely written 13 books, many of which explain the history and geography of the valley; he was also an associate of the late Sheikh Abdullah. He was, of course, in touch with most leaders of his time, even Jinnah, but his interaction with Sheikh is perhaps the most significant aspect of his life. The eventual parting was

and Hindu-Muslim harmony." Said Sheikh Abdullah, in a 1968 interview to an Urdu weekly of New Delhi: "I was taken aback when Pandit Nehru rejected the Cripps proposals. I found the demand for Pakistan was not a creation of Mr. Jinnah. Pakistan as a matter of fact was brought into being by Maulana Azad, Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel. These people were responsible for the division of the country. If they had accepted the Cripps proposals there would have been no Pakistan and no bloodshed in the Indian subcontinent."

ministers abroad would make international account would promise to be all seriousness most of us have in our vagabond ministers. For one thing, they are not in good order. Ministers, as among other members of the change that is a measure of the distance that not many Indians would have of his community as Pan-Asianism because he had as which in popular parlance

position to, foreign travel was a society had isolated itself. So fathers of foreign contact lest that foreign travel was commonplace, did not succeed not because it did not bow to such stupid Indian society had not allowed it. India was a great maritime power at Borobudur bears witness to a chain of islands known as the Malay Archipelago. On the one hand, gradually the country fell behind its horizons shrank. Its doors.

people are now going abroad to settle abroad. Many of them are students, as professionals, and as businessmen and exporters. Some ministers go. But as a class they are derlust. Perhaps they are not. They come from modest backgrounds, do enough work at home, and are certainly. As a rule, in other societies and as in India. If they serve as most cases they make a new class. Their travel-mania is a quaint dress and ways of life. They are in foreign exchange, and their needs to be restrained.

Of His Times : By Nagin Bazaz (Sterling, Rs. 70)

the — the increasingly religious and sectarian approach of the National Conference proving a threat for Bazaz, who, as his father in this book, was an atheist and strictly secular. The two were instrumental in transforming the Muslim League into the National Conference and in jointly launching the Urdu newspaper Hamdard.

The Sheikh and the Pandit, however, were clearly not destined to co-operate for long. Disagreements cropped up over seemingly minor matters but the real issue was a fundamental difference of approach over the question of religion. From around 1943, Bazaz moved away from the Indian nationalist cause and drifted towards rationalist and humanist studies. He wrote most of his books after 1943 though his first important effort — *Inside Kashmir* — was published in 1941. This book was highly critical of the Dogra Raj and was banned in Kashmir.

A son's account of his father's life is naturally susceptible to an eulogistic style. But the life of Pandit Bazaz needed a recording.

G. A.

the Sheikh and Pandit were, however, devout Muslims. Thus their views on political events often differed. The Congress rejection of the Cripps proposals, for instance, Bazaz to snap his ties with the party. He thought that the prominent Indian Muslims there was not one who was not in the people or the country and all wanted power at the cost of India's unity.

country a poor image.

Even educated Indians remain rather insular in their outlook. As a result we have few genuine and worthwhile scholars in other countries and societies. Our approach towards them is generally functional which is self-defeating in this age of explosion of knowledge. But many of our ministers are not even functional unless shopping for friends and relations is included in the definition of the functional approach. They are not in search of "Nashua in New Hampshire" but of Marks and Spencers in London and its variants elsewhere. They graduated to Harrods?





## A Thought for The Week

No matter how many miles a man may travel, he will never get ahead of himself.

—GEORGE ADE

# Wanderlust

The journeys of our ministers abroad would make interesting reading. A truthful account would promise to be stranger than fiction. But in all seriousness most of us have no right to pour ridicule on our vagabond ministers. For one thing we, too, keep our bags packed and papers in good order so that we can seize any opportunity that comes our way. For another, the wanderlust among ministers, as among other members of the country's elite, is an expression of the change that has taken place in our country. It is a measure of the distance we have travelled in this century that not many Indians would know that so prominent a member of his community as Pandit Motilal Nehru faced excommunication because he had dared travel across the high seas which in popular parlance used to be called the black seas.

This abhorrence of, and opposition to, foreign travel was an indication of how Indian society had isolated itself. So afraid were our fathers and forefathers of foreign contact lest they lose their religious "purity" that foreign travel was completely prohibited. They, of course, did not succeed not because some adventurous spirits did not bow to such stupid rules but because the Westerner was already amidst us and was in fact ruling over us. Of course, Indian society had not always been on the defensive. Ancient India was a great maritime power. The magnificent monument at Borobudur bears testimony to India's impact on the chain of islands known as Indonesia today. India then traded with Europe on the one hand and China on the other. Then gradually the country fell on bad days. As its vigour declined, its horizons shrank. Its people sought safety behind closed doors.

That is an old story. Our people are now going abroad in hundreds every day, many of them to settle abroad. Many others travel on serious business — as students, as professionals trying to update their knowledge, and as businessmen negotiating various kinds of imports and exports. Some ministers, too, travel only when they need to. But as a class they seem to be possessed by the wanderlust. Perhaps they are making up for lost time, for most of them come from modest backgrounds. Perhaps they do not have enough work at home; the secretaries look after it. One thing is certain. As a rule they are not particularly interested in other societies and as such they do not learn much from them. If they serve as "ambassadors" for their country, in most cases they make a poor impression. Raj Narain with his quaint dress and ways was only an extreme example of his class. Their travel-mania costs the public exchequer a lot of money in foreign exchange. But that is not the main reason why it needs to be restrained. The main reason is that they cut sorry figures and give the country a poor image.

Even educated Indians remain rather insular in their outlook. As a result we have few genuine and worthwhile scholars in other countries and societies. Our approach towards them is generally functional which is self-defeating in this age of explosion of knowledge. But many of our ministers are not even functional unless shopping for friends and relations is included in the definition of the functional approach. They are not in search of "Nashua in New Hampshire" but of Marks and Spencers in London and its variants elsewhere. They graduated to Harrods?



Contrary to the belief held by some "leftists", Lenin did not see the party as a vehicle whereby radical intellectuals of the middle-class would inject consciousness into the working class.

by Achin Vanaik

**LENIN'S Political Thought** by Neil Harding is a first-class work of historical recovery. A deserving recipient of the prestigious Isaac Deutscher Memorial Prize for 1981-82, it is quite simply the best book that has yet been written on Lenin the theoretician and practitioner of revolutionary politics. With the most painstaking and impressive scholarship he has frankly demolished the view widely held by sections of the "left" and "right", of Lenin as a Jacobin, a believer in history being created by the select Men of Virtue (i.e. the Leninist party), or as the political "opportunist" par excellence. Not only, says Harding, was Lenin a major Marxist theoretician, but of all his radical contemporaries, he was in a sense the most "doctrinaire," in that his perception of political strategy and tactics at any point of time was integrally connected to a systematic and deep theoretical analysis.

This is not the common view of Lenin. Yet the weaknesses of the alternative explanations of Lenin's primacy as a leader should have been obvious. Even his most hostile biographers have had to acknowledge that his personality was unlike that of the "usual" leader. Lenin did not dominate his rivals and contemporaries through terror like Stalin. He was never the charismatic public figure or great orator that Trotsky was. Bukharin was far more popular within the Bolshevik party. Lenin was never the "master of the apparatus" that Brezhnev proved himself to be. All his life, his contemporaries like Kollontai, Zinoviev and others never hesitated to criticise or oppose him. Yet his position after 1903 as the most authoritative leader of the Bolsheviks and after 1917 in Russia as a whole, was generally unassailable. How is this to be explained? According to Harding the answer is deceptively simple. Lenin's authority was that of the school teacher who time and again was able to establish the political superiority of his strategic and tactical formulations over those of his rivals and opponents.

Lenin's political prescriptions were based on a sophisticated theoretical methodology in which the first step was always a socio-economic analysis of Russian reality. On this was erected a socio-

logy of working class consciousness which would help reveal the existing relationship of class forces. And from this, tactical perspectives for practice would follow. Just as there were definite phases of development of the Russian socio-economic structure as it ascended towards full-blown capitalism, so also there were ascending phases in the development of working class consciousness. The tactics of each phase were necessarily different from those of a preceding phase. Thus party organisation and practice also had to pass through definite stages before achieving a mature form. Stated baldly, this rather linear outline does not convey fully the richness of Lenin's method of handling the dialectic of theory and practice or of his understanding of the relationships between party and class. For that one must read this outstanding book. But it does suffice to indicate how deficient is the idea of Lenin's "manoeuvres" or "opportunism."

Harding's book is subtitled *Theory and Practice in the Democratic and Socialist Revolutions*. According to the author the two crucial moments in Lenin's thought were exemplified in the socio-economic analyses presented in his works *The Development of Capitalism in Russia* (1899) and *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* (1916). From the first work, the Bolshevik leader systematically elaborated his strategy of the "democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and peasantry" for the democratic revolution that was expected to come.

The eruption of the first world war in 1914 and the spectacle of the great European, Social Democratic parties lining up behind their respective bourgeois governments in an international fratricide of the working class forced Lenin to re-evaluate his whole understanding of the international labour movement and of the part to be played by the Russian proletariat. The final products of his rethinking were *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism* and *State and Revolution* whose preoccupations flowed logically once the former work cleared the ground for predicting a socialist revolution in Russia.

Lenin now believed that the first world war signalled the end of the "progressive" epoch of capitalism on a world scale. Henceforward only socialism

what was going on. Otherwise it would not be able to put forward a decisive overall perspective for advancing the movement at a crucial stage or succeed in organising the military confrontation with the Tsarist state when that became necessary.

Lenin's concept of the post-revolutionary state has been the source of endless debate. Was his *State and Revolution* with its talk of a withering away of the state from its very inception an Anarchist deviation? A con which he himself never subscribed to but which masked the real, arch-centralist Lenin?

research have treated this period so cursorily). Only subsequently did Lenin formulate the idea of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" (still to be based on Soviets) as the necessary period of transitional state rule to socialism which could clearly only be established on a world scale. Later he was forced to jettison even this meaning of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and affirm, contrary to all his past beliefs, that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" was synonymous with the "dictatorship of the party."

This tragic trajectory of the Russian Revolution has led many observers to assert that the fore-

# Lenin Re...



**LESSONS OF STRUGGLE:** Lenin was firmly of the practice of the working class would provide consciousness. Above: A sketch by Kath...

could point a way forward for humanity, and given the bankruptcy of the European, particularly German, Social Democratic parties, the mantle would have to be borne by the Russian proletariat and the Bolsheviks who faced a relatively weak bourgeoisie and an anachronistic Tsarist state.

Lenin now shared Trotsky's belief in the necessity of a socialist revolution in Russia, but he came around to it in his own way. Trotsky's greater foresight was not surprising for he had as early as 1905 anticipated Lenin in making the world economy his starting point for analysis and situating Russia within this framework. Only in 1916 did Lenin do this and thence arrive at his famous thesis of imperialism snapping at its "weakest link."

Neil Harding's book has illuminated a wealth of themes for

vindication of Leninism, the aftermath ensured that its legacy was not an unmixing blessing.

Roy Medvedev's book suffers badly by comparison. But even on its own it is an extremely disappointing work from so renowned an historian. Dealing in the first part of the book with themes which overlap with those treated by Harding, such as the dictatorship of the proletariat, Soviets as a form of revolutionary power, socialism in one country, he never approaches either the depth of research or the sophistication of interpretation to which Harding's work accustoms the

which every communism revolution will be full. Obvious permit us to course only the Leninist question of the proletariat ship between Lism.

The Leninist guard party advanced workers rested on the of uneven consciousness within the proletariat, and was of decisive revolutionary consciousness layers and not consciousness of Contrary to

convincing 1980 when the Ultimately to a gradualist the West. Although the rise of organs of direct weight of his fall on the post be opened up a history of a com liance seeking power. This the key turning vent of genos West. Perhaps perience power will

man in European c. 1840. Courtesy

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# Reverie Fabulous Age



E: Lenin was firmly of  
ing class would provide  
ove: A sketch by Kalyan

man in European uniform. Miniature, Gwalior or  
c. 1840. Courtesy, Robert Alderman & Dr. Mark  
Zebrowski.

taste was re-  
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produced by  
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market, and  
as a cross ferti-  
of patterns and

in Britain of artefacts from this  
period which were at one time  
in the possession of the East  
India Company. A selection from  
this store was the Museum's con-  
tribution to the Festival, easily  
one of the most lively, docu-  
menting as it did the bizarre  
historical phenomenon known as  
the Euromania of the Mughals.

Those were the days when scru-  
pulous attention was given to  
presents for the Grand Mughal  
and his senior officials. Their  
quality, variety and nature had  
diplomatic, cultural, and com-  
mercial implications that went far  
beyond the simple expression of  
goodwill. Gloves, looking glasses,  
pictures, and other trifles were  
sent in all of its pride and

You will find the resplendent colours of the  
Peacock on your key ring at Delhi's new Taj Palace  
Hotel. A fitting metaphor: India's first bird of  
feathers finds reflection in all of its pride and  
glory.

The Tea House of the August Moon: Come,  
discover the beguiling, unfolding joys of the  
famous Chinese Dim Sum. For the first time in  
India. Ably supported by an a la carte menu of im-  
peccable distinction.

style coronation robes or court  
hangers-on appearing as English  
admirals or clergymen. This was  
the prelude to the Nawabi idiom,  
affecting food, furniture, decoration,  
architecture, clothing, hobbies  
and pastimes. It was the climacteric  
achieved by the combination  
of wealth and whim to which  
European craftsmen in India  
such as Robert Home catered,  
designing buildings, furniture,  
automata and so on to gratify  
their Mughal masters and give  
them the status of being in the  
full swing of Euromania.

As the catalogue introduction  
says, "Crowns, regalia, coats of  
arms, flags, drapes, costumes, uni-  
forms, thrones with griffins and  
sphinxes, pumpkin carriages, boats  
shaped like shells and swans and  
peacocks and mermaids and croco-  
diles: all sprang from the draw-  
ing board. There was in this  
exuberance an unqualified inno-  
cence, and if there was extravagance  
it was rendered less offensive  
by a singleminded devotion  
to novelty. Euromania was an  
indulgence that was wholly guilt-  
less; and it is this quality which  
probably captivates us most today,  
not to make the point that even  
the most disjointed products of  
Euromania were saved from ex-  
ecrable lack of taste by good  
workmanship and a distinctive

panache. There is something ir-  
resistible in a King of Oudh  
housing one of his English wives  
in an European style mansion  
known as Blighty Park or Vilayat  
Bagh.

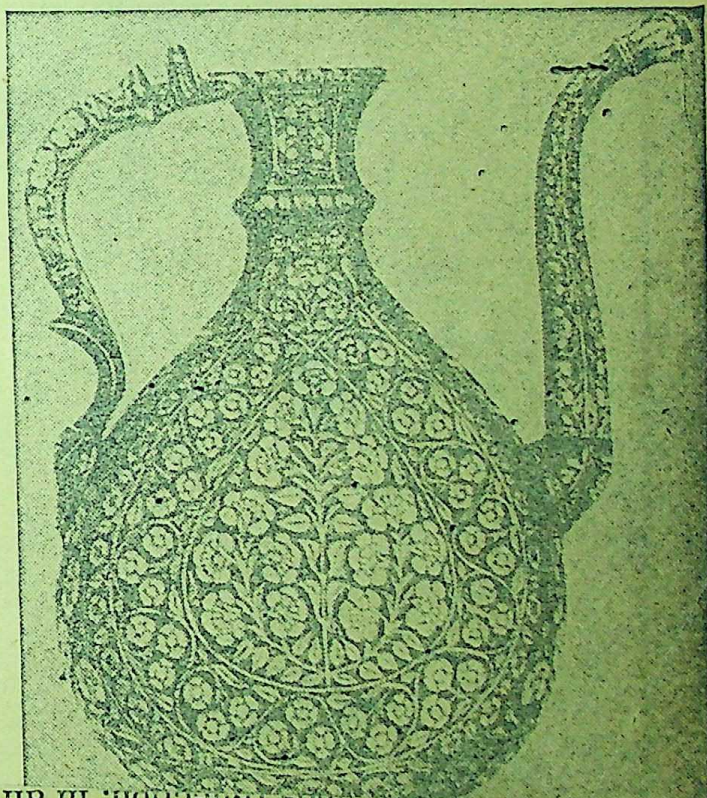
This trend in reverse yielded  
such Indianised European scen-  
eries as General Martin or Col-  
onel Mordaunt. Flamboyance ran  
hot but it was not wholly with-  
out a hard core substance. A  
gouache illustrated on page 52 of  
an European lady dressed in the  
"Turkish" style in a room fur-  
nished with Empire period arte-  
facts; a watercolour of the in-  
terior of a Calcutta "Europe"  
shop on page 54; and a gouache  
of a nobleman in European uni-  
form on page 64 are delightful  
specimens of their kind probably  
here published for the first time.  
They breathe the very spirit of  
Euromania, adding an offbeat  
gloss to the more familiar dazzle  
of rich carpets, silver articles,  
inlaid cabinets, cotton chintzes  
and jade and bidri for which the  
Mughal environment is wellknown.

The Mughal court story has  
been often told but as retold here  
in beautifully fashioned artefacts,  
and in the oddities of period  
behaviour, it comes across vividly  
and forcefully.

N.J.N.

## THE INDIAN HERITAGE —

Court Life and Arts Under  
Mughal Rule: Victoria & Albert  
Museum (H.M.S.O., £4.90,  
soft cover)



of his kingdom. Hindu artists as  
well as specialists from Goa were  
pressed into service, the keynote  
now being a sophisticated elegance  
of that has been seldom surpassed.

To inscribe a word rather than  
to utter it was sacrilegious, in-  
volving a depletion, even loss, of  
its occult "virtues". Not quite  
only this.

facts 1929  
sequ-  
risks  
from  
flea-  
now  
ided  
at





Maharana Jagat Singh dismissing a Rathor nobleman, miniature Udaipur, Rajasthan. Victoria & Albert Museum. Crown copyright.

History apart, the Indian playing cards are in themselves highly pleasing objects with a charm quite independent of their association with folk lore and religious symbolism.

RUDOLF von Leyden's *The Playing Cards of India* (Victoria and Albert Museum) is a concise introduction to a little-known corner of the world of Indian craft. He was formerly an art critic of the *Times* of India and his interest in playing cards was awakened by the discovery of some specimens in Bombay's Chor Bazaar. His subsequent studies have moved in the direction of unravelling the early history of playing cards in general, and tackling its formidable obscurities by reference to Indian cards of which a relatively large number have survived. But history apart the cards are in themselves highly pleasing objects with a charm quite independent of their association with folk lore and religious symbolism.

Von Leyden's was the first comprehensive survey of Indian cards and his studies are together a pioneering contribution to the British. The V & A exhibition, like, fantasy and reports at second hand fed the imagination of artists and writers, and the theme of monstrous and fabulous India was given its head unmodified by the restraints of direct observation. As more travellers visited India there was a parallel growth of the British presence and, in England, of the appetite for more reliable information. The consolidation of British settlements and the expansion of British influence gave birth to the idea of India as a second home. In the result there was a brisk

## To Entertain And Instruct

one among several devoted to the popular arts, was in a minor key though serving to enrich the Festival as a whole. Its catalogue, together with *India Observed*, *The Indian Heritage*, and *The Art of the Book in India* is superbly

produced. In text and illustration these memorials of the Festival deservedly claim a permanent place on one's shelves, but beyond this they are an appropriate reminder of our great indebtedness to British scholarship in try-

ing, & understanding and grasping

**THE PLAYING CARDS OF INDIA:** By Rudolf von Leyden (Victoria and Albert Museum, £4)



(Left) Dashavatara Ganjifa, painted and lacquered, Puri, Orissa, c. 1660. (Right) Ganjifa, painted on ivory, Murshidabad, West Bengal, c. 1760, known as the 'Court of the Gods'. Courtesy, 'Powis Castle' from 'Ganjifa—The Playing Cards of India', Victoria and Albert Museum, Crown Copyright.

India.

### Costly Fare

Splendid "views" books in this category were costly and rare items for the gentleman's library and if India was not the only source of their inspiration it was undoubtedly a major one. Despite what could be regarded as a rather morbid interest in ruins, both pictures and texts added up to a substantial contribution to the knowledge of India, past and contemporary.

Afflicted by illness, problems of

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**INDIA OBSERVED** by Albert Museum



# Duped by a Baroness

ED Moura Budberg really and necessarily for all the faults and I shall tell about—she satisfied my craving for intimacy more than any other human still "belong" so much that I cannot really get from her. I love her still. I do not think that there is a moment of self-deception or recognition that Moura is a standingly charming, exceptional number. I love and adore her, and are urgent to serve her. And yet hard to convey the what do make up her distinction. She is a stily untidy woman; and forty (Wells in 1934), with grey in her dark hair, little inclined to be physically; she eats and drinks a great deal, and manifest results, a broad, soft voice and eyes by excessive



Romance in the making: Wells, Gorky and Moura Budberg, Wells's mistress-to-be.

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THE PLAYING INDIA: By R. (Victoria and £4)



Orissa, c. 1960. 760, known as the 'Is of India', Victoria

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INDIA OBSERVE Albert Museum

is clinging to black bag fastened up to it with lapped hands gloved and I have rare- room with which she was merely in any others— Women fall sight and to come and talk certain in- ness. same room r-party in remembers ut I really in Gorky's in 1920. old khaki roof and a mys and yet ice. She e pockets d seemed the world It about. had seen c "world rlin; one she had husband, en mur- Estonia; stic love

affair with Bruce Lockhart he recounted in his "Memoirs of a British Agent" and "Retreat from Glory"; she had attempted to escape to get to her children at Tallinn, spent six months in prison and been sentenced to be shot. Then she was paroled.

She was now my official interpreter. And she presented herself to my eyes as gallant, unbroken and adorable. I fell in love with her, made love to her, and one night at my entreaty she flitted noiselessly through the crowded apart- ments in Gorky's flat to my em- braces. I believed she loved me and I believed every word she said to me. No other wo- man has ever had that much effectiveness for me.

## Her easy way with fact

Equally difficult is it to re- cord her mentally and moral- ly, though I am doing what I can in the matter. I have found her out in petty decep- tions and also in fairly sustain- ed insincerities. Many of them seem motiveless to me. She does not cheat deliberately. It is just her easy way with fact.

Baroness Budberg, a descendant of Peter the G tary to the Russian writer Maxim Gorky, was H. G. Wells. In this final extract from "H. G. Wel their affair in the Twenties and how it was be jealousy and frustration."

She likes to stand well with people. She dramatises herself for this situation or person and that without any sustain- ing consistency; she is still in many ways like an imaginative child in the early teens. Like a child she believes a thing as she says it; and she is indignant, extremely indignant, at disbelief. I do not now be- lieve a single statement she makes without extensive tacit qualifications. She lies, and also she is carelessly self- indulgent. That I have only realised in the last year or so.

In Petersburg in 1920 she did all she could to explain the Russian situation to me and to give me her point of view;

and she advised me very hel- fully and loyally in a matt- where I might have expose myself to considerable mi- representation. Moura save me from being labelled a re- convert, and that I thought very courageous thing for woman already suspect to do.

In those days letters to Rus- sia went astray and it was un- wise to put even personal sec- rets into letters. We did not see each other for eight years or more.

I cannot now get the facts of our relationship during 1929 and 1930 into an orderly se- quence. I am taking great risks of rearrangement and falsifica- tion here and I do not know how they can be avoided.

love with her.

go to Russia with you because in Russia without you I am blind. But with your eyes... You made me see Russia in 1920. Why not now?" She made me believe that Russia was a barred country to her. She looked me in the eye and told me that.

said she. It was then we arranged to meet in Austria after the PEN Congress at Ragusa. "And then we must meet for good," said I.

We were very happy at Salz- burg and Vienna; we went to



Laugh with ANDY CAPP  
I KNOW IT'S QUITE AN AMOUNT, BUT I'D BE SURE TO LET YOU HAVE IT BACK BY NEXT TUESDAY  
HANG ON A MINUTE, ANDY, I KNOW WE'VE GOT A BUT PUT AWAY THE TILLY LICENCE - I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH HER  
FORGET IT  
Funding: Jattva Heritage and IKS-Mof. Digitization: eGangotri

England by some passport difficulty before 1929. Then the barrier, whatever it was, broke down, and since that time she has come to England and stayed in England as much as she wanted to, subject to the usual alien regulations. And we are constantly together as much as we can be, seeing that we are not married.

But I think it was not merely my ties and habits that prevented me attempting an immediate coalescence of our lives. I think from the outset I had a very clear feeling that there was much about Moura that I had better not know. I did not want to hear her history or know what alien memories or strands of feeling her past had woven into her brain. She had married Budberg in Estonia when she came out of Russia and after we had been lovers, and I did not care to imagine the particulars of that marriage. She had a German divorce from him; he had been a hopeless gambler, he had done something shady and he had got away to Brazil. I thought, and most people who know her think, that when she went to Sorrento to be secretary and keep house for Gorky, she was Gorky's mistress. I knew the dull, elaborate vanity and complexity of Gorky's mind, and I cannot imagine he would have left her alone. But she has always denied that there was a sexual relationship between them. Yet he kept a cast of her hand on his writing-table. He flattered her greatly.

She told me that altogether she had had six lovers and had never given herself to any other man; Engelhardt, Benckendorf, Lockhart, Budberg, an Italian lover in Sorrento and myself. She is not a feverish, lascivious woman; she has no sensuous initiative, but she loves to be made love to and she is responsive.

By the end of 1932, I was prepared to do anything and overlook anything to make Moura altogether mine. We went away for some days in April, 1932, to Ascot, and then I began to talk to her of marriage.

"Let us go on as we are," said she. It was then we arranged to meet in Austria after the PEN Congress at Ragusa. "And then we must meet for good," said I.

We were very happy at Salzburg and Vienna; we went to

the green country about Edlach and we went up to the Rax Alp. "This is only the beginning of our life together," I said. "In a little while we will marry."

"But why marry?" asked Moura.

We began to dispute about marriage. "I will come to you anywhere," she said.

"But why go away?" said I. "I'd be a bore if you had me always."

But at Salzburg something was going on that I did not scrutinise. I had not begun to scrutinise Moura. She was sending telegrams to Russia, and she was bothered about something. She told me, for at that time she too was not very defensive against me, that Gorky was anxious to see her. He was very ill, perhaps dying, and he was very anxious to see her. He had lost his son and was lonely. He wanted to talk of old times in Russia and Italy. "I won't go now," said Moura, on her way to the telegraph office, as if in rebellion against a compelling demand.

I remembered that afterwards, but at the time I was merely desirous that we should not be bothered by this irrelevant interruption. I had her word for it that there was a Great Friendship with Gorky and that was all that was between them. Nothing could come between us in this phase of our liaison.

In London I began to go about with her as publicly as

reat and a former secret one of the great loves of his in love" he tells of devilled by deceit, lies,

possible and to introduce her everywhere as the woman I wanted to marry. And now it was I began to lose sight of any reality about Moura; to give way to my imagination; to make a dream and a hope of her beyond all possibility and, in fact to fall and display myself "head over heels" in love with her.

## We both wounded each other

A new and wonderful Moura I evolved against all the facts of the case; I exalted my love beyond recognition; and, when at last the huge bubble of expectation I had blown burst, I found the former Moura of our free, uninquisitive intimacy had vanished in the process. We both wounded each other and left unforgettable sores and she unwittingly hurt me, far more than she was hurt.

We are still intimate (spring 1935) and we can flirt and make love together. Great friends we are and companionable at bed and board. But the April brightness has gone out of things and that temporary blaze of glory has vanished altogether.

What I wanted of her in that phase was, in the fullest sense, marriage. I wanted her to come completely into my life, to span my person with her own, as our bodies spanned each other, to launch upon a great adventure together.

I wanted to go to America and talk my ideas into people, to go to Russia and talk the same ideas, to talk about Europe, and I thought that, with her and her perfect ease in nearly every important Western language and her lively and intelligent interest in politics, we might have made a great sowing.

We stayed nearly a month in Bournemouth in January and February in 1934, and I should have stayed longer — I was planning then a propagandist film, "Things to Come"; and I did broadcast on the world outlook there — but she was so obviously distracted, so anxious to have long telephone conversations with London, that I returned thither with her, already deeply disappointed and angry with her. Her mind was living mainly in a world of Russian refugees.

She went off to Estonia for Christmas; she explained that that was imperative, and I could not see the pre-eminence of that claim. "But I have always spent my Christmas in Estonia!" she said, and returned after three weeks.

"I want you to come to America with me," I said, "and to do that in comfort we must be married. We can't have our effect complicated by trouble on that score. And I want to go to Russia with you because in Russia without you I am blind. But with your eyes... You made me see Russia in 1920. Why not now?" She made me believe that Russia was a barred country to her. She looked me in the eye and told me that.

Victoria & Albert Museum

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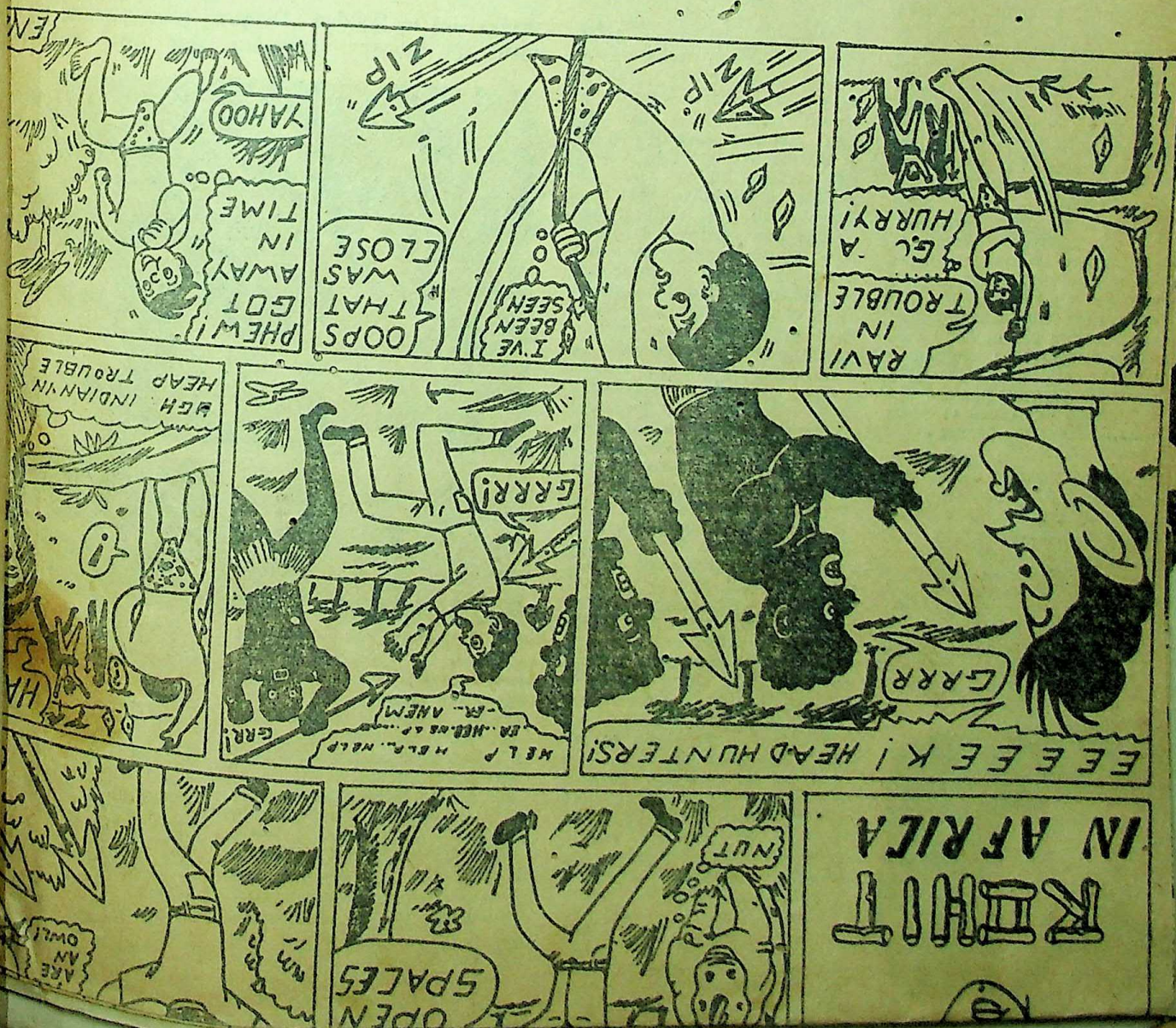


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Continued from Page ONE.

the Secretary of State for India, had been going on for three-quarters of an hour. I telephoned my excuses and sat down to face the situation.

If anyone in the police or Press who disliked me got hold of this affair it was going to get a very disagreeable publicity. But it was just as probable that police and Press might prove friendly. It was one of those situations when any funk or fight would cause disaster. Press and police did prove friendly. I consulted my friend Lord Beaverbrook and he and Lord Rothermere issued an order to all the papers they controlled that "H. G. Wells is not news" for a fortnight.

Years before, I learnt, a young woman had attempted suicide — in the apartments of a British attaché in Vienna. It was her formula. Somewhere — perhaps in a war hospital — she had learnt to cut her veins without the risk of mortal injury. It robbed the affair of its romantic halo but it made it much more manageable for everyone. She had made herself liable to prosecution for attempting suicide, the police told her, but they preferred her to leave the country. She had no relatives or friends in England and it fell to me to play the legal role of "best friend"; guarantee her good be-



H. G. Wells being interviewed by newsmen aboard the "S. S. Comorin" docked in Bombay, in December 1938, while on its way to Australia.

# The truth about my affair...

haviour and ensure her return to Vienna. And we had to buy a new carpet for my study.

Her love evaporated and I heard no more from her directly. But I was told she had married and all was well with her.

I note (July, 1937) that on my 70th birthday I had a pleasant letter from her. She is happily married and living in England. Since then I have met her and her husband and given her some useful advice about publishing a novel.

This incident would be irrelevant here, were it not for the sidelights it throws on my relations with Rebecca in 1923. I

remember sitting with her in Kensington Gardens on the morning after the scene in my flat with the crisis hanging portentously over us. (Because I found the young woman, in the role of a literary admirer and possible interviewer, had visited Rebecca the previous day — I suppose with the idea of staging a triangular situation.) I remember it because it was a good day for us two.

So often had we attacked each other with unjust interpretations and unreasonable recriminations that it matters very much to my memories that we sat and talked and were

very sane and wise. We arranged to squash all interviewers and all impertinent inquiries, we lunched conspicuously together at the Ivy that day and we carried on. On the whole people who had heard of the business thought it wiser not to speak about it to us.

We carried on through that summer. We had the usual moody alternations of lively interest, affection and discord. We loved each other in bright flashes; we were mutually abusive; we were fundamentally incompatible.

The effective break came from her. She signed a contract

for a lecturing tour in October, parted with the idea of a separation, formed new friendships, fresh adventures, a self-reliant life in London — and there was her — and there was solation in a few lines. I don't know of infidelities; it is always been after

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# The Mahatma

IT is a sheer coincidence that Attenborough's Gandhi should have finally arrived at this stage, in the nation's life when the Indian people have woken up as seldom before in the last 35 years to the importance of moral values in public life. But it is a happy coincidence. For, no other political leader has ever in history given primacy to means over ends. If it could be said some years ago that the Mahatma belonged to another more innocent age, today his relevance cannot be overemphasised.

A Gandhi is not born every other day. Great men are at once the products of their environment and of some inexplicable personal qualities. Their alchemy is peculiar to them and cannot be repeated. But the memory of great men survives to goad and inspire others. In the Mahatma's case, Attenborough's Gandhi will refresh our memory. For the youth who have grown up in independent India, it will materialise the Father of the Nation.

Attenborough has been faulted on several counts, one of the main ones being that he has not been comprehensive and accurate in his treatment of the freedom struggle which the Mahatma led and indeed embodied. But Attenborough has not made a film on India's freedom movement. It is a film on Gandhi and what a film! No one who sees it can remain untouched by the grandeur of the enterprise.

I have seen the film as millions of others have in India and elsewhere and have recorded my impressions. My Mahatma is not Attenborough's Gandhi. Indeed, there were many Gandhis in that frail but awe-inspiring frame.

Gandhi in real life moved and inspired.

Gandhi on the screen overawes and overwhelms.

Yet it cannot be said that Attenborough has drawn him larger than life.

Gandhi was larger than life in real life.

Gandhi wrought a miracle in the shape of India's independence through non-violent means.

Gandhi himself was a miracle. His biographers have offered no clue to this miracle.

Neither has Attenborough.

There are no clues to such miracles;

Like the natural phenomena, they just happen;

Gandhi just happened.

We can try to get hold of the ingredients by way of his ancestry, his upbringing, his education, his experience in South Africa.

We cannot discover the alchemy.

Attenborough, to his credit, does not try.

His Gandhi arrives on the scene almost fully formed.

His first action when he refuses to leave the compartment on the train to Johannesburg sums up the man, the world would gradually come to respect and admire.

This Gandhi still wore Western suits and, on a surface view, spoke the language of a British-trained barrister completely unaware of the harsh realities of racist South Africa.

But the later Gandhi — firm in his conviction, fixed in his determination, sure of his method in respect of both its superior morality and its efficacy for achieving his short-term (equality) and long-term (a just and civilized society) goal, was already discernible.

Gandhi was cast and not cast in a human mould. He was at once so human in his treatment of the others and so Olympian, almost God-like, in the pursuit of his objectives.

Attenborough has brought out the two Gandhis remarkably well.

The glint of the rapier is visible behind the twinkle in the eyes, the broad smile and the meek look of the half-naked fakir.

Gandhi's approach was too novel to be persuasive. He led — as all great leaders lead — by the force of his personality which, like a hurricane, swept everything before it. It is difficult to think of a comparable figure in Indian history.

Strangely enough, Attenborough's Gandhi is more persuasive. "An eye for an eye will blind the whole world." How well

it the same.

Attenborough has been casual in his treatment of Jinnah, perhaps unavoidably so.

The same is true of his treatment of the stalwarts of the freedom movement — Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Patel and Maulana Azad.

They owed a lot to the Mahatma. They could not have, on their own, fashioned a freedom movement of the proportions Gandhi created. They knew it and he knew it. That was one reason why despite sharp differences they finally deferred to him. But they were big men by any reckoning. Attenborough could have shown greater sympathy for them.

And Subhas Bose, the only Congress leader to have challenged the Mahatma effectively, even if briefly, does not figure in the film at all.

These are doubtless minor blemishes in a great enterprise. But they are blemishes all the same and they could have easily been avoided.

An irreconcilable contradiction lay at the heart of the epic Gandhi enacted.

While he sought for himself calm detachment even amidst frantic activity in the Indian sannyasi tradition, as a modern political activist he roused the people to a pitch where they became difficult to control.

He preached non-violence but unleashed forces which were bound to turn violent.

He could not help it if he had to be true to himself. His search for truth had to lead him to seek control over himself and his total commitment to justice left him no choice but to rouse the people.

Except the Sikh gurus, no Indian saint has ever sought to combine these two roles. And the Sikh gurus created a full-fledged path which could hopefully help bridge the gap between the precepts of the yogi and the actions of the commissar.

It is difficult to say whether Attenborough was aware of this conflict in Gandhi and all he sought to achieve. But he has brought it out as perhaps no biographer of the Mahatma has done. Pictures are more eloquent than words.

Gandhi was unique in Indian history. That was at once his triumph and his tragedy. Attenborough heavily underscores this duality.



# ne Mahatma

Westerners like Roman Rolland, perhaps unconsciously waiting for the Second Coming as promised in the Bible, saw another Christ in him.

Attenborough's Gandhi lives up to this prescription. A shepherd to his people but an imperious one who has no doubt about the validity of his mission or his chosen means.

No one saw the Mohammad-like figure behind the likeness of Christ — resolute, unshakable from his purpose and path, resourceful, as willing to retreat as he was determined to advance. So obvious was the influence of Hinduism and Jainism on the Mahatma that no one has explored the impact of Islam on him.

Attenborough does not do it either. But, of course, Attenborough is not a research scholar.

The purpose of Gandhi's prophecy was not to preach a new faith. That would have been quite alien to the Sanatanist Hindu in him. His mission was to devise an instrument which the humble could use to enforce justice on their oppressors. And no one can deny he succeeded remarkably.

Attenborough's Gandhi brings that out eloquently. In fact, as the film proceeds, one begins to wonder whether the Mahatma's central purpose was India's independence, or whether he chose India as the scene for his battle against *adharma* (evil) because he happened to be an Indian and instinctively realised that he could fight best in a terrain familiar to him.

Attenborough may or may not have read Prof. R. C. Zaehner's "The Return Of Yudhishtira" in his book *Hinduism*. But the film makes the comparison seem wholly apt.

More important to Gandhi than independence was Hindu-Muslim unity.

Attenborough's Gandhi brings it out poignantly. India's "tryst with destiny" on August 15, 1947, is overshadowed by the Mahatma's final struggle to quench the fires of communal frenzy and hatred with his own life.

The British would not recognise this truth before it was too late, perhaps because it did not suit them. Jinnah's distrust and perhaps hatred of Gandhi was too deep to permit him to see Gandhi in a proper perspective. Or perhaps he too embodied a destiny

all the same.

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# We Shastiny

A lot has been written on modern India, its achievements, its failures, its moments of glory as in December 1971, and its travails as during droughts, famines and communal riots. But seldom has the central fact of new India and of the new Indian personality been so succinctly and graphically described as in the article below by Rajendra Mathur, editor of our sister publication, the Nav Bharat Times, and a well-known writer who is as conversant with Western concepts as with Indian traditions.

by RAJENDRA MATHUR

INDIANS are congenital pessimists. The opinion pages of newspapers screech and resound with fire alarms, and there has not been a single quinquennium since independence during which the nation's strident throat has not gone hoarse crying wolf. The writing on the wall has been read by tens of million, and carried by word of mouth to countless others. In fact, the writing has become a landmark and a tourist attraction which draws hordes of anxious India-watchers from abroad. Like Agatha Christie's *Mousetrap*, our Prophecy of Doom runs on and on, and time does not wither nor does custom stale the infinite variety of ways in which we interpret, await and fear our dangerous decades.

When the nation has needed a leader with charisma, it has found or invented one. When the charismatic leader has erred, it has chastised him or her. When leaders and institutions have failed to mediate, the people have mediated through the ballot box and changed the entire landscape.

And yet, the fire, the wolf and the writing have not consumed us. Not yet, which is a miracle. It is a miracle so stupendous and so breathtaking that we have absolutely no means of assessing it. It is the miracle of experiencing geological change within the ambit of historical time, the miracle of watching the continents drift, the oceans form and reform, and mountains rise from where once there were waves. No period in India has been so exciting, so creative, so full of change, and so much worth living in as the twentieth century, but few of us seem to be even aware of the fact. It is perhaps the first century in India's history (after the era of forest-cutting and agricultural settlement) when millions of people in this land have become active agents rather than passive participants, and have started doing rather than being done to. It is the first century in India's history, the very first, when Indian, roused and inspired by Gandhiji have acquired a political eye, and begun seeing things

which had never been perceived by any of our progenitors.

It is an eye which we have recently acquired through mutation, and species-wise, we are now different men. With our newly-evolved eye, we can read the writing on the wall, sense dangers, and nurse an angst which we had never known before. But we seem to be entirely oblivious of the fact that the eye is a miracle more breathtaking and stupendous than the writing, and that the angst is a new emotion which we had never known before. We are also unaware of the wondrous use we have made of our ocular apparatus which, even allowing for mutations, must be pretty dim and imperfect as of now. We have avoided snares, crossed swords, wriggled out of tentacles and fought with fire-emitting dragons as competently

as nations with a more evolved political eye and finer civic instincts.

A monkey (says the Hindu proverb) cannot be entrusted with a razor for it would give or take a swipe or two, go for its own jugular. We have not gone for ours these thirty-five years, although several of our frenetic, hyperactive reflexes have come dangerously close. Our consensual efforts may not be entirely impeccable, and a smooth shave is perhaps yet beyond us. The unkempt patches show, and make us look awkward in the mirror of our eyes. This, in fact, is the genesis of the writing on the wall: an awareness of our callow, primordial reflexes, and an awareness of their inadequacy in the modern world; the desire to be spruce and well-groomed, and the anxiety about the jugular. And yet, a moment's reflection will show that our shame is misplaced, and that our effort has been glorious. Even if the experiment ends in disaster, the glory of these thirty-five years

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ties of the non-educated Indian who is still rooted in the cultural India of his forebears? We have no means of knowing.

Gandhi's was the only age when the two Indias were connected, and hence it was the most inspiring of times. And yet, the connection ended up in partition and holocaust. This perhaps signifies that the fusion of cultural India with nation-state India might on the one hand lead to a renaissance unheard of since ancient times but on the other hand it might also lead to unimagined catastrophes. It is perhaps an awareness of this fact which makes us keep our republic in a state of sterile and sterilised isolation. To enable it to survive, some people believe, it is necessary to endure a republic which is barren and rootless. It is this enforced barrenness which makes our republic look so fragile.

Whatever we choose, either choice is full of creative possibilities and is fraught with lurking disasters. Shall we ever dare to choose differently? This is a change which would never become an election issue, and no change would lead to it. And yet, when the next mortal crisis faces our Republic, another act of Gandhian daring may be our only hope of survival.

built on the foundations of civilizations. An Indian state which denies the Indian civilization impossible by definition.

We, therefore, need to reverse our anxiety-priorities. Instead of fearing that our efforts at integrating the nation would end in atomisation, which has been our bane, instead of fearing the Great Centrifuge supposedly situated at the heart of our polity, and pitting the charismatic conqueror, the *chakravartin*, against it, we ought to be scared of the fact that we have devised no circle which could connect the Republic with the wonder that was India, so that the one may draw sustenance from the other. The two systems seem to operate independently of each other, and the only plane on which they seem to interact is the sub-terranean and the non-rational.

If educated Indians are asked to accord proper priorities to Indian civilization and the Indian nation-state, most would perhaps be terribly distraught and confused. They are of course theoretically aware of the role of civilization, but few of them would care to assign value to the residual India which would survive the possible demise of the nation-state. On the other hand, most of them would not be too bothered if the nation-state could survive in all its external panoply even if it entailed the loss of civilization.

What about the anxiety priori-

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# My the minister who came to dinner

ory so far :

Minister, Jim Hacker wants to cut expenditure in his department of civil servants won't agree. The civil servants want their honours (decorating civil servants with titles) approved but the minister won't. The civil servants also want their alma mater at Oxford — Baillie — treated as a special case for getting a government grant. The minister decides to link the recommendations for the honours to economies in the department. And the civil servants decide to get to offer a honorary doctorate to the minister. The stage is set for *pro quo*.

ng excerpts from Yes Minister, Volume II.

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tirely coincidental that Humphrey mentioned this matter at this juncture.

The master dropped another hint. Very decorously. He said that there was still one honorary doctorate of Law to decide, and that he and his colleagues were wondering whether it should go to a judge or to someone in government!

I suggested that someone in government might be more appropriate. Perhaps as a tribute to the Chancellor of the University. I know that I argued it rather brilliantly, because they were so enthusiastic and warm in response to me — but I can't actually remember precisely how I put it.

Exhausted by the intellectual cut and thrust of the evening, I fell asleep in the car going home. March 27th:

Humphrey popped into my office five minutes early, for a private word. Very good fews. Apparently the master of Baillie took Humphrey aside last night and asked him to sound me out, to see if I'd be interested in accepting an honorary doctorate of Law from the University.

I feigned surprise. In fact I wasn't at all surprised, as I knew what an impression I'd made on them last night.

Humphrey was at pains to point out that it was not an actual offer. Apparently, according to Humphrey, the council of the Senate or somebody or other is now trying to square the honorary doctorate with my well-known hostility to honours.

This was a bit of a blow. I had to squash this nonsense at once. "Don't be silly, Humphrey, that's quite different," I explained.

"Not entirely minister," he replied. "It is a matter of accepting a doctorate without having done anything to earn it, as you yourself might put it in your refreshingly blunt fashion."

"I'm a cabinet minister," I responded with some indignation.

"Isn't that what you're paid for?" Smooth treacherous bugger.

"The point is," I told him, "one can't really refuse an honorary doctorate. I should have thought anyone could see that I would be insulting the DAA if I refused — because clearly I've been offered it as a sort of vote



of confidence in the department because I am, in fact, the titular head."

Humphrey fell silent, having indicated again that it was not yet an offer. Clearly he had some sort of deal in mind. I waited. And waited.

Then the penny dropped. "By the way, Humphrey," I said breezily. "Changing the subject entirely, I would like to do what I can to help Baillie college over this overseas student problem."

Now it was Humphrey's turn to feign surprise. "Oh, good," he said, and smiled.

I explained quietly, however, that we need a reason. By which I meant a pretext. He was ready with one, as I knew he would be.

"No problem. I understand that the Palace has been under pressure from a number of Commonwealth leaders. We can't embarrass the Palace, so we'll have to redesignate Baillie as a Commonwealth Education Centre."

Immediately I saw a chance for the deal that I wanted to do.

"But how will I find the money?" I asked wide-eyed. "You know how set I am on making five per cent cuts across the board. If we could achieve that ... well, anything's possible."

I reckoned that this was an offer he couldn't refuse. I was right. "We might be able to achieve these cuts —" this was a big step forward — "and I can only speak for this department, of course, as long as this absurd idea of linking cuts to honours were to be shelved."

So there it was. A double *quid pro quo*. Out in the open. The expenditure survey committee gathered around my conference table.

The minutes of the last meeting went through on the nod. Then we came to matters arising. The first was accommodation. Sir Humphrey pre-empted the assistant secretary who usually spoke of on this matter. As the young man opened his mouth to reply, I heard Humphrey's voice: "I'm happy to say that we have found a five per cent cut by selling an old office block in High Wycombe."

The assistant secretary looked mightily surprised. Clearly Humphrey had not forewarned him of the new deal.

I was delighted. I said so. We moved straight on to number two: stationery acquisition.

A deputy secretary spoke up, after getting an unmistakable eye signal and slight nod of the head from Humphrey. "Yes, we've discovered that a new stock control system will reduce expenditure this year."

"By how much?" I asked. The deputy secretary hesitated uncertainly. "About five per cent, wasn't it?" said Humphrey smoothly.

The dep. sec. muttered his agreement.

"Good, good," I said. "Three: parks and forestry administration?"

An under-secretary spoke, having caught on with the civil servant's customary speed to a change in the party line.

"If we delay the planned new computer installation, we can make a saving there."

"Can we?" I said, pretending surprise. "How much?"

They all pretended that they couldn't remember. Much consultation of paper and files.

A bright principal spoke up: "About five per cent?" he said, hopefully. We all nodded our approval, and assorted civil servants muttered "Of that order."

Humphrey pointed out that the saving in the computer installation would lead inevitably to a cut in data processing. I looked at him expectantly. "By about five per cent," he said.

"This is all very encouraging, Humphrey," I said benevolently.

And after the meeting, at which everyone had somehow managed to come up with cuts of about five per cent, Humphrey took me aside for a quiet word.

"Minister, while I think of it, have you finished with the list of departmental recommendations to the honours secretary?"

"Certainly." I was at my most obliging. "There was no problem with any of them. Bernard will give it to you. All right, Humphrey?"

"Yes, Doctor," he replied.

A fitting tribute. I look forward to the ceremony next June.

will emerge when this year's accounts are filed.

LINDSAY VINCENT



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believe this diary is the most accu- rate record of what happened:

**Thursday, August 13:** Maria says that she wants to spend the next couple of days in Milan. She apparently wishes to be alone: "It's better that you go to Sirmione, where you're closer to your mother, who needs you so much." I protested, saying that I had business in Milan. "You can work during the night," she answered. It is the first time that she has allowed me to work throughout the night. She always said in the past that she could not fall asleep without me.

**Friday, August 14:** In the morn-

ing Maria seemed affectionate, but then she said without preamble: "What would you do if I no longer wanted to stay with you?" I felt the blood rush to my head. Everything around me started spinning. I managed a little laugh and said: "Oh, I'd retire to one of those rocky gorges where the monks live on Mount Athos." I wanted Maria to believe that I did not take her question seriously, but I knew my wife too well to have thought that she was making an idle comment.

**Saturday, August 15:** Maria telephoned at 12.15 pm and asked me to come to see her immediately in Milan. "Right away, without losing a minute," she emphasised. "I have decided to discuss things with you and inform you of everything. I cannot put it off any longer. Come, your Maria is waiting for you."

"You can consider yourself fortunate to have reached your age in such good health," she replied. "You have had a full life. You must be prepared to step aside. I, on the other hand, have my entire life before me and I want to enjoy it. I have a right to seek a change."

I arrived at 3 p.m. Maria had prepared something for me to eat. When I told her I had already had a bowl of soup, she turned into a fury. I forced myself to eat to placate her. She seemed to be in a better mood, but when I finished she commented disagreeably: "You never change; you never lose either your sleep or your appetite."

Maria closed the door so the servants couldn't hear us. She came right to the point. With an icy voice, she said: "It's all over between us. I have decided to stay with Onassis." She paused for a moment, perhaps to hear my response, but I didn't say anything. She then continued, and her voice was almost sweet: "Ari and I have been caught up in this twist of fate and we are unable to combat it, and we are unable to combat it, and we are unable to combat it."

nothing wrong. We instructed to draw up a new morals and Islamic officials have been in Malaysia where government the places will soon be illegal him committing khawlat (being in At present any unmarried Mus-

Don't come too close

we were shouting back and forth. He said: "How many million do you want for Maria? Five, ten?"

I went to rest on the bed, fully dressed. At four, Maria tiptoed into the room and took some piece of clothing. At five I got up and went downstairs. There was no one there, only the poodle Tea, sleeping in her usual spot. Onassis's limousine was no longer in the driveway.

**Tuesday, August 16.** Everyone connected with Maria's career continue to contact me about her engagements, not being aware of the tragedy that had overtaken us. Maria had asked if I would continue to look after her business affairs, at least until the end of the year, but I said no. I am for a clean severing of all ties.

**Wednesday, August 26.** Maria was now common knowledge. "The operation was successful," the guests drank milk from a drop of alcohol was drunk. In- in the republic where not believed to be the first wedding Recently the Ukraine saw what is give each other moral support. Cities and towns have 'sobriety' propagandised outside factories. Technicism is of course also drink problems.

example — have built their own which produces the Volga car for the Gorky automobile factory — I elsewhere some large plants — brought about a rise in the death rate. Alcohol is a major cause of divorce — Russian women are something about this pre-dominant- ly masculine weakness. But it is in the harm done to the economy that the interests of the State are now judged to be most at risk.

Several critics have accused the Government of inconsistency by imposing a public decency law, while at the same time taking money from gambling and brew- ing. Two practices prohibited un- der Islam. Malaysia is the only country in the Association of South-East Asian Nations to have gambling. Islamic extremists in the ruling coalition, and followed complaints that present laws discriminate against Muslims. At present any unmarried Mus- him committing khawlat (being in close proximity to a member of the opposite sex) is hauled before religious courts and fined. If the partner is a non-Muslim he or she is allowed to draw up a new morals and Islamic officials have been in Malaysia where government the places will soon be illegal him committing khawlat (being in At present any unmarried Mus-

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very many times, before whom you genuflected and prayed. Maria, what have you made of our promises, our pledges, our prayers, our work together? You have committed an unspeakable sin."

**Friday, August 28:** I went to see my lawyer in Turin. I suggested denouncing my wife and Onassis. Maria telephoned while I was there. She was in Nice. That evening I went to the house in Milan to work for a couple of hours. I noticed that Maria had left without taking her little painting of the madonna from which she had never been separated. I asked her maid Bruna how this could have happened and she replied: "That painting no longer matters to Maria."

**Sunday, August 30:** The first hints of disension between Maria and me appeared in the news- papers. Nothing specific, how- ever. Maria is in Monte Carlo.

**Monday, August 31:** At nine in the morning I telephoned Maria's cardiologist, inquiring about her. He had often spoken to me of his concern for my wife's health. Now he informed me that on her latest visit, only four days before, her heart had returned to normal. "Her blood pressure, which has always been dangerously low, has climbed to 110. We should thank the Lord for the benefits your wife has received from that cruise!" Then I left for Sirmione.

**Tuesday, September 1:** Bruna told me that Maria had telephoned saying that she would be returning to Milan the next day.

**Wednesday, September 2:** I had a great desire to see Maria. I headed for Malpensa airport. The only regularly scheduled flight was in the afternoon. My wife had told Bruna that she would be landing around noon, so I assumed she would be arriving in Onassis's two-engine plane.

By 10.20 I was at the airport. I parked alongside the exit ramp. The sun was beating down strongly and my Mercedes was becoming stifling. I got out and walked around a bit to get some air, but I never took my eyes off the runway. Each time I spotted a tiny aircraft, my heart started pounding.

Unexpectedly, I ran into a friend. "What are you doing here?" he asked. I was embar- rassed, and stammered: "I'm here to pick up Maria." He told me he had seen her leave by another exit. And she hadn't said any- thing to me. I got back into my car and drove off.

**Friday, September 4:** I had a fight with my lawyer in Turin and relieved him of his assign- ment. I returned home in the early evening. At the toll booth on the highway I saw, on the front page of an afternoon paper, a story describing a rendezvous between Callas and Onassis.

**Monday, September 7:** La Notte fired the first shot and then the newspapers followed. The affair was now common knowledge. "The operation was successful," the guests drank milk from a drop of alcohol was drunk. In- in the republic where not believed to be the first wedding Recently the Ukraine saw what is give each other moral support. Cities and towns have 'sobriety' propagandised outside factories. Technicism is of course also drink problems.

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# "He seduced my Maria"

Neither Onassis nor Maria Callas need introduction. Even in the bizarre world of the super-rich, Onassis stood out not so much because he accumulated a vast fortune as because he wore beautiful, talented and famous women as medals. Maria Callas was one and Jacqueline Kennedy another. Jacqueline was sharp-witted and was able to survive Onassis's kiss of death. Maria, an artist of great promise, was more romantic and she collapsed when Onassis dropped her for a more famous name, and her career with it.

Maria's first husband, Giovanni Battista Meneghini, spoke out even earlier. Now he has given a comprehensive account of the manner in which Onassis acquired the famous soprano singer.

An excerpt from Giovanni Battista Meneghini's book, *My Wife Maria Callas*, to be published this month by The Bodley Head, London,

By arrangement with The Sunday Times, London.

THE first time my wife met Onassis was in September 1957, at a ball in Venice. On that occasion the Greek ship-owner was pleasant but not overly cordial. The second time we met him was in Paris on December 19, 1958, at a gala concert which Maria gave at the Opera as a benefit for the Legion d'Honneur.

That concert is still spoken of as one of the most elegant and successful after the war. It was Maria's debut in Paris and she sang divinely. All Europe was able to enjoy it, thanks to television, and it received praise from the international press.

In the box of honour was Rene Coty, President of France, with the Italian ambassador, Leonardo Vitetti. In the auditorium was the president of the National Assembly, Chaban Delmas; the ambassadors of Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union; the secretary general of NATO, Paul Henri Spaak; the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; Ali Khan; the Rothschilds; Francoise Sagan; Charlie Chaplin; Juliette Greco; Martine Carol and Brigitte Bardot; Sacha Distel, and many more. It was not possible to have a greater success.

For me, as organiser, it constituted a personal vindication, but I didn't know that it was to be, alas, the final great testament of my

total devotion to Maria before she betrayed me.

I believe that Onassis was very much impressed by what he saw. He, with all his money, would never have attracted so much attention to himself, even among the great of politics. I believe it was his diabolical motion picture that set in project: "If I can get that woman for a few days later, she will be my own." A was very much displaying an amiability and a cordiality I hadn't noticed in Venice.

After Paris and I went to the United States for a concert tour, returning to Italy at the end of spring. We were invited to Venice for a ball in honour of my wife, and was on this occasion that Onassis invited us for a cruise on the "Christina". He spoke at length about his luxurious yacht and about his personal life he had invited us to stay that we also accept. He answered that she had many engagements and would think of it.

From Venice Maria continued her tour of Madrid, Barcelona, Hamburg, Bremen, Munich, Wiesbaden. At the end of May, while we were in Milan, Onassis telephoned from Monte Carlo. This time it was his wife Tina who extended the invitation. Then Onassis spoke, he was very insistent. Maria explained that she

was leaving for London, where she had an important engagement for Cavallini's *Medea* at Covent Garden, and that she was not in a state of mind to think about a cruise. "I will come to London for your answer," Onassis said.

The Greek turned up in London for the first performance of *Medea*. He managed to purchase about 30

in assembling important names, including the Churchills (with the exception of Sir Winston), the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, the Queen's cousin Lord Harewood, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Gary Cooper.

The party following the opera made headlines. But even though it was organised in her honour,

Then Onassis began to cry, saying: "Yes, I'm a disgrace, I'm no good, I'm the most revolting person on earth. But I am also a millionaire and powerful. I will never give up Maria, and I will take her away from whomsoever it's necessary, using whatever means, sending people, things, contracts, and conventions to hell... How many million do you want for Maria? Five, ten?"

tickets, which he distributed among his friends. He had invitations printed announcing: "Mr. and Mrs. Onassis have the pleasure to invite you to a party in honour of Maria Callas, which will be held at the Dorchester at 23.15, Thursday, June 17, 1959."

Onassis arrived at the theatre very early. He waited at the bar in the foyer for his guests, to whom he distributed the tickets and offered champagne. He succeeded

Maria, at first, did not want to attend. It was I who insisted, promising her that we would stay only a little while. We had scarcely entered the Dorchester when Onassis rushed forward to embrace her. After some time while Maria told me she wanted to leave, and with the excuse that she was very tired, we went back to our hotel.

On July 15 we returned to our villa at Sirmione. We had before

us a month and a half without obligations. Maria wanted to rest. Her doctor had prescribed sea air, so we thought we would go to Venice to relax, for about three weeks.

The next day at around eleven in the morning, the telephone rang while Maria and I were in the garden. Our housekeeper Emma informed us that Mr. Onassis wished to speak with Maria. "We are absolutely not here," replied my wife.

Around one, Onassis called again. "This will continue all day long," Maria said, as I went to answer the telephone. Onassis was euphoric. He addressed me by Maria's nickname of Titta. "I want you on the 'Christina.' We'll have a good time," he told me. "Persuade your wife." Then he put Tina on the phone. Then the two of them wanted to speak with Maria. Together they insisted so much that Maria said: "OK, we're coming."

My wife was not convinced she had made the right decision. She seemed to sense something disquieting. I tried to reassure her. "This invitation comes at just the right time. The doctor recommended sea air. It would be an absurd expense to buy a boat for just the two of us. Let's give it a try. If you don't like it, at the first port we can return home."

Maria went shopping in Milan and made some absurd purchases. I think she was afraid of looking



# "He seduced my Maria"

Continued from Page 1.

remotely, that she would find herself in that kind of difficulty. Many inaccurate and unjust things have been written about my marriage to Maria. When we were married, I knew very well that when I was 70, Maria would be only 42. I had called her attention to this fact many times, but it did not matter to her, she wanted to marry me, no matter what.

Our ten years of matrimony were stupendous. I believe that few have known a love so constant and

untroubled. We were so close that Maria, for example, never went to sleep if I was not there. If I had to go out at night on business, she waited up for me even until one in the morning because she did not want to go to bed alone.

The proof of this most tender and strong love is preserved in the numerous passionate letters which she wrote me during the first years, when she was obliged to travel. By the end of 1950, at her own insistence, we always travelled together; otherwise, she said, she would no longer continue singing. Since we were now together, there

was no need for her to write me letters, yet her heart was so overflowing with affection that she wrote me little love notes almost every day, putting them in bunches of flowers, on the bedside table, or on my desk. Her last notes were written just before we left on the cruise.

My inner happiness during the first days of that cruise was perfect. If I happened to see a church in the distance, I would spontaneously thank God: "Let it be, oh Lord," I prayed, "that Maria is always well and that it will always remain the way it is now." In the

evening we knelt in the cabin and prayed, painting of the which Maria was.

This was on August 7. I noticed absolutely nothing could have a tragedy. That changed. Maria was vivacious then. She danced and always with almost happy still a young while observing letting herself go.

August 8 continued in the Maria always ing. The following Sunday, and Athens. We returned at four Onassis and continue the yacht. "I'm glad"

"You act like she said. leave me control my thing. You hateful guy"

More dead asleep immediately 9.30 next morning that Maria was worried and I yacht looking Onassis, who churlish. He been to sleep shaved. A passed through Onassis had where had faint. I went was there, he said. It seemed hear me. She preoccupied. I sodise about night, and the over the sea changing her a derisive, often launched into tirade, telling stop being her

"You act like said. "You control You're like and you've kept these years. I she began to way of doing adventures languages, uncombed, dress smartly

It was a that some her. Onassis mind: the dancing that understand myself to be



Maria Callas being presented a bouquet of flowers by a little fan when she came ashore at Capri during her cruise on the "Christina".



# eccentric Mr Gaddafi



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He also displays a streak of asceticism and a directness, characteristic of his Bedouin ancestry, not without humour. At a military parade in Tripoli a few years ago, he could not make himself heard above the shouting of a group of demonstrators, carefully placed in view of the TV cameras. So he casually picked up a jug of water at his elbow and tossed the contents over their heads.

However much it suits Presi-

foreign scholars and journalists, at disconcertingly short notice, to join in intellectual seminars under his chairmanship.

It may be that Gaddafi has finally caught himself in a web of events that will cause his

downfall. But, if this end should patently have been engineered from outside Libya by the West, his ideas could only gain momentum and validity.

(By special arrangement with The Observer, London)

complex power struggle in Chad. If his protege, Goukouni, is defeated, Chad could possibly be used as a base for actions against Libya itself.

But his greatest fear comes from a conviction that the United States is out to overthrow him. In the early years of his 13-year rule, the United States had protected him against various attempted coups; he in turn helped to prevent a Communist takeover in the Sudan. But then the US

year. His gaze has been fixed on the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius, and he backs its claims to ownership of the Diego Garcia atoll (significantly, a major US naval base). But for all his outlay of energy, Gaddafi's influence upon other leaders in Africa and the Middle East remains slight.

Although he is quick-witted, Gaddafi is ill-equipped in countless ways for the 'messianic' role he has set himself. He suffers from having no regular reliable



I don't think about such things usually. But anyone who says it was because of sheer luck, only says it out of jealousy. I worked hard. I corrected my defects like speaking the dialogue far too quickly. I made myself strong. I didn't even have time to think of a nervous breakdown.

Lastly, have you ever thought of the reasons that made you reach the top?

All I can say is, I've seen or appeared in Kamal Amrohi's 12th century atmosphere.



At a military parade in Tripoli a few years ago, he could not make himself heard above the slogan-shouting of a group of demonstrators, carefully placed in view of the TV cameras. So he casually picked up a jug of water at his elbow and tossed the contents over their heads.

## The E

turned against him, for reasons he does not wholly understand.

To reach Gaddafi's modest villa set deep inside the Aziziya army barracks near Tripoli, the visitor has to pass through an entrance guarded by tanks, then through three defended perimeters. Behind this protective screen he lives simply; he does not drink, and prays regularly.

Although devout, he is a progressive Muslim, not a fundamentalist, believing in feminine emancipation and the role of women in the professions and the armed services. (Gaddafi has been married three or four times, and met his number one wife—who appears unveiled in public—when she cared for him in hospital some years ago).

Libya was still one of the poorest countries in the world, when Gaddafi was born 41 years ago. He went to secondary school in Sebha, an oasis town in the southern desert province of the Fezzan. Among the pupils were boys destined to become his future revolutionary colleagues. They were stirred by the Suez war and the ideas of Arab nationalism and unity symbolised by Nasser. They saw common elements in the Libyan and Egyptian situations—especially the corrupt monarchic regimes. For them, foreign domination was epitomised by the British and American military bases and control of the newly-found oil.

In pursuit of the few simple ideas he clings to, Gaddafi has endured innumerable setbacks. In vain, he offered union not only to Egypt, but also to Syria, Sudan, Tunisia and Mauritania. In Africa, he is always on the lookout for new regimes with progressive leanings, to ply them with political advice—sometimes backed with modest amounts of material aid.

He took up with Flt. Lt. Jerry Rawlings in Ghana, and helped him with crude oil supplies last year. His gaze has even extended to the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius, and he backs its claims to ownership of the Diego Garcia atoll (significantly, a major US naval base). But for all his outlay of energy, Gaddafi's influence upon other leaders in Africa and the Middle East remains slight.

Although he is quick-witted, Gaddafi is ill-equipped in countless ways for the 'messianic' role he has set himself. He suffers from having no regular reliable

## In Focus

COLONEL Gaddafi's latest intervention in the civil war in Chad will no doubt confirm the belief in Washington that he is World Terrorist Number One, a dangerous trouble-maker and docile instrument of the Soviet Union, an international outlaw whose hit squads roam the Western world to gun down his political enemies in exile.

Behind this dangerously overdrawn picture of tireless fanaticism lies an intriguing, if somewhat eccentric, figure. Muammar Gaddafi sees himself as a prophet and thinker in the ancient North African tradition of the marabout, an itinerant holy man.

He believes he has a great truth to communicate to mankind—what he calls his Third International Theory, a middle way between communism and capitalism. The principles of this theory are set out in his *Green Book* (the inspiration of Mao's *Little Red Book* is plain). Gaddafi also tries doggedly to spread his ideas far and wide through expensively-produced journals such as the *Jamahiriyah International Report*—printed in Runcorn.

Yet Gaddafi's ideal of the marabout is combined with a certain vanity. He is a handsome man, very concerned with his own appearance. When not in uniform or casual safari suit, he wears good Italian clothes over which he sometimes throws a fine-wool burnous or cloak.

He also displays a streak of asceticism and a directness, characteristic of his Bedouin ancestry, not without humour. At a military parade in Tripoli a few years ago, he could not make himself heard above the slogan-shouting of a group of demonstrators, carefully placed in view of the TV cameras. So he casually picked up a jug of water at his elbow and tossed the contents over their heads.

However much it suits Presi-

dent Reagan's pantomime version of the Third World to present Gaddafi as the Demon King, the Libyan leader's true performance is greatly limited by the size of his own stage: his desert country has less than three million people (compared with Egypt's 40 million), and thousands of miles of open sea and land borders.

Virtually the only resource is oil, which currently earns Libya \$10 billion a year. This is more than enough to finance large-scale economic development at home, including impressive housing schemes which are Gaddafi's pride. There are also funds to spare for some foreign adventures, and political and military subsidies of limited scope.

But Gaddafi's general international posture is far more defensive than offensive—because he feels threatened on many sides. He

Muammar. Gaddafi sees himself as a prophet and thinker in the ancient North African tradition of the marabout, an itinerant holy man.

feels especially threatened by Egypt, which explains the wall he has tried to build along his frontier with Egypt and the large military base he has established close to the Egyptian-Sudan frontier.

He now feels threatened from the south, which is largely why he has again plunged into the complex power struggle in Chad. If his protégé, Goukouni, is defeated, Chad could possibly be used as a base for actions against Libya itself.

But his greatest fear comes from a conviction that the United States is out to overthrow him. In the early years of his 13-year rule, the United States had protected him against various attempted coups; he in turn helped to prevent a Communist takeover in the Sudan. But then the US

"You act like she said. leave me control my thing. You hateful guy."

More dead asleep immediately 9.30 next morning that Maria was worried and I yacht looking Onassis, who ebullient. He been to sleep shaved. A passed through Onassis had where had faint. I went was there, he said. "You gave me said. It seems hear me. She preoccupied. I sodise about night, and the over the sea changing her a derisive, she launched into tirade, telling stop being there."

"You act like she said. "You control You're like and you've been these years. I she began to way of doing adventures in languages, uncombed, dress smartly."

It was a that some her. Onassis mind: the dancing understand myself to be during



# When

year 1975. International Women's Year, saw the foundations of the women's movement in western India. The organisation had a male left-wing leadership, but women's militancy was becoming increasingly visible. The organisation that they were force to be utilised for change. It's first-hand accounts captures the excitement of the mass mobilisation of women, both urban and rural, in the consciousness-raising sessions and the sometimes personalised, yet often recounted of the movement and its ramifications in a male-oriented society. For the women she interviewed — middle-class housewives, college students, agrarians, Adivasis, or Dalits of Pune, the oppressive domination of male supremacy. It's concern and in the movement led to certain basic questions: What factors led to the existence of the movement, though it had been legally declared illegal? Is a daughter a more precious event than the birth of a son? Yet anthropologists themselves do not recognise this. Was this why despite the fact that women do double work and home work, they are paid lower wages?

## Tale

past is something when Spender never shed nor did it forms the fabric of poetry and his life.

Charles Greenfield

his book of essays, journals, *The Thin* poet-critic Spender describes his relationship with T. S. Eliot in a London restaurant in 1930. He inquired rather about my attitude to Eliot. I said I wanted to write also that I wanted to write novels. He said I wanted to write poetry. I did not write anything. Apparently Eliot did not, since three years later he published his first book of poems with Faber. To Spender — a tall man with the soft innocence of a phaeitic painting — Eliot was the sole English "political" poet of the 1930s, including W. B. Yeats, MacNiece and others. An inveterate traveller, he remains as busy as ever. He is just returned from a lecture tour in the United States and is now at work on a new book.



# When Women Hit Back

year 1975. International Women's Year, saw the laying foundations of the women's movement in western India. The movement for organisation had been for male left-wing leaders. Women are becoming increasingly militant with women's militancy with a force to be utilised in the first-hand account of the mass mobilisation of the women, both urban and the consciousness-raising and the sometimes in-personalised, yet un-recounting of the movement and its ramifications on a male-oriented society.

For the women she meets middle-class housewives, with commitment to their college students, agriculturists, Adivasis, or the Dalits of Pune, the common denominator for male supremacy. The movement led her to certain basic questions such as: What factors led to the existence of the dowry though it had been consensually declared illegal? The dowry is a much less event than the birth of a child, yet anthropologists say the dowry does not resent this situation. Was this really a woman's movement? Why despite the fact that women do double work (work and home work) were they paid lower wages than men?

Bound economically and socially by marriage and family, to men who degrade and beat them, Indian women are at last breaking their shackles . . .

by Melanie Silgado

In Borj Arab, Kaminibai is the perfect working class cynic about democracy on paper. It does not matter that according to the Cons-

elites who leave their people behind in the villages." Which brings us to the part played by the enlightened Left in the women's question. Omvedt is slightly critical of their function as maiden organisers of the women's movement especially in rural India. In

ders have yet to emerge, the movement has yet to gain impetus. Whatever potential as leaders the Kaminibais and the Tanubais have, they still remain militant and aware but painfully unorganised, and hence not ready for action.

Omvedt is aware that in India, women's real organisation can only occur in unity with a broader class movement that is ready to fight on all aspects of people's oppression. She sees the oppression of women as irrevocably linked with the struggles of the working class and not separate from them.

Yet for all the well-formulated questions, there can be no neat answers. How to move from being an inspiring 'example' or organising in one corner of the state to being a real political force? How to move from participating in women's conferences and meetings and inspiring others to really giving leadership? In the final analysis, Omvedt is convinced that it is the form of oppression that makes organising in India extremely difficult. Bonded economically and socially to marriage and family, to men who will drink and beat them, but whom they will defend because they need them, it is almost always impossible for these women to take independent and retaliatory stands.

But there is hope, and the basis of this hope must come from the grass roots level, where a potential movement is not likely to be hampered by bureaucratic politics.

**WE WILL SMASH THIS PRISON!:** By Gail Omvedt (Orient Longman, Rs. 70)



**UNITED, WE SHALL FIGHT:** Whether they be middle-class housewives, college students or agricultural labourers, the common cause that unites women is the fight against male exploitation.

titution dowry is illegal. "It is written," she says, "but it's not like that." What emerges is the tremendous ambivalence these women have towards education. "It is something that represents the aspirations and promises of a better life, but it also represents the continuing betrayal of those promises and the departure of the educated

the Lal Nishan Party, for instance, though there was every appearance of equality and equal rights between the sexes, Omvedt says, "there was somehow never an examination of the 'natural' bases of inequality."

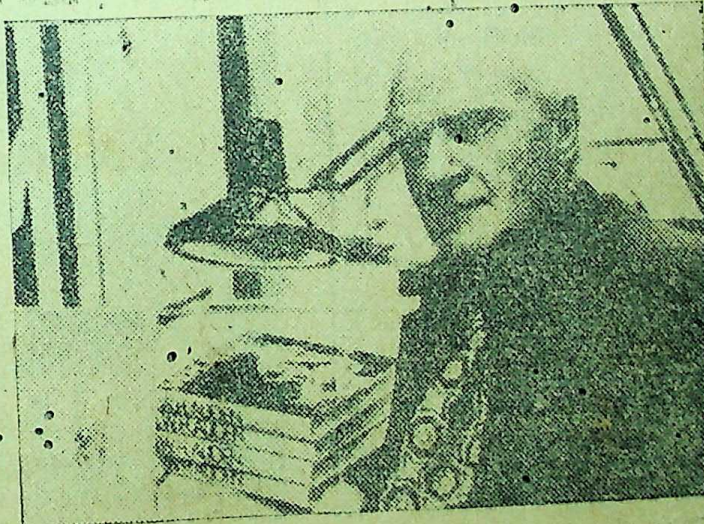
Where were the full-time political activists? If there was a movement, where were its leaders? But lea-

## Tale Of Many Botched Beginnings

past is something. When Spender can shed nor disclaim, it forms the fabric of poetry and his life.

Charles Greenfield

his book of essays and journals, *The Thirties* and poet-critic Stephen Spender describes his first encounter with T. S. Eliot in a London restaurant in 1930: "I inquired rather searchingly about my attitude toward my life. I said I wanted to be a poet, and also that I wanted to write novels. He said that if I wanted to write poetry one should not write anything else crea-



**AMBASSADOR OF LETTERS:** Stephen Spender.

got caught up in anti-fascism and the Spanish Civil War, their poetry became very concerned by daily events like hunger marches and massive unemployment. People like Joyce and Eliot — whom we greatly admired — saw themselves essentially as artists unconcerned with politics. For us, the younger generation, their creations were like enormous 'end-works.' For example, 'The Waste Land' was really a kind of compressed epic poem about the breakdown of civilisation, the end. I mean you just can't go on writing about the end forever. There has to be a new beginning."

Dissatisfied with "official Conservative-dominated postwar England" Spender joined Isherwood in nifty, permissive Berlin, where they saw first hand the rise of Nazism while eating "horse flesh and lung soup" in cheap bistros.

In 1937 he was in Spain covering the war as a journalist. Later, at a writers' congress in Valencia, he met a "bushy-mustached, hairy-handed giant" named Hemingway, and Malraux "with his brilliant conversation and nervous snuff." If Spender has characterised his own life and writing as autobiographical and directed toward the past, it is partly because the past is something he neither could "shed nor disclaim." In a late poem superbly titled "One more new botched beginning," he describes this fusion of the past with an illusive present.

(By Arrangement With The International Herald Tribune.)

Apparently Eliot did change his mind, since three years later he published the then 24-year-old Spender's first book of poems for Faber and Faber. Today, at 71, Spender — a tall man whose face the soft innocence of a pre-Raphaelite painting — is still writing. As the sole survivor of the English "political" poets of the 30s, including W. H. Auden, his MacNiece and C. Day Lewis, he remains as busy as ever. An inveterate traveller — he has jokingly referred to himself as "Ambassador of Letters" — he has just returned from a gruelling lecture tour in the United States and is now at work editing a new

anthology of modern English poetry.

"When I've been in America, I've never felt myself to belong," he says over tea, sitting with his legs propped up on the garden study sofa. "English poets do not, like their American colleagues, reflect bitterly that all they are doing is writing poetry to other poets."

Orphaned as a teenager, he was raised with his two brothers and sister by his great-aunts Bertha and Ella, and then went up to Oxford. There he quickly fell under the spell of the young Auden, whose self-confidence and self-

awareness even then were intimidating. When publishers Faber and Faber politely refused Auden's first book of poems, Spender, who had his own hand press, went ahead and made a limited edition of 30 copies.

But politics, he now recalls with a slight smile, was the touchstone by which writers were judged. Spender — whose father had been a prominent Liberal journalist in the days of Lloyd George — was even (for less than a month) a member of the Communist Party.

"The '30s were very journalistic," he added. "I think as poets



# Cong (I) asks CPM to quit Bengal

By Our Special Correspondent

CALCUTTA, August 9.

THE "CPM quit Bengal" slogan came loudly and unmistakably at a Congress (I) rally held here to observe "Quit India" day. Despite inclement weather and occasional rain which turned the Maidan slushy and slippery, the gathering was impressive and represented almost all districts of West Bengal.

Addressing the rally called by the Youth Congress (I) to reiterate the

slogan for national integration and to show respect to the martyrs, the PCC (I) president, Mr Aji Panja, declared: "If I get daily hundreds of letters speaking of CPM killings and atrocities, should I write the wall slogan—CPM stay in West Bengal? What is wrong in the 'CPM quit Bengal' slogan."

He urged the youth to carry the message to every corner of West Bengal from tomorrow and rise against CPM atrocities with renewed militancy, patience and with non-violence. He said this was the beginning of the first phase of the Congress (I) movement against the CPM and if the CPM-led government did not mend its ways, the next phase would be launched after August 28.

## MAIN CHARGES

A deputation from the meeting led by Mr Panja submitted to the governor, Mr T. N. Singh, a memorandum listing five main charges against the government: deterioration of law and order, murder of Congress (I) workers, forcible occupation of land by CPM cadres, deliberate use of state machinery for partisan purposes, and administrative corruption and nepotism. It sought the governor's intervention to set things right.

Despite the reported organisational understanding reached in Delhi over Mr Panja's "CPM quit Bengal" slogan at the intervention of the AICC (I) general secretary, Mr S. S. Mahapatra, the former PCC (I) general secretary, Mr Subrata Mukherjee stayed away from the meeting. But he attended a blood donation camp opened for the day.

When asked later, Mr Mukherjee said that apart from his disapproval of Mr Panja's slogan he had not been asked by the Youth Congress (I), which had sponsored the rally, to be present. However, his absence did not go unnoticed.

Mr Devaprasad Ghosh, without naming anyone, said those who thought the slogan was untimely and wrong "are actually stabbing the Congress (I) in the back and can have no place in the party. Apparently they are strengthening the conspiracy of Mr Promode Dasgupta and Mr Jyoti Basu."

Mr Panja's position was powerfully backed up by the All-India Youth Congress (I) president and general secretary, Mr Ramchandra Rath and Mr Vasudev Penikkar. They said the CPM followed a philosophy alien to India, and therefore could not have any place in India.

## PM'S LEADERSHIP

"We will reject this philosophy with the last drop of our blood," Mr Rath declared and urged all those who accepted Mrs Gandhi's leadership to "eradicate the concept and germ of communism. India could never go the way of Lenin or Stalin. I appeal to the people to rise against the CPM atrocities."

Mr Panikkar said the same principle needed to be applied to Kerala and Tripura. "This alien philosophy will have to go." He assured the meeting that the day "is not far away when you will see that the Marxist government is gone."

But interestingly Mr Soumen Mitra, Pradesh Youth Congress (I) president, who was in the chair, did not mention the slogan as such, just as some others like Mr Abdus Sattar and Mr P. K. Ghosh, former ministers, did, though he had introduced Mr Panja as one who "has called for direct action against the CPM." Mr Mitra said they would have to prevent revival of "jungle rule" in West Bengal by the CPM.

## Eight more IA airbuses

BOMBAY, August 9 (UNI): A fleet of eight airbuses arrived here this morning under the command of Capt. S. K. Dewan, to join the Indian Airlines, according to an official statement.

platform. It was Jaunpur's introduction to the freedom struggle.

Incidentally, Pandit Krishnakant Malaviya, editor of an Allahabad weekly, "Abhyudaya" (rise), was put up by the people against the pro-British raja of Singramau. Mr Harpal Singh, for the legislative assembly half a century ago. The journalist won. The raja filed an election petition. And the British governor not only invalidated the journalist's election but declared the raja duly elected.

Today Jaunpur is practically forgotten. It has neither a minister in the U.P. cabinet nor has any minister, so far cared to visit the flood-ravaged district.

## Maharashtra govt. property attached

BOMBAY, August 9 (PTI): The Maharashtra government headquarters in Bombay "Mantralaya," witnessed an unprecedented melodrama on Thursday when the bailiff of the Sheriff of Bombay attached fans, typewriters, almirahs, tables and other furniture in the office of the under secretary in the state government's home department.

The bailiff was executing a decree obtained from the city civil court by a constable, Mahadeo Tukaram Randive, whose dismissal in November 1959 was held by Mr Justice Suresh as bad in law and illegal and decreed a sum of Rs. 30,579 to be paid by the state government to Randive, representing his pay and allowances and interest till he filed the suit.

The decree-holder and the bailiff, however, were unaware that the state government had meanwhile obtained a stay of execution of the decree from the Bombay high court and the matter is to come up before Mr Justice Jahagirdar of the high court on August 11. No notice of the state's application to the high court had been given to Randive in spite of his having filed a caveat last month under Section 148A of the civil procedure code.

Consequently, the bailiff, accompanied by Randive went through the attachment proceeding and the bailiff attached state government property and made a report relating to the execution of the decree.

## Ban orders in Gangapur over cow agitation

By Our Correspondent

SHRIMAHABIRJI, August 9: The sub-divisional magistrate of Gangapur has promulgated prohibitory orders under Section 144 Cr. P.C. in the railway yard and godown area in view of the tension caused by an agitation against the movement of cattle by rail from Gangapur to slaughter houses in Bombay.

The agitation has been launched by the Go Raksha Samiti and the Arya Samaj. It is stated that on July 31 a group of agitators entered the railway yard and freed a number of cattle from wagons booked for Bandra.

According to a report lodged with the police by the station master of Gangapur, 220 cattle were allegedly removed from the yard by the agitators.

## Bangalore bandh a flop

By Our Special Correspondent

BANGALORE, August 9: The "Bangalore bandh" against rise in prices, for which a call had been given yesterday by a faction of the Kannada Chaluvaligars, proved to be a total flop. According to Mr B. N. Garudacher, police commissioner, 415 persons had been taken into preventive custody.

Buses, railways and air services were normal. Most schools and colleges functioned as usual. Some shops, however, remained closed partly on account of Ramzan.

K. T. POLY...  
LUCKNOW...  
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KAFTAN...

OPP.

**Nutra**  
**can fight**  
**Proteins, vitamins and**



# GAINS FROM THE TALKS AT RAWALPINDI

## INDO-PAKISTANI MEETING HELD IN CONSTRUCTIVE SPIRIT

By PRAN CHOPRA

THE first round of talks between India and Pakistan has yielded only negative satisfactions, but there are reasons why even these should be welcomed. They are the more valuable for being unexpected; and they should help to clear away certain false hopes, placing the need for a settlement with Pakistan in more enduring perspectives.

The talks could not have had a more uncertain start. They were agreed upon in circumstances most unpleasant for India and then were buffeted about by hostile winds from both sides of the border. Mr Nehru's statement on Kashmir on November 30 was the first serious blow to a hope already fragile, but then others followed in deadly succession. President Ayub used harsh words on December 4, accusing Mr Nehru of "going back on his words" and India of "aggressive moves against China" and "a hoax" on the frontier with Pakistan. All the Opposition leaders in Pakistan, whose strength has been a recent revelation, took an extremist stand in a resolution. December 17, Mr Nehru raised a storm in Pakistan with his references, on December 20, to a "confederation" between the two countries. And finally, the talks were nearly killed—a proof of the skill of certain people in Pakistan who are inimical to the President—by the timing of the announcement about the Sino-Pakistan border agreement on December 20.

But the talks were held, and in as constructive a spirit as they would have been without these events. Each side thus proved its sincere desire for a settlement, especially the Indian side, which is frequently accused of being insincere. The provocation to it, in the form of the border announcement, was more sharp and immediate, and as it went into the conference room Pakistan newspapers were screaming their exultation over an implied rebuff to India. Yet, beyond voicing a protest, it did not let the talks suffer.

### LITTLE FLEXIBILITY

The conference began in the only way it could have. Clearly but without shutting any doors, each side restated its present position, mixing a lot of firmness with a little bit of flexibility. While provocations continued to pile up around them, the Ministers

went patiently on, examining each others' stand to discover common points, if any. An example is the events of December 27. President Ayub, himself upset about the extreme discourtesy shown to India in the manner in which the border agreement was announced, directed his Foreign Secretary, Mr S. K. Dehlavi, to hold an immediate Press conference and set ruffled feelings at rest.

But Mr Dehlavi was far from soothing. Tempers rose at his Press conference instead of falling and the distinct impression was created that the talks were in real trouble. On the other hand the Ministers not only met immediately afterwards but informally agreed upon another conference in Delhi. As they dispersed they made encouraging comments to Pressmen and thus performed the task entrusted to Mr Dehlavi.

### MORATORIUM ON ABUSE

Some procedural give and take occurred at this and subsequent meetings. Mr Swaran Singh showed willingness to discuss all proposals, including a plebiscite, in spite of Kashmir being "an integral part of India" as he had declared in his opening speech. His opposite number, Mr Z. A. Bhutto, agreed to examine all difficulties about a plebiscite in spite of his opening declaration that nothing less would be accepted. Mr Swaran Singh allowed the present discussions to be only on Kashmir. Mr Bhutto accepted that later all other subjects could also be taken up. Both abandoned the confoundrum whether goodwill should come first or settlement. Instead they agreed, in their joint communiqué, to appeal for at least a moratorium on abuse.

The appeal is not the elaborate four-point programme for goodwill that Mr Swaran Singh had in mind, but it is much more than was acceptable to the extremists in Pakistan, whether in the Government or outside, whose

hope of toppling President Ayub was anchored on growing estrangement with India. (A settlement would be a feather in the President's cap which would make many of his opponents powerless against him, while failure here would further weaken his basic policies and himself—a development which India would have no reason to welcome because it would be a source of instability near her frontiers.) More estrangement may yet be round the corner, but the talks have not added to it so far.

### SUSPICION OF INDIA

None of these gains is encouraging by itself, but together they have proved enough to justify a second round of talks. In psychological terms this is a kind of progress which should not be belittled, since it amounts to the acceptance of each other's bonafides. It is an obvious fact of political life in Pakistan that suspicion of India is strong and deep-seated. Any move for talks with her is, therefore, regarded as a trap, a device created by the Hindu mind which unwinds itself endlessly but reveals no decisions. The Government was therefore under the strongest pressure either not to open the talks at all or else to limit them only to one round before the summit meet.

But the Government has taken the risk of a second round, thus underwriting the sincerity of purpose Mr Bhutto may have seen in Mr Swaran Singh. It has also indicated that the number of meetings would matter less than the progress made at each, though it should be quite obvious that a third round will come only if the second produces much more than the first.

The second gain of the Rawalpindi experience is more important than the first. It has shown that the need for a settlement, and the price to be paid for it, must be judged only in the context of the relations between India and Pakistan, not the war between India and China. Any price paid for promoting subcontinental concepts of defence, on which Britain and America have laid so much stress, will be payment which is wasted. At best it will enable India to purchase Pakistan's benevolent neutrality in her troubles with China, at worst a kind of abstinence from taking military advantage of her in her difficulties.

But involvement against China on the side of India, logistically or in combat, seems not to be an advantage which Pakistan is willing to offer in return for a settlement. Public opinion in Pakistan, and—if public statements on it

(Continued on page 9 column 8)



U.S. crimes in Indo-China. But it will be unfair to judge him on that count alone. He has to be assessed on the basis of the totality of his role first as Nixon's national security aide and then as Secretary of State. Even his critics will have to

Without doubt, Henry Kissinger is the most outstanding Secretary of State America has had since it rose to its superpower status at the end of World War II. He has often been compared with John Foster Dulles. The comparison is

pool.

to my residence to my arrival and greatly. A little later my colleagues and me his villa, which



U.S. crimes in Indo-China. But it will be unfair to judge him on that count alone. He has to be assessed on the basis of the totality of his role first as Nixon's national security aide and then as Secretary of State. Even his critics will have to admit that his performance was not too short of being spectacular.

It is difficult to believe that Kissinger has told the whole story of his stewardship of American foreign policy. But he has disclosed enough to provide an adequate glimpse into his mind. This makes his "Years of Upheaval" as invaluable a document as the first volume of his memoirs.

We have secured exclusive rights for excerpting the book in India. We begin the serialisation with this issue of the Sunday Review. The first excerpt deals with Kissinger's visit to Moscow to prepare for the second summit between Nixon and Brezhnev followed by the summit in Washington in 1973. The first had taken place in Moscow the previous year.

Without doubt, Henry Kissinger is the most outstanding Secretary of State America has had since it rose to its superpower status at the end of World War II. He has often been compared with John Foster Dulles. The comparison is apt only in as much as Dulles too possessed a comprehensive world view and wielded enormous influence. But Dulles's was essentially a moralistic and therefore a simplistic approach. He did not command Kissinger's knowledge and sophistication of approach. He could loom large on the international scene mainly because, in his days, the U.S. economic and military power was both unchallenged and unchallengeable. Kissinger managed to make his mark in far more difficult circumstances arising out of America's relative economic and military decline.

Kissinger has attracted the ire of the liberals both in America and Europe for the way he handled the war in Vietnam. He tried to answer the criticism in the first volume of his memoirs "The White House Years" but somewhat unsuccessfully. He cannot escape his share of responsibility for

# Wild Boar

... said some wild boars had already been... the interpreter, the game warden, and... to be lured by the bait that various... reading on the ground.



...compromising resistance to expansionism and receptivity to a serious change of course in Moscow.

The mellow mood of the evening in the hunting stand proved evanescent. Once returned to Zavidovo, we were engulfed again in the routine of the nego-

(Continued on Page V)

secure, belligerent and mellow — was in plain view as we ate together in that alfresco setting. The truculence appeared in his discussion of China.

He began describing the experiences of his brother who had worked there as an engineer before Khrushchev removed all

...in the First World War. His father had learned from that carnage that peace was the noblest goal; he had never stopped insisting on this theme. Brezhnev agreed: we had reached the point in history where we should stop building monuments for military heroes. Public memorials should be reserved for



the dif-  
nce between the  
tribal  
worlds -

# Shooting Wild Bo

ON arrival my colleagues and I were driven to Moscow's Vnukovo II airport, not to the ponderous houses in the Lenin district in the western part of the city, but to Zavidovo, a hunting preserve in the Soviet equivalent of the American West — some ninety miles northeast of Moscow. We traveled in a motorcade traveling at a speed of close to 100 miles per hour with cars tailgating each other and security forces scissoring in and out of the platoon. This reflected the deliberate psychological propensity for the described in nineteenth-century Russian novels. The party and its Soviet counterpart could not possibly have been if the lead car had suddenly.

The American party was in an East German-built limousine, assembling an oversized fleet blown out of scale by heavy stolidity that in communist world denotes the exterior looked Alpine; the inside was covered Victorian opulence.

Brezhnev's split personality — alternately boastful and insecure, belligerent and mellow — was in view as we ate together in that alfresco setting. Which was the real Brezhnev? The one who spoke so threateningly of China or the other man who recited his devotion to peace?

The largest private residence compound belonged to Brezhnev. It was a two-storey building in the same style as the White House, though on a smaller scale. The ground contained a number of reception rooms filled with upholstered furniture, a dining room, and a movie theater. The upper floor had a large study, a bedroom, and a bathroom. The upstairs room opened onto a balcony shaded by an awning. At right angles to the villa and connected by passageways on each floor was a fully equipped gymnasium containing an Olympic-size swimming pool.

Brezhnev came to my residence on my arrival and greeted me personally. A little later he was joined by his colleagues and me to his villa, which he

first showed off with all the pride of a self-made entrepreneur. He asked me how much such an establishment would cost in the United States. I guessed tactlessly and mistakenly at four thousand dollars.

Brezhnev's face fell. My associate Helmut Sonnenfeldt was psychologically more adept: two million, he corrected — probably much closer to the truth. Brezhnev, vastly reassured, beamed and resumed his guided tour. He showed us with boyish pride a scrap-book of clippings and congratulatory telegrams from various Communist leaders on the occasion of his being awarded the Lenin Peace Prize. The near-absolute ruler of the Soviet communist party seemed to see nothing incongruous in boasting of an award from his own appointees and congratulations from those whose careers and political survival depended on him.

One afternoon I returned to my villa and found hunting attire, which our hosts had ordered for me since my arrival. It was an elegant, military-looking olive drab, with high boots, for which I am unlikely to have any future use. Brezh-

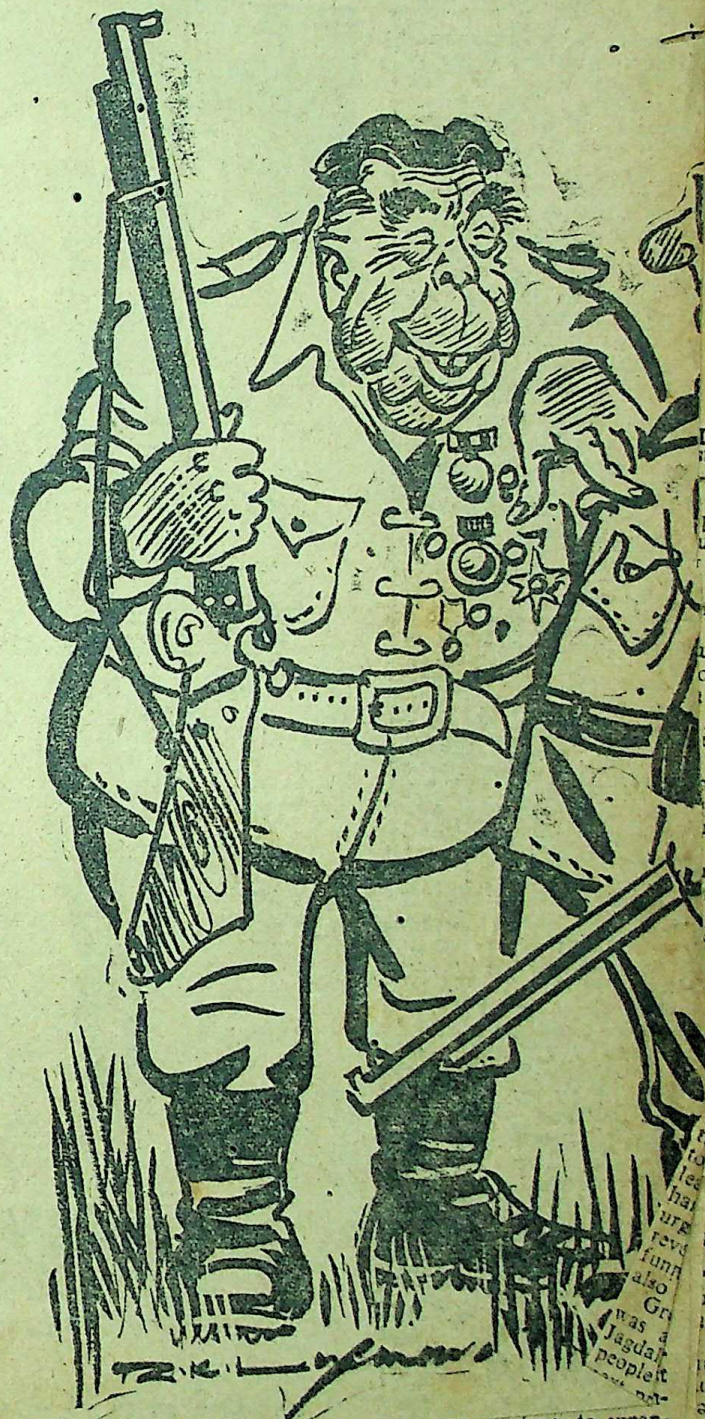
nev, similarly attired, collected me in a jeep driven by a game warden. Since I hate the killing of animals for sport, I told Brezhnev that I would come along in my capacity as adviser. He said some wild boars had already been earmarked for me. Given my marksmanship, I replied, the cause of death would have to be heart failure.

After more heavy joshing, Brezhnev nevertheless whisked me off to the hunting preserve. Simultaneously, Gromyko took Sonnenfeldt away in another direction. Deep in the stillness of the forest a stand had been built about halfway up a tree, with a crude bench and an aperture for shooting. Brezhnev, the interpreter Viktor Sukhodrev, the game warden, and I waited there for the wild boar to be lured by the bait that various

secure, belligerent and mellow — was in plain view as we ate together in that alfresco setting. The truculence appeared in his discussion of China.

He began describing the experiences of his brother who had worked there as an engineer before Khrushchev removed all

Brezhnev said some wild boars had already been lured by the bait that various were spreading on the ground.



experience in the First World War. His father had learned from that carnage that peace was the noblest goal; he had never stopped insisting on this theme. Brezhnev agreed: we had reached the point in history where we should stop building monuments for military heroes. Public memorials should be reserved for

compromising resistance to expansionism and receptivity to a serious change of course in Moscow.

The mellow mood of the evening in the hunting stand proved evanescent. Once returned to Zavidovo, we were engulfed again in the routine of the nego-

(Continued on Page V)



AYESHA KAGAL

the 'civilized' worlds — the tribal

illustrate them with the charm of Walt Disney's his death, there has been a successor. Disney's cartoon features on Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs are to be a kiss of life from the year.



THE WITCH'S CURSE: A still from Walt Disney's full-length cartoon feature production "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs."

tion is seized by the outsiders no are gloriously impervious to disruption they're causing. ne and time again they walk through the circle the dancers are forming. A red turbaned has actually positioned himself in the middle of the circle. I can't believe it. But there "Stop" instructs a photographer. Obediently the dancers ply.

### Rude Return

move away from the lights the shadows. Desperate to associate ourselves with the his who dress like we do, who the same language. desperate to establish some kind of connection with the people whose night have invaded.

tentatively at three young Who grin back and say sit n. In bright blue vest, with ge torch and umbrella by his Ramu is the most talkative, takes it upon himself to teach how to drink salphi from a cup, pinching the sides so it n't spill. The next two hours by. It's one at night. My fri- leave the mandai. But the that had crept into me in road daylight, no longer ex- I could sit there till dawn, ng to Ramu and his friends king with them, knowing I absolutely safe. But it wasn't e.

eventually we have to return ne worlds we come from — au to join the dancers and I he PWD rest house, the cita- of civilisation in wild country. a rude return. The room is stacks of bottles litter the and. And ensconced on a r in the room reserved for us, very drunk elderly man in a suit. His glazed eyes light up the sight of two women in doorway. I do believe that he gines we are part of Noor hammed's parcel. Noor Mohammed is resident i, a shifty-eyed contractor who building the road to Abu rh. He has spent since seven the evening emptying bottle er bottle on official after offi- d. "Be informal". Take one ink" he urges. "Beer only." The room is ours, we point out- ly. Either you leave or we do. ne saki turns nasty. You know ho I am? he demands. No one an touch me. Collectors may come and go... Quite. You will o on forever. We'll leave.

We collect our luggage and ove out. Grey suit is deeply eeced. How dare these appar- ons enter his dreams and proceed walk out without a "by your ve"? Drink sloshing wildly in d, he staggers out after us, ng us to stay. If it wasn't so tting it might have been y. But at two at night it was unsettling.

ny suit wasn't a nobody. He n honourable judge from ur. Mr. Yadav. "He hangs whispered the driver. His motion is to the supreme

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# With Brezhnev

...for me ...  
there for the  
green uniform

foresters in green uniform were spreading on the ground.

All was absolutely still. Only Brezhnev's voice could be heard, whispering tales of hunting adventures: of his courage when a boar once attacked his jeep; of the bison that stuffed itself with the grain and potatoes laid out as bait and then fell contentedly asleep on the steps of the hunting tower, trapping Soviet defence minister Marshal Rodion Malinovski in the tower until a search party rescued him.

After about an hour of this, as dusk was settling, a herd of wild boar came towards the bait. I was struck by the grace and wariness of their movements, though clearly their desire for food overcame all prudence. While Brezhnev calmly selected his victim, I reflected on the vulnerability of the greedy—only to have my rudimentary philosophy quickly disproved by a very large wild boar that emerged from the forest.

One could see easily why it had attained such a size. It was not greedy; it set about to investigate the bait. It examined the ground before every step. It looked carefully behind every tree. It advanced in a measured pace. It had clearly survived and thrived by taking no unnecessary chances. All its precautions attracted Brezhnev's attention, however, and he felled it with a single shot. Only Brezhnev's jubilation prevented me from launching into another train of thought about the perils of excessive intellectualism.

There is no telling what other contribution to pop philosophy I might have generated on this expedition had not Brezhnev's hunting instinct propelled him to move us to another stand even deeper in the forest. By then, fortunately for the boars—for whom I was rooting—night was beginning to fall and Brezhnev missed two shots at long range.

Brezhnev and I remained in the second stand for some hours, and someone brought cold cuts, dark bread and beer from the jeep. Brezhnev's split personality—alternately boastful and insecure, belligerent and mellow—was in plain view as we ate together in that alfresco setting. The truculence appeared in his discussion of China.

He began describing the experiences of his brother who had worked there as an engineer before Khrushchev removed all

Soviet advisers. He had found the Chinese treacherous, arrogant, beyond the human pale. They were cannibalistic in the way they destroyed their top leaders (an amazing comment from a man who had launched his career during Stalin's purges); they might well, in fact, be cannibals. Now China was acquiring a nuclear arsenal. The Soviet Union could not accept this passively; something would have to be done. He did not say what.

Brezhnev was clearly fishing for some hint of American acquiescence in a Soviet preemptive attack. I gave no encouragement: my bland response was that the growth of China was one of those problems that underlined the importance of settling disputes peacefully. Brezhnev contemptuously ignored this high-minded theory and returned to his preoccupation.

He had found the Chinese treacherous, arrogant, beyond the human pale. They were cannibalistic in the way they destroyed their top leaders.

I reminded him (irrelevantly) that we did not even have diplomatic relations with Peking. I warned that history proved America would not be indifferent to an attack on China. But the Soviet leaders were not content to let the matter rest on that note; the next day Dobrynin took me aside to stress that the China portion of the discussion in the hunting blind was not to be treated as social. Brezhnev had meant every word of it.

Reflecting the duality of the national character and of his own personality, Brezhnev shifted suddenly from menace to sentimentality. He spoke of his youth in the Ukraine and his father's experience in the First World War. His father had learned from that carnage that peace was the noblest goal; he had never stopped insisting on this theme. Brezhnev agreed: we had reached the point in history where we should stop building monuments for military heroes. Public memorials should be reserved for

peacemakers and not generals. His father had wanted one constructed on the highest point in the Ukraine (which, unless my knowledge of geography betrays me, is not a very towering eminence). Brezhnev wanted to dedicate his tenure to bringing about a condition in which war between the United States and the Soviet Union was unthinkable.

Brezhnev reminisced about his rise through the communist hierarchy, his sudden elevation in 1936, and the human impact of the Second World War. Before he went off to serve in that war, his wife and he had pledged never to question each other about the internal no matter how long it may be; it turned out to be four years. He described movingly their reunion over the gulf of a long separation and how both of them kept their promise and their trust.

Which was the real Brezhnev? The leader who spoke so threateningly of China or the old man who recited his devotion to peace? Probably both were genuine. Was the peace of which he spoke only the stillness of Soviet hegemony, or an acceptance of the imperatives of co-existence? Again, the answer is almost surely both. Which strand predominated would depend on circumstance and opportunity. And probably the west's ability to address the two antiphonal trends of Soviet policy simultaneously and effectively would decide the issue of peace or war.

The Bolshevik believed in the prevalence of material and military factors; the aged leader was exhausted by the exaction of a pitiless system. Doubtless no more than any Soviet leader would Brezhnev resist taking advantage of an opportunity to alter the power balance; nothing can take off our shoulders the imperative of preparedness. But within that constraint some leaders, driven by the impossibility of suppressing human aspiration forever, may well emerge eventually to explore the requirements of genuine co-existence. The west's policy must encompass both possibilities; uncompromising resistance to expansionism and receptivity to a serious change of course in Moscow.

The mellow mood of the evening in the hunting stand proved evanescent. Once returned to Zavidovo, we were engulfed again in the routine of the nego-

(Continued on Page V)



Brezhnev, kept checking his two watches. He did this, he said, in order to keep track of his body rhythm and to know when to call his colleagues in Moscow. Gromyko and Dobrynin, for the tenth time in my hearing, set him straight that Moscow was seven hours ahead of Washington.

(Continued from Page 1)

tations and preparations for Brezhnev's visit to the United States. And they, as well as other circumstances, soon overwhelmed this single, brief glimpse of humanity that was not repeated while I was in office.

At first the Soviets were baffled by Watergate; they interpreted it as a right-wing plot aimed at detente. When I was in Zavidovo they said they hoped it would soon be over; they were not eager to have the general secretary of the Soviet communist party buffeted by the treacherous currents of American domestic controversy on a visit to Washington.

The complex Soviet system craves predictable partners. The capacity of an American president to make good on his threats or to fulfil his promise is the principal currency in which they deal. And precisely this was in question in 1973. Tempting as was the prospect of a weakened American executive, the Soviets seemed for many months strained.

Moscow summit was marked as a turning point in East-West contacts. All problems were soluble, Brezhnev insisted, so long as both parties renounced unilateral advantage and were prepared to compromise.

All that was done in Moscow and that we have to do here therefore acquires unusual significance and importance. As you know, we Russians have an adage — life is always the best teacher. I believe that the life of our two great peoples and of our leaders had led us to the conclusion that we must build a new relationship between us now and in the future. Therefore, I am deeply gratified to emphasise that human reason led us both at the same time to recognise this and that is what led us to the successful meeting last year in Moscow. I am believing, that what was done in Moscow took place in the profound awareness of the importance of our joint ventures for the future and for peace. We met in Moscow.

# Shooting



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incentives  
and PFC respectively.  
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Capital Scheme and Special Capital  
getting assistance under Seed  
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# Udyog Sahayak



# A striped tie for Adam, pair of high heels for Eve"

were straight-  
d, sharply prong-  
and formidable,  
n were softly cur-  
..

rol Gilligan

Subject of femininity is  
once instantly familiar  
risingly unexplored. Like  
ve, female sexuality, it  
for the most part dis-  
mored, put aside by men  
mningly admit their in-  
solve this riddle and  
er by women adhering  
ventions of female in-  
While the reasons for  
int are legion, including  
sibility of an objective  
and the fact that a  
ho speaks about femini-  
alifies herself by the act  
ng, this restriction on

with meaning. When a knife or  
a fork dropped to the floor, that  
meant a man was unexpectedly  
coming to dinner. A falling spoon  
announced the surprise arrival of  
a female guest. No matter that  
these visitors never arrived on  
cue, I had learned a rule of gen-  
der identification. Men were  
straight-edged, sharply pronged  
and formidable, women were soft-  
ly curved and held the food in  
a rounded well. It made perfect  
sense, like the division of pink  
and blue that I saw in babies,  
an orderly way of viewing the  
world."

In its simplicity, in the irrele-  
vant failure of its predictive  
power, in its articulation of an  
organising vision and in its sym-  
bolism, this game introduces the  
central themes of the book—the  
joining of the aesthetic and the  
political, the intermingling of the  
public and the private, the pre-  
sence of the essential in the tri-  
vial. As the spoon, with its capa-  
city to contain and reflect the  
light, captures the essence of the

miller notes that "two powerful  
queens, Catherine de Medici of  
France and Elizabeth of England,  
were among the first to wear the  
compressing cage, taking on, as it  
were, the armour of their noble  
knights to push the soft flesh and  
the ribcage inward." How fasci-  
nating, she observes, that "history's  
first tight-lacers should have been  
the Medici and the Virgin Queen,  
two bold, ambitious women who  
were called 'unnatural' in their  
thirst for power." Asking, "Why  
did they do it? What made them  
want to subject their chest and  
stomach to such discomfort, they  
who negotiated treaties and plot-  
ted murder with such competent  
skill?" she suggests a complicated  
strategy of display and appease-  
ment. By their small bodices,  
these women breathlessly implied  
the presence of what their ene-  
mies whispered was absent—"a  
womanly weakness and a soft,  
yielding nature."

The degree of morality invest-  
ed in gender distinction is set  
forth in Deuteronomy—"The

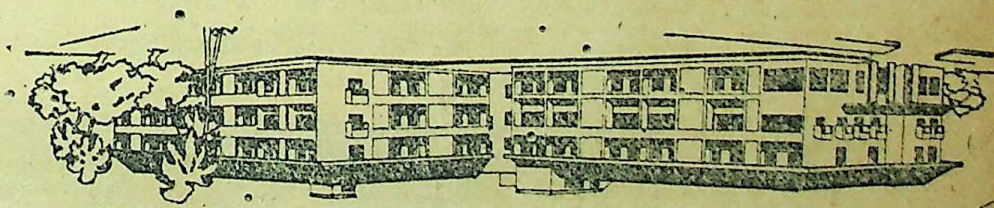
ed an emblematic polarity that  
satisfied a societal need for un-  
ambiguous division, neat catego-  
ries and stable order"—the catego-  
ries of her childhood vision.

Whatever tendency we may have  
today to dismiss these categories  
as essentially irrelevant, to con-  
sider gender a difference that  
makes no difference in any but  
the most limited biological sense,  
overlooks the primacy of the male-  
female distinction in placing  
others and identifying ourselves.  
Like most things whose presence  
is taken for granted, the power of  
gender cues is revealed by their  
absence. She reminds us of the  
"oddly disturbing" sensation we  
experience when we cannot identify  
the sex of a telephone caller and  
the profound unease we feel when  
gender cues are conflicting or mis-  
ing.

## Woman As Warrior

The question of perspective then  
becomes central — by whose  
terms shall the female self be  
defined? The danger that arises  
when a woman's position differs  
from a man's becomes powerfully  
apparent in the story of Joan of  
Arc. Heeding the authority of  
her voices rather than that of the  
church, Joan defined herself as  
God's soldier and put on the uni-  
form of her imagination. After her

SHARMA EN  
South  
Furni  
India's fastest

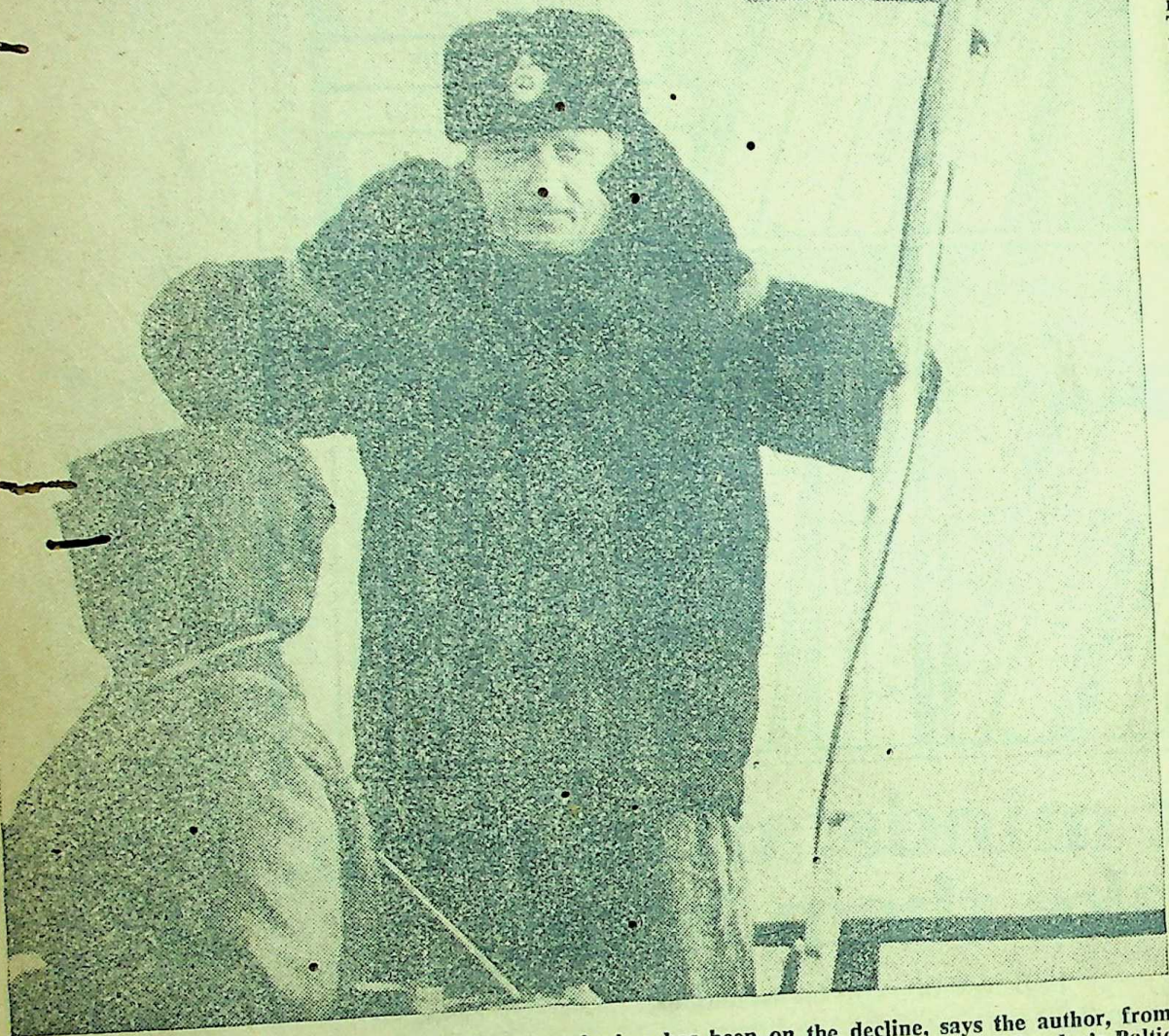


Rs. 1 lakh from Rs. 50,000  
each dead person in  
The maximum compen-  
expediently.  
so that compensation co-  
nominate the claims co-  
the chief minister of  
minister said that he ha-  
grief over the tragedy.



1. Please type or write most probably throughout please stitch the sheet

Q. 2



ON THE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE: Soviet expansionism has been on the decline, says the author, from Stalin via Khrushchev to Brezhnev. (Above) Commander of the Soviet submarine near Sweden's Baltic base.

How aggressive

Si

Singh

Basant Lok, Vasant Vihar, 7, Community Centre,

PERSIAN CARPETS  
SILKEN, WOOLLEN  
House of furnishing



VASANT VIHAR  
SES & SHARMA FABRICS

its divisions prevented a tary takeover ground provided Warsaw Pact Europe are nee ments or couns and Poland has allowed Czechoslovakia, and Hungary directly in the rically favoured into the USSR actually withdrew Rumania in 1940 Union's fear of "roll-back" by NATO's Soviet military Europe?

the two on canoeing together her "Crew" ay or another reconciling second 4 hours a in Gross

### Revolt In

As for the volumes of subversion, the narrow in the The essential visible Writing Euro-communist the best th now be fully ant they only they cause more 1940, when Kremen than the end of 198 capitalist govern literary surely a lesson tris, that he Mr. Giscard d third volun in Paris was add was th Moscow than int autobiogr list-Communist any of their is the concept athia had bec relatively non-a of her life Western Europe stage he ha the operation o memoirs Soviet foreign her to form in this respect said to have became cle This aim has went thr characterised papers at tion of Europe they stood, fact that this is biographical gration of Finl and were dom of man to publish, not be called result he h tion of Western editorial s point surely ng them in behaves with er on the St Europe, and anyone hopin occupied with ard seque inroads into biographies, (the Berlin W interesting bo offensive strateg own chap a-vis Western the 1940s, mination to en the 1940s, security" over rtire and S so strong that the period economically helped to s European nation Cultural Fre the Soviet Unester's Kul ploits eastern was dubbed cularly favou French jo ard of living KK — ge is higher than the dissatisf own citizens. they are to In the third they brea perceives a few do. Th 'alist-oriented' none o pia. Nicaragua is an South Yemen, account, for as potential and attempt Kuwait), and ights mov strongly depend with Or well ("in try am able file — t ette of a narrative and more



# Koestler's Crew



OPPRESSIVE MENTOR : Arthur Koestler.

— indeed, it has all the driving force of an obsession. As a child in South Africa she had tried to write historical romances in the style of Georgette Heyer, but well before she came to Europe at the age of 20 she had set her heart on working for a writer, instead. She first met Koestler in 1949, after applying for a job advertised in the Paris *Herald-Tribune*, and over the next six years she worked for him on and off as a temporary secretary, in France, England and America. During this period he married and then separated from the woman he had been living with, the legendary Mainie Paget; there were other women in his life; Cynthia herself had a brief unsuccessful marriage and went to work in New York for the bridge maestro Ely Culbertson. But from the very first she had fallen completely and irreversibly under Koestler's spell.

In 1955 he wrote to her in New York asking her to come and work for him again. His letter began "Dear Old Cynthia" ("the words made my heart sink like lead") and she recognised that her appointed role was to

be his "slavey." But she had no hesitation about answering the summons, and persistence was rewarded. On her return to London she moved into the house he had bought in Montpelier Square, and she was to remain there sharing his life until their double suicide 28 years later.

**Stranger On The Square : By Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Hutchinson, £ 9.95)**

**Arthur Koestler: The Story Of A Friendship: By George Mikes (Deutsch, £ 5.95)**

For most of that time it was a partnership conducted strictly on Koestler's own terms. When the two of them went on canoeing holidays together he christened her "Crew," and one way or another she was reconciled to "playing second paddle" (her own phrase) 24 hours a day. Even George Mikes, in a notably affectionate memoir, makes no attempt to hide the fact that his treatment of her was often appalling. Only in the final years, as illness closed in on him, did she gradually come into her own. But this was

long after the period covered by her autobiographical account, which only gets as far as 1956.

A story of such total masochistic subjection might well have turned out to be spooky, or cloying, or depressing, but *Stranger on the Square* is none of these things. On the contrary, it is an authentic love story, and a highly compelling one. Cynthia writes easily and naturally. She enlists your sympathy from the outset, with her blushing, her eagerness, her unromantic attacks of hay fever; you want her to win; and by the end you are left sharing Harold Harris's conviction that she would have looked back on her life with Koestler with feelings of nothing but gratitude and fulfilment.

Perhaps that final overdose was part of the fulfilment. Should Koestler have foreseen that she would want to share his fate, and done more to dissuade her? I for one would find it hard to pass judgment in such a case, even if we knew all the facts, but what does at any rate seem clear is that her suicide was always on the cards. Quite early on in their relationship, when she felt that her chances had slipped away, she had fantasies of killing herself — in Kensington Gardens, with sleeping pills; and when the time finally came, she was literally unable to live without him. (Act Five, as so often, had its psychological roots in Act One: her father, whom she had, had committed suicide when she was a child.)

For all the intensity of feeling which went into it, Cynthia's portrait of Koestler has a curious calm. She understood him well, in both his achievements and his weaknesses, and she provides some illuminating and often amusing footnotes to many aspects of his career.

She also leaves you — like George Mikes — with a lively sense of his quirkiness and his generosity. The trouble he took

the two of them on canoeing holidays together he christened her "Crew", and day or another she reconciled to playing second paddle 24 hours a day.

in Gross

## Revolt In The

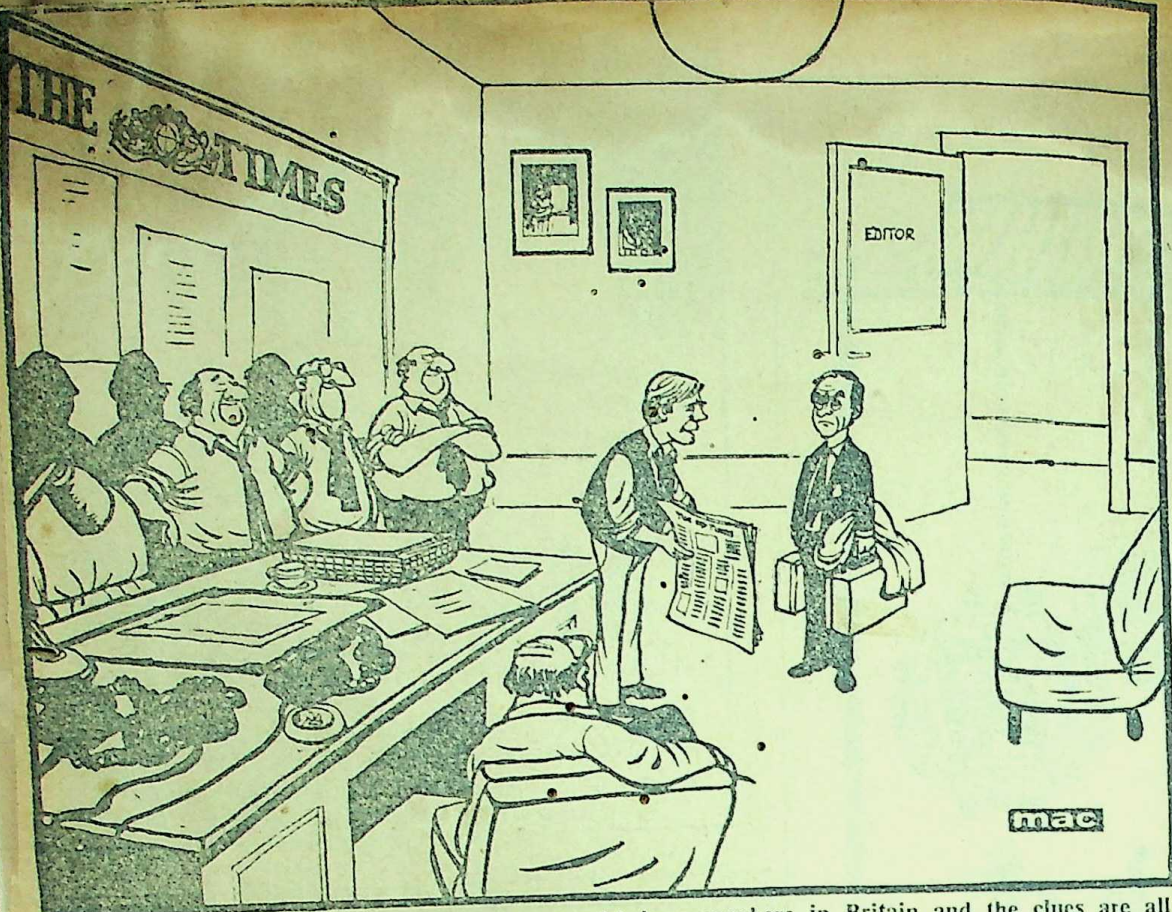
As for the volumes of autobiography, *Arrow in the Blue* and *Visible Writing*, are the best things he has written. They only take the form of a diary from 1940, when he was 35, to the end of 1982 he was literary executor, and surely a lesson in that he was at the third volume. What add was that it was an autobiography unlike any of his friends, Cynthia had been writing of her life with him, and stage he had decided to memoirs could be her to form a single

became clear when said to have went through the This aim has been characterised as papers after their tion of Europe they stood, he tells fact that this is a biographical fragmentation of his life, but to not be called result he has shown tion of Western editorial skill and point surely ing them into shape. behaves wither on the Square will Europe, and anyone hoping for a occupied with ard sequel to the inroads into biographies, it is a (the Berlin Wall) interesting book in its

own chapters deal a-viz Western in the 1940s, his relationship with Simone de so strong that the period around economically helped to set up the European Cultural Freedom (or the Soviet Union's Kultur Konploits eastern was dubbed by a fel- ularly famous French journal at ard of living in the KK — get it?) If is higher than the dissatisfied, it is own citizens. they are too skimpy.

In the third they break off as perceives a few do. The writing 'alist-oriented' none of its old pia. Nicaragua is an excellent South Yemen account, for instance, as potential arms attempt to launch Kuwait), and lights movement in strongly dependent with Orwell and narrative is more and more coherent





"Just for fun, Harry—we've buried your golden handshake somewhere in Britain and the clues are all in today's paper." A cartoon in the Daily Mail.

# A Front Page Feud

A whispering campaign was launched against the editor, some of his colleagues were suborned by the management, silly charges of communism were made, and altogether an atmosphere of intrigue, fear and general demoralisation was created.

by N. J. Nanporia

ONE fancies that there are some editors in India who, on reading this book, are immediately overcome by a sense of déjà vu. Nearly all the cruel and disconcerting things that happened to Evans on the *Times* can be duplicated in one way or another from the recent history of English language journalism in this country. Not that there are in India an editor and a proprietor bearing the slightest resemblance to Evans and Murdoch. Yet, given the dissimilarities of the Indian context, the implications of the editor-proprietor conflict are as valid here as anywhere else.

The greater part of this enthralling book is given over to an account of the various investigative cases which Evans and his team so successfully conducted while he was editor of the *Sunday Times*. There can be no doubt that Evans evolved and maintained standards of investigative reporting that are incomparably the best to be found anywhere. They have been feebly emulated in most parts of the world including India. But any reading of Evans's story will reinforce the point that no editor in

funds, thirdly, of expert legal advice, and finally, of the proprietor. A further condition is an assurance of non-interference from or through the manager or the owners, without in any way prejudicing the latter's rights and responsibilities of ownership. Evans was fortunate in enjoying all these supports under Thomson. How fortunate, he was to realise only after Murdoch took over.

All of which exposes the fatuity of the pretentious talk about investigative journalism by those who haven't the foggiest idea of the conditions in which it can be truly achieved. It need hardly be said that here in India we do not have the remotest approximation to these conditions, that the need for them is not recognised, and that the psychological climate for the Evans type of journalism simply does not exist. However, it is the picture, in this book, of the editor as victim that forms the most gripping and arguably the most controversial part of the Evans saga. Murdoch gave assurances about the editor's right to control political policy, about his freedom to operate within a fixed annual budget, about his right to a final word on the balance between news and opinion and their selection, and about his exclusive right to issue instructions to the editorial staff. He also gave assurances regarding the role and status of the independent directors which were further confirmed by undertakings to the secretary of state. On none of these points did Murdoch keep his word.

**Good Times, Bad Times : By Harold Evans (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £ 11.95)**

Elaborate paper arrangements to safeguard the editor's position, devised in part to enable Murdoch to avoid a reference to the monopolies commission and in part to win over the staff of the *Times* were eventually revealed, as Murdoch himself commented, as "not worth the paper they were written on". A whistle-blower was launched

communism were made, and altogether an atmosphere of intrigue, fear, spite and general demoralisation was created. If the complete lack of scrupulosity on Murdoch's part is staggering so is what appears to be something like an idealistic innocence in Evan's view of the editor-proprietor relationship. An occupational blind-spot of journalists who think of themselves as "crusaders" is an inability to see that if it is desirable for an editor to be free that freedom is fruitful only in the degree in which it is acceptable to and conceded by the owner. No editor has any prescriptive right to formulate policy without reference to the owner, and this is not invalidated in any way by a proprietor whose personal qualifications for newspaper ownership happen to be unconvincing or unimpressive.

Plainly, Murdoch had no clue whatever to the unwritten and unformulated "traditions" of the *Times* the spirit rather than the form of which was wholly beyond his comprehension. The conviction that certain things are just not done on papers of a certain character is something that cannot be conveyed to those who do not share a given background of ideas and outlook. In this sense Evans and Murdoch inhabited different worlds and the tragedy was simultaneously that neither realised this until it was too late and that this incongruity was visited on, of all papers, the *Times*. Evans is right in saying that "without internal freedom there is little hope of producing a newspaper of quality and none

at all of challenging the external restraints". But this internal freedom is the product not of asserting the so-called "editor's right" against that of the proprietor, but of the kind of tacit understanding which people with a shared familiarity with values instinctively and spontaneously acquire. In Britain these things were unflinchingly arranged by dis-

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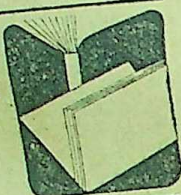




# Triumph And Tragedy

As the years roll by, the Empire is being increasingly "objectified" in books which are enjoyed by both the colonialists and their erstwhile victims.

## Speaking Volumes



by N. J. Nanporia

OUR booksellers being what they are it will be some time before copies reach us, but Jan Morris's *The Spectacle of Empire* (Faber and Faber, £12.50) promises to be yet another substantial contribution to the growing shelf of books on the subject of the white man's burden. Oddly, it is only now that the Empire has vanished that the British have become curious about the vast territories and their peoples over whose affairs they presided for so long. It seems to be some kind of delayed introspection, though certainly not in remorse or in any sense of latter-day imperial nostalgia. The dominant feeling in books of this kind is of incredulity that such a thing as the Empire ever existed and that the people who ran it did the things they did.

No one has quite captured this mood so skilfully as Jan Morris has done in the Pax Britannica trilogy. It has among its many qualities that of re-readability, entitling it to a permanent place on one's shelves. For most books on the Empire and colonial India a single reading is all one is willing to concede. Jan Morris is among the few who survive; the re-readability test which is one reason why so many of us will look forward to her latest offering, described as "a sumptuously illustrated book" portraying "the glory, the splendour, the triumph and the tragedy of that extraordinary phenomenon — the British Empire".

Momentary qualms about this being another coffee table book will be moderated by the thought that no text by Jan Morris is likely to be dominated or eclipsed by illustrations, however "sumptuous". As the

gend persists that bleak faced commissars and the lesser beings whom they administer are well above feathering their nests. All above feathering their nests. All the greater the fascinated delight with which we are persuaded that things are quite otherwise. Konstantin Simis, formerly a lawyer in the Soviet Union, tells us in a book, currently much talked about in the West, about the vast and complicated fiddles that are being expertly carried on by party chiefs and peasants in a country that has supposedly shed bourgeois vices of this kind. However, the effect of these revelations is likely to be to cause many of us to cast a friendlier eye on the Soviet people, to greet them with the cry "welcome to humanity", and to reflect on the possibility that corruption is the strongest bulwark against fascism. For there is undeniably a link between incorruptibility and authoritarianism, a frightening alliance of absolutes repugnant to all human feeling.

How warndy humas corruption can be is illustrated in another book entitled *Do It Yourself* by Janos Kenedi (Pluto Press, £2.95) a translation of which from the Hungarian was published early

themselves have been reading about in samizdat form. Oh, to be in Hungary!

## Lounging Literature

ONE would have thought that people these days would recoil from the idea of having to select the three books they would most like to have if stranded on an island. It is a dusty game. Yet it never fails to arouse one's curiosity about the other fellow's choice. That presumably is why the *Sunday Times* played it recently, and the ennui it threatened never quite materialised. The selections covered a wide if eccentric range including Mrs. Beeton, Andre Simon on English wine, Scouting for Boys, Lewis Carroll, Mrs. Thatcher's speeches, Dictionary of National Biography, Orwell's essays, Oxford English Dictionary, Herodotus's History, Montaigne's essays, Cervantes's Don Quixote, Ian Hay's Pip, Shakespeare, Billy Bunter stories, Hemingway's A Moveable Feast,

son Waley's A H... belongs. This is the great Orientalist, the gist of which is generally accepted as a "monkish school", a scetic, dedicated. He was, a book, the victim of emotional upheaval, devotion to Beryl, if not similar devotion. The situation is nor unfamiliar, whether anyone for knowing that W... cements of this kind that he was not a racter does not in gree discredit the shy, austere school existed in his own son herself was, speaking, an intere ed party in the scribes, her account judiciously weighed effort of doing worth while. W... of the Tales of Ge nese poems, wh London on roller



A REVOLUTION GONE SOUR: Peasant women holding banners celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Hungarian war of independence of 1848.

this year. The Hungarian agility of mind, especially as it has flowered relatively gentle

Maukham's Cakes and Ale, Proust, Macaulay's History of England, Russell's Principles of Mathema-

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Colour TV brings the latest movies into your home. Happy days are here again! Clint Eastwood and fresh roses.

is applied worldwide. Two Presidential Suites are planned, fourteen Deluxe Suites and, for the first time in India, twenty Royal Suites. Each pays handsome tribute to a singular and epic Indian coat of arms.



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# Deliver us from facts''

editor of *Punch*,  
Muggeridge must have  
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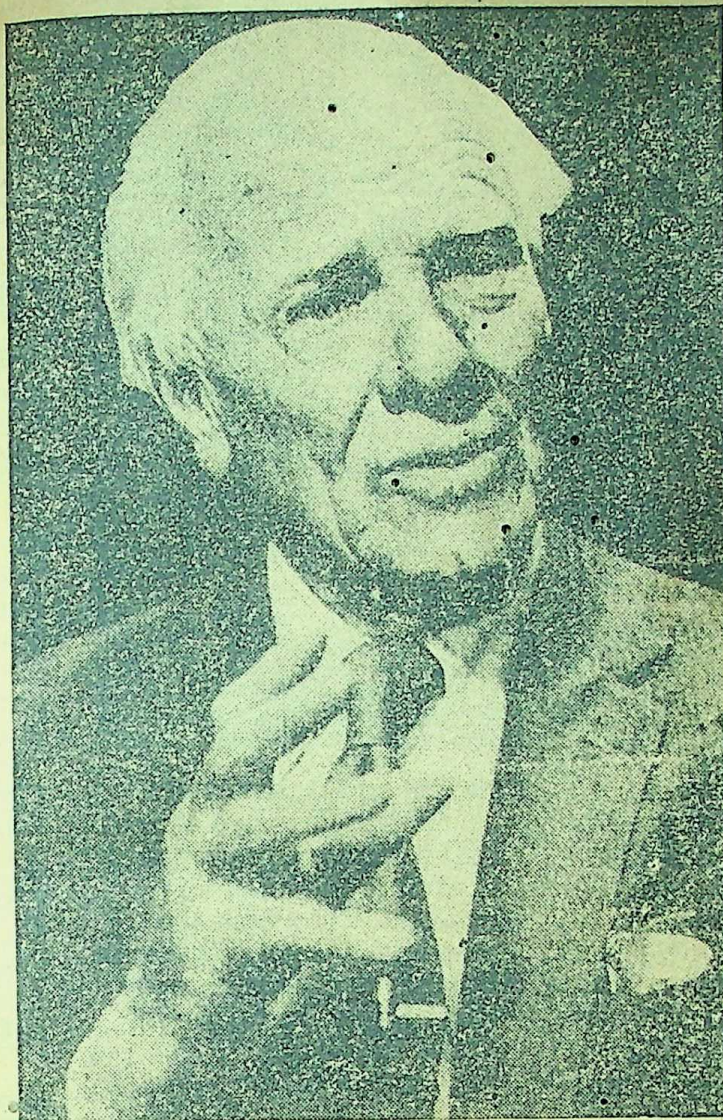
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A CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE: Muggeridge.

Muggeridge has something in-  
teresting to say on the impact of  
the mass media like television.  
He says that the unrestrained  
use of television ultimately makes  
government impossible and the  
Watergate affair was illustra-  
ting this in a dramatic way. He  
says that "the sort of leader that

they want their leader to give  
that impression and nobody could  
possibly look at Carter and think  
it's difficult to become President  
of the United States."

Muggeridge was editor of  
*Punch* from 1953 to 1957 and  
during this period he must have  
steeled himself to encounter

Malcolm Muggeridge: Some Answers: Edited by  
Michael Bowen (Methuen, London, £5.50)

comes "out" of universal suffrage  
democracy with television is ra-  
ther poor fish."

"Now why? I think the reason  
is this: that what television does  
to people is it shows them cele-  
brities and so on in terms of  
what they could be. Therefore,

questions like the one he was asked  
in March, 1957: "Are the  
jokes in *Punch* as funny as they  
used to be?"

"This is an extremely painful  
question, as you no doubt will  
understand, because I am in-  
clined to agree with the ques-

tioner that the jokes are not  
as funny as they used to be.  
But the only thing that com-  
forts me is that I look at old  
volumes of *Punch* and I find  
they never used to be, either.  
So the situation really is very  
much as it was.

"The truth is, however, that  
it is becoming increasingly diffi-  
cult to be funny about the  
world we live in because the  
world itself is getting so much  
funnier than anything you  
could possibly think of. Now,  
may I suggest to you, how is  
it possible to be funny about  
Mr. John Foster Dulles? He's  
uproariously funny himself.  
How is it possible, for that  
matter, to be funny about the  
British Broadcasting Corpora-  
tion, which is an institution so  
full of humour that every time  
you try and make a joke about  
it, you find the corporation it-  
self has beaten you to it."

In May, 1966, a questioner asked:  
"To write a good novel do  
you require a little knowledge  
and a vast imagination or a vast  
knowledge and a little imagina-  
tion?"

"As a hater of facts, a man  
who believes that the whole  
twentieth century has been  
poisoned by obsession with  
facts, most of which are phony,  
I naturally am on the side  
of imagination. There was a  
French novelist I daresay none  
of you have had the misfor-  
tune to read called Zola, who  
specialised in facts—the great-  
est bore who ever lived.  
Whereas, of course, *Wuthering  
Heights*, that contained abso-  
lutely no facts—and in so far  
as there are any they're wrong  
—is a great work of genius.

"If I was a praying man,  
which unfortunately I'm not, I  
should pray to be delivered  
from facts, and I'm sure that  
when our civilization finally  
sinks and the waves close over  
its head it will be because  
it's stuffed, stupefied with facts;  
so that the novels that evade  
facts, to my taste, are infinitely  
superior.

"Tolstoy's facts, of course  
were all wrong; he was a very  
good novelist. Dostoevsky's  
facts weren't even apparent-  
ly right; he was a very good  
novelist. Most modern novelists  
write entirely about sex and  
like to think that their fact  
are wrong."

Any number of quotes can be  
given but it is enjoyable to  
go through the collection. I am  
op- that the replies and repartees  
Muggeridge are as amusing as  
lively in cold print as they  
have been on the wireless. One

er, to set them in tune with the  
dance of life itself. It is not in  
me to be more serious than that.

The master of games has merci-  
fully released me from the fetters  
of the mature and the elder.  
Those who try to set me on a  
pedestal, I tell them that I was  
born with my seat below, on the  
ground level, on the lap of the  
earth. In these trees and forests,  
the dust, earth and grass, have  
I poured out my whole life.  
Those who are close to the spirit  
of the earth, those who are made  
and shaped by her, and who will  
find their final rest in her, of  
them all I am the friend. I am  
a poet, ami kavi.



THE ARTIST AND HIS ART: Tagore (left) and one of his sketches (right).

an Buddha's death at the age of 80. Later Hardy discovered the "genius". (Continued on page III col. 7)



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AS a rule Indian scholars, young and idealistic, feel drawn to Aldous Huxley and his dialectical development from a satirist to a soteriologist. The topic has been broached before, but not with such concentrated devotion. Chakravorty's thesis offers,

Ever since I  
member, K  
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or someone  
himself.

**K**RISHNAMURTI, 87 years old, worldwide following, was a famous teacher. Received to find myself in a lecture-room in which I was sitting. Because the lecture was closed it was difficult to hear what he was saying. Hypnotic is the tone of his voice that I was spellbound there for several minutes. An extraordinary story of his life and so crazy is how he describes it — read the volume biography.

In her first volume published in 1975, she the eighth child of family came to be his early teens by phists as a new world a level with Jesus.

He knows that the novels qua novels may not amount to much. He confesses that it is inevitable that the literary aspect of Huxley may have been relegated to the background. For instance, **Point Counter Point** is seen under the rubric of "The Quest for Wholeness". A less devoted approach may not find in the novel either a real quest or sense of wholeness. When elsewhere our critic says that in **Point Counter Point** Huxley "contends for the attainment of

Undoubtedly clever enough — not for was a serious side which gains towards. Also he did change. I foundly must be in opinion. There was Huxley, the hero of koo's honest home points out, pertinence been a source of optimism in Huxley's sudden change of outcome of the inflationary philosophy." He is struck by the most a volte face something lost in Island is more as you like, more Erave New World reads better?

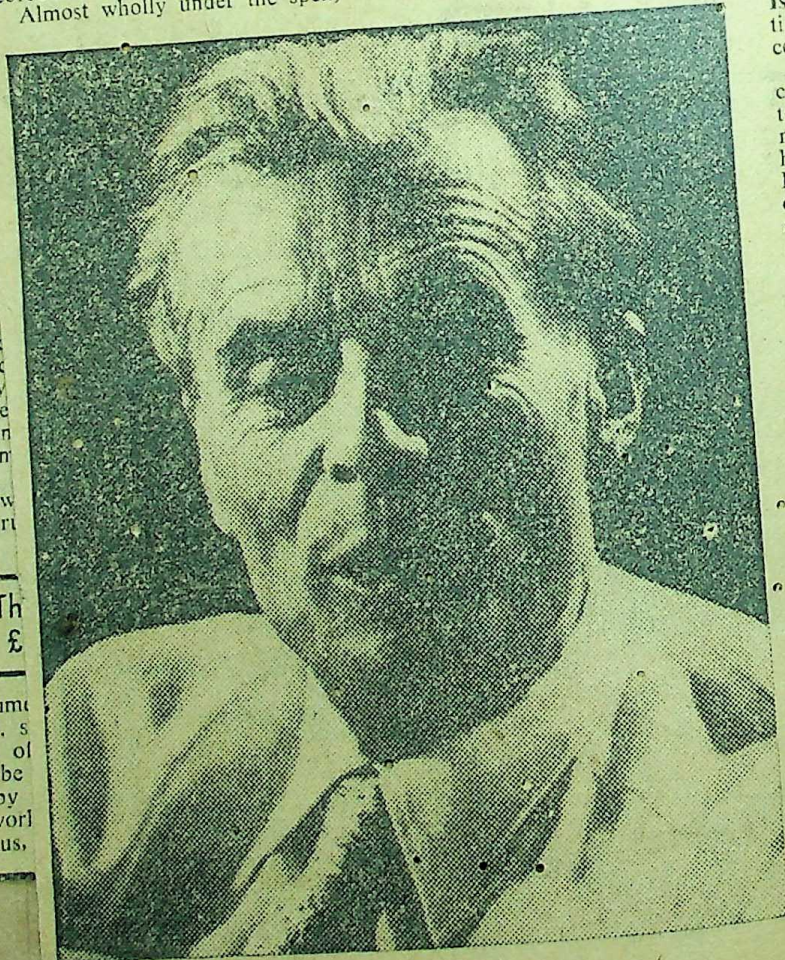
The saintly Huxley have the credibility

a healthier, happier and saner life", one suspects that the contention is Dr. Chakoo's rather than Huxley's. Again the irreverent "Wordsworth in the Tropics" has been described as "all critical but in a sober and restrained vein". Sober and restrained? Like "Tragedy and the Whole Truth", this too was at best a jeu d'esprit, not to be taken too seriously. Here is his final judgment: "Huxley was a saint first, an artist next, and

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only how much friendship.

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**EASTERN INSIGHT: Aldous Huxley.**

HEN Arthur Berry, a mathematics tutor in King's College, Cambridge, was lecturing on integrals in the winter of 1914 his eyes fell on the young face of a young man who appeared to be about the figures on the blackboard. When Berry asked him if he had any questions to make the school go to the blackboard, Berry wrote on it some of the problems which the teacher had yet proved. He had reached those by pure intuition, Berry told P. C. Hobbs, then an undergraduate at Cambridge and a friend of him if he had met him. "A wonderful countryman," his who had recently graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in mathematics with distinction.

Hobbs soon called on his underfoot countryman, a Hindu, a Ramanujan, in his room at Trinity College. He found him seated very close to him and asked him if he would come to the arm at night. "No, it is too far from me," said Ramanujan. "I sleep with my

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The saintly Hux have the credibility

rn Wisdom: By B. 75)

koo takes for gra perhaps easier to Huxley was a d search of unity, had brought him ern insights. But might have diffi Huxley never ceas date or himself, wished for a e how much had b ged? Even mystical unity, Gaza, he cannot b that I OM."

Island chortling "at on and also wrap my in my shawl". This intri Mahalanobis who exam-

One of the tr his bed and discovered Ramanujan was actually to recommend on the thick blankets made fun of. B he thought were a part harmonious living mattress. Ramanujan Huxley came grateful to Mahalanobis one suspects, mowing him how to get an end. He w the blankets. The two mystical — mos close friends and Maha — and he has left a brief but interesting memoir of friendship.

Chakoo memoir included in S. aganathan's *Ramanujan, an and the Mathemat* (1967) presents an aspect anujan's mind "which even touched by G. H. cated the per in his *Ramanujan* but there w "He spoke with such about his own as about the phil mixing Vedat questions", Mahala tra, Israeli asays about Ramanujan, sometimes I felt he would en better pleased to succeeded in establishing philosophical theories than Did the suly rigorous proofs of mathematical conjectures".

lanobis sums up Rama philosophy in a lucid aph which is important because there is scarc- ing else to read on the "He sometimes spoke as the symbol of the of the extreme monis- of Hindu philosophy.

When Arthur Berry, a mathematics tutor in King's College, Cambridge, was lecturing on integrals in the winter of 1914 his eyes fell on the beaming face of a young man who appeared to be far about the figures on the blackboard. When Berry asked him if he had any doubts to make the student to the blackboard wrote on it some of the which the teacher not yet proved. He have reached those by pure intuition. Berry told P. C. Mahalanobis, then an undergraduate at Cambridge and him if he had met "wonderful countryman" of his who had recently joined Trinity College to study mathematics with G. Hardy.

Mahalanobis soon called on "wonderful countryman". Ramanujan, in his Trinity College and him seated very close to asked him if he was "arm at night. "No, it is for me", said Ramanujan, "although I sleep with my



SRINIVASA RAMANUJAN

# 



G. H. HARDY

He looked on the number infinity as the totality of all possibilities which was capable of becoming manifest in reality and which was inexhaustible ... the product of infinity and zero would supply the whole set of finite numbers".

"This mathematics of monism may not be altogether irrelevant to metaphysics. But it had no meaning for Hardy whose sturdy Anglo-Saxon

commonsense made him turn away from such mysticism and his picture of Ramanujan is not, as he says, "of a wonder from the East ... but of a rational human being who happened to be a great mathematician".

But Hardy who, as C. P. Snow says, "had no faith in intuitions", had profound respect and affection for Ramanujan and valued his extra-

regrets that "two of the leading experts on analytic arithmetic, Ramanujan and Landau, died before their time". It is doubtful if Hardy would have survived Landau's death at the age

two examined as and as C. P. Snow records in his memoir of Hardy, "before midnight they knew and knew for certain. The writer of these manuscripts was a man of genius". Later Hardy discover-

that if I insisted unduly on matters irksome, I might destroy his confidence or break the spell of his inspiration".

(Continued on page III col. 7)

that "Ramanujan was, in ns of natural genius, in class of Gauss and Euler". thin a few months of his letter to Hardy. Ramanujan obtained a research scholarship in the University of Madras which gave him this encouragement although he passed no Master's degree had failed at his F.A. examination, mostly on the recommendation of Dr G. T. T. ter, F.R.S., Director-General of Observatories, Simla. at Madras University gave him a scholarship to one who had passed his F.A. Examination, Trinity College University conferred on him an honorary Bachelor's degree (1916), the Royal Society of Britain elected him a Fellow (1918) and Trinity College awarded him a Fellowship (1918) may raise doubts the soundness of Indian universities' recent decision to award research fellowships to those who have secured less than 55% in the aggregate in Master's degree examination. Ramanujan's patrons in India and Cambridge anticipated Chomsky's views on the soundness of Indian universities' recent decision to award research fellowships to those who have secured less than 55% in the aggregate in Master's degree examination. Ramanujan's patrons in India and Cambridge anticipated Chomsky's views on the soundness of Indian universities' recent decision to award research fellowships to those who have secured less than 55% in the aggregate in Master's degree examination. (For is of State, 1973).

Cambridge, Ramanujan had a capacity for mastering methods of modern mathematics which was unequalled in a man who had handled a standard work subject until he was 16. Whittaker's *Modern Mathematics* had not then reached India and Bromwich's *Infinite Series* did not exist. It is at Ramanujan's mathematical genius was awakened S. Carr's *A synopsis of Elementary Results in Pure and Applied Mathematics* was published in 1880. About this work a copy of which Ramanujan had in the library of the Government College of Kumbakonam Hardy says that "it is, in my opinion, a great work, but Ramanujan has made it famous there is no doubt that his acquaintance with Hardy marked the real starting point of his career".

Ramanujan's Indian biographer P. S. Aiyar and R. R. Ramanujan's memoir is included in *Selected Papers of Srinivasa Ramanujan* (1927) re-edited by Ramanujan "used to the goddess of Namak, inspired him with the idea of dreams". "From rising from bed", Hardy says, "he would note results and rapidly verify them though he was not always able to supply a rigorous proof".

Ramanujan seized with his powers what he later used in his proofs. The process is to be found in the lives of great geniuses of the science, poetry and art. Lord Kelvin's biographer says of his subject's "vision and of how he had to devise explanations which had so much to do with him." (S. P. Thompson, *Life of Lord Kelvin*).

about Einstein that working procedure was "analogous to that of an artist". (A. Reiser, *Charles Darwin*, 1931) Charles Darwin that "no one could observe unless he was an active theoriser". Darwin, *Life and Letters of Darwin*, 1887). Ramanujan was so fascinated by Ramanujan's powers of imagination that he was "afraid to let him go".



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# Trial Of "Gang Of Four"

## I—Possible Dangers For China

By HARVEY STOCKWIN

**HONG KONG:** DON'T settle old accounts. Even if past grudges were directed against the wrong targets there should be no redress. Trying to change what has been will result in thousands and tens of thousands of heads rolling." So Mao is supposed to have said the last time he spoke to the main Chinese communist leaders, a few weeks before his death.

The man with the most clout in China today, Deng Xiaoping was not present at the meeting. He had just been purged for the third time and had taken refuge in Guangdong province not far from Hong Kong. But Deng, and some of those present as Mao warned against the dangers of vendetta politics, might well bear the old revolutionary's injunction in mind now that China is starting to rake over old coals and to settle old accounts in a big way.

### PREDICTION

As the Beijing trials get belatedly underway, it may even be that they will lead to heads rolling nationwide, much as Mao predicted. Since the two separate, but related, trials concern the followers of Lin Biao—the man Mao once designated as his constitutional successor—and the close associates of Madam Jiang Qing—Mao's third and final wife—it seems certain that the trials will also take Mao's reputation down a notch or two. At that farewell meeting Mao referred to the old Chinese practice of disinterring the skeletons of past leaders, and punishing the bones. "I am not afraid of my body being whipped," Mao said. "Even if someone does whip my corpse, it is nothing."

But while the man who made the Chinese revolution and who led the People's Republic from its inception in 1949 until his death in 1976, could afford to be sanguine about close examination of his record, his successors certainly cannot be. Hence one of the reasons for the protracted delay in getting the trials underway. As these trials unfold over the next one or two months, one of the main themes will be the extent to which they enhance the process of "demaofication" for the foreseeable future. This process poses serious problems for any rulers of China. In essence, while Mao must be criticised, he cannot be criticised too much, without running the risk of delegitimising China's current communist dynasty.

Quite simply Mao is China's Marx, Lenin and Stalin rolled into one. He cannot therefore be treated as if he were merely China's Khrushchev to be dismissed and disdained as domestic fighting dictates. The cult of personality which surrounded Mao can be rejected, as it has been. Some of his actions and policies can be rejected, as they are being. But the basic validity and relevance of "Mao thought" must remain as foundation of the Chinese communist state.

This in turn means that a line has to be drawn between diminishing his stature and destroying his legacy. Not all of his policies can be rejected, too. The current trials show that this is a tricky political exercise at best. On the one hand, the present government can gain the support of the people by attacking Lin Biao and his associates

once he realised that they had sought to assassinate him. The fact remains that Mao had given increased power to Lin during the Cultural Revolution. The chief defendant in the Lin Biao trial, Chen Boda, was for many years Mao's confidant and private secretary. Chen could use Mao thought to justify the actions he and Lin Biao tried to take against Mao.

Even if Chen does not do this, the problem still arises. The more the prosecution demonstrates Lin's and Chen's perfidy, the more they will be illustrating, for the Chinese masses, Mao's naivete. Chen and Lin produced the "571 plan" in which they gave Mao the code name B-52 (possibly the use of the number of the American strategic bomber was an ironic but pointed reference to Mao's gambit with President Nixon which they opposed). No doubt much will be heard about this plan in the next few weeks. In it, Mao's trusted confidants referred to him as "not a true Marxist Leninist, but rather one who follows the way of Confucius and Mencius... (and who) ... is the biggest feudal despot in Chinese history." If Chen and the five top military figures on trial with him, are to defend themselves against the charge of plotting against the state, they will need to show that Mao and the then prime minister Zhou En-lai were betraying the communist cause.

On the other hand, in the trial of Madam Jiang Qing and her followers—"The Gang of Four"—the government will be able to show that Mao himself repeatedly criticised his wife for not following his instructions and for making too many enemies. "You do not read books by Marx and Lenin and you do not read my books," Mao complained to her on one occasion. "It is lucky that I am still around. What will you be after I am dead?"

### THOUGHTS

In his recent biography of Mao, the editor of the *China Quarterly*, Dick Wilson, cites some other fascinating Mao thoughts which may well be cited at the trial, by the prosecution. "Even if you see me we have nothing to say to each other", Mao wrote in 1974. "You never discuss major issues with me. There are over 200 members in the party central committee. You must talk with them and take action. You must know them." On another occasion Mao told some colleagues—will they be witnesses?—"she does not speak for me. She speaks only for herself."

However the trouble is that Mao was ambiguous in his relationship with Jiang Qing so that she could defend herself by arguing that she carried out his policies and directives. After all, at that final meeting referred to at the start of this article, Mao willed that his comrades "should help Jiang Qing carry the red banner. Do not let it fall. You should alert her against committing the errors she has committed." The more Jiang Qing makes this defence, the more the prosecution may have to make it clear that the man whose judgments swayed the China gave a poor rating to the woman he had chosen as his wife. "I did love the Gang of Four people," Mao once lamented. He predicted that "after I die, she will

make trouble." It can be argued, of course, that this dilemma for the Chinese government, on how far they should go in weakening the Mao legend, will be moderated by the fact that the trials will not be fully open and that the world's and China's knowledge of what goes on will be carefully controlled.

The trials can and will be orchestrated with a view to their probable impact upon Mao and the past, and upon the four modernisations and Chinese developments in the future.

But such orchestration can be a tricky exercise, since even arranged trials can have an element of spontaneity. Hence perhaps the Chinese official insistence, all along, that foreign observers' access will be limited, in order to protect "state secrets."

### COOPERATION

Another difficulty is that orchestration requires the cooperation of those accused. They will be expected to confess their crimes and to avoid using the trial for the embarrassment of the present regime. According to official Chinese sources the lack of such pre-arranged cooperation is one reason why the trials have had to be delayed. Jiang Qing, it is said, has been particularly unwilling to confess. Were she to sustain that stance in public, it could have dangerous impact. Given the totalitarian nature of the regime, it might lead many Chinese to conclude that the "Gang of Four" still felt assured of considerable factional support in the party and bureaucracy.

In this context, the obvious needs stressing. Since the trials are political, they required not merely cooperation between the prosecution and defence, but consensus within the prosecution—the leadership of the communist party. Since the trial itself is also a manoeuvre in the ongoing factional struggle within that leadership, this might have been difficult to achieve. The issue of what is to be said about Mao is not merely still sensitive. It is still controversial.

The growing campaign for death sentences to be handed down in the last ten days in both the Chinese Press, and the pro-communist Press in Hong Kong, probably illustrates the difficulties. The campaign directed mainly at Jiang Qing may be a weapon to bring pressure on her to be more cooperative. The campaign is also a tilt at party chairman Hua Guofeng, who came out strongly soon after the fact of the trial was announced, saying the "Gang of Four" would not hang. But the campaign may not be just a simple matter of trying to weaken Hua who, of course, briefly worked with the "Gang of Four" before political self-preservation dictated that he turn against them. In the convoluted world on Chinese factional manoeuvring, it could even be that the campaign for the death sentence is even aimed at Deng Xiaoping and his supporters. The very fervour with which some Chinese editorials push for the death sentence suggests the old Chinese political tactic of opposing your enemies by trying to rush them down a path which will rebound on their ultimate defeat.

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# II—Dangers For China In Trials

By HARVEY STOCKWIN

**HONG KONG:** The key figure in Chinese politics today, Deng Xiaoping, recently made some startling revelations. Interviewed by Italian journalist, Miss Oriana Fallaci, Deng bluntly called the cultural revolution period in "China" a civil war. Offered the chance to say that the human casualties of that civil war were less than those in Russia during Stalin's purges, Deng declined to take it.

These answers, and the whole interview itself, provide fascinating insight into the political background to the current Beijing trials of Lin Biao's associates and Jiang Qing's "gang of four". Throughout the discussion of Chinese domestic affairs, Deng offered a spirited defence of the founder of the People's Republic, Mao Zedong. Mao may have been "patriarchal", Mao may have failed "to" apply his own principles properly but still "the contribution he gave to the Chinese revolution cannot be obliterated and the Chinese people will always cherish his memory."

It is Mao's failure to "institutionalise" his own good principles which Deng claims China is now trying to rectify. The present trials are one part of this process of rectification. "China is a country with a history of thousands years of feudalism, see, and because of this our revolution has been suffering a lack of socialist democracy, of socialist legality. Now we are trying to correct all that to finally establish a real socialist democracy, a real socialist legality.... Listen, there is no other way to avoid in the future what happened to (former Chinese president) Liu Shaohai."

Near his death bed, Mao Zedong listed Liu, along with Lin Biao and Deng Xiaoping himself, among those who had "rebelled against me and opposed me." Deng was also among the victims of the cultural revolution period, but he insists, now that Mao Zedong was the man who protected him against the vilifications of the "gang of four."

## Evil Woman

But if Deng, in this exhaustive and revealing interview, goes out of his way to find good things to say about Mao, then equally he was nothing good to say about Mao's widow Jiang Qing. Indeed, he almost waxed apoplectic about the woman now on trial for her life in Beijing: "When I say that Chairman Mao made mistakes, I also think of the mistake named Jiang Qing. She is a very, very evil woman. She is so evil that any evil thing you say about her isn't evil enough, and if you ask me to judge her with the grades as we do in China, I answer that this is impossible, there are no grades for Jiang Qing, that Jiang Qing is a thousand times a thousand below zero. Yet Chairman Mao let her usurp power, to form her faction, to use Mao Zedong's name as her personal banner for her personal interests, to use the young ignorant people to build her private political base on them."

The most amazing revelation comes later when Deng also defends the Soviet leader Stalin in the same way as he defends Mao. It is interesting to note that Deng is less inclined to blame Stalin for the

nese, he was elevating the level of criminality for which the Lin Biao clique and the gang of four are now being tried in Beijing. Given Deng's remarks it is surprising that in the last few days Chinese officials have placed the cultural revolution death toll at 34,000.

The interview is worth reporting at length because it helps put the trials in clearer focus.

First, it reminds that the defendants have long been considered guilty, well before the Chinese got around to arranging the trials or framing indictments. Almost continuously since their arrest in 1976, the "gang of four" have been held responsible for all of China's shortcomings, just as during the early years of the cultural revolution the "capitalist roaders" within the Communist Party of China were held up as the epitome of evil.

One plausible assumption is that the interview reflected Deng's need to persuade some members of the party leadership that the trials were necessary because the crimes were immense. Parts of the Fallaci interview transcript have been translated and released to the Chinese media—most notably the parties dealing with the "gang of four", and the cultural revolution.

## Strict Limits

Secondly, Deng firmly indicated in the interview the strict political limits under which the Beijing trials would take place. "I promise you that the trial of the 'gang of four' will not soil Chairman Mao's memory at all," Deng said. Of course it will help to demonstrate some of his responsibilities for instance that he used the "gang of four", but nothing more. The crimes committed by them are so many and so evident that we do not need to implicate Chairman Mao to prove them." Then again, he averred, "Do write this: We shall not do to Mao Zedong what Khrushchev did to Stalin at the 20th Soviet Communist Party Congress".

In saying this Deng might also have been indicating the pressure he is under not to go too far along a road which is fraught with risks for the current communist dynasty.

But Deng's very words indicate how difficult it may be to sustain the fine line between Mao's political mistakes and the defendant's political crimes. Deng, as it were, has announced how the show will be performed in advance of its going on stage. One wonders if he and his colleagues are crossing their fingers hoping that all the lines will be delivered on cue.

For a non-Chinese mind, one basic fallacy upon which the trials rest is the disproportionate ratio of blame which the Chinese attribute to Mao, and to his wife. The considerable weight of the Chinese media has, on the other hand, conditioned the Chinese people themselves to respect Mao, whereas they have been conditioned to despise the defendants. They are the more willing to do so because of the very real havoc which the cultural revolution brought about in most Chinese lives. Even so many Chinese see the same fallacy, as outsiders. Visitors to China continue to be told, on numerous occasions, that the "gang of five" is on trial, meaning the four plus Mao. Thirdly, the interview (and numerous other official statements)



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# The Summing Up

In an extremely lucid and captivating style, M. Hidayatullah presents the memoirs of his eventful life, blending them with the history of contemporary legal developments in the country in the last forty years.

by O. P. Malhotra

**A** WELL-WRITTEN life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. M. Hidayatullah's autobiography, *My Own Boswell*, is a rare account of a really well-spent life.

James Boswell, in reply to Hanna More who asked him to mitigate some of Samuel Johnson's asperities on his life, replied that he would not "cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody".

Hidayatullah's *Boswell* neither makes a tiger a cat nor a cat a tiger of anybody. He has at the very outset said, "In attempting to write of myself, I have not attempted to say one thing and mean another".

The memoirs of an eventful life sprawling over three quarters of a century have been condensed into some 300 pages. The author first gently introduces his ancestry, and then proceeds to depict the brick by brick development of his career, culminating in his becoming the Chief Justice of India and for 35 days the Acting President of India. He has, however, not dealt with his present assignment.

Apart from the ethos of current thought, the diction of the book displays a wide-ranging knowledge of literature, sociology, politics and law. The language, with elegance and quiet authority, flows like an unruffled, sparkling stream.

In an extremely lucid and captivating style, the author presents not only the development of his personal life, but he also blends the history of contemporary legal developments in the country during the last forty years.

In discussing legal problems

no prejudicial act was alleged to have been committed, no action could be taken.

Not being satisfied with this advice, the Governor returned the file to him with a remark in his own hand: "Will the Advocate-General see again." In his turn the Advocate-General shuttled back the file to the Governor with the laconic remark: "I have nothing further to add."

The incensed Governor then referred the matter to the Government of India which, much to his chagrin, advised him to be guided by the opinion of the Advocate-General.

Then, at the age of 40, he became a judge of the High Court of Nagpur. Thus commenced his judicial career spanning about a quarter of a century as judge of the Nagpur High Court, Chief Justice of that High Court, Judge of the Supreme Court and then the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Of this he spent nearly twelve years on the Bench of the Supreme Court.

## Variety Of Cases

As a Judge and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he decided cases on a variety of subjects such as labour, taxation, crime, election, constitution and general law. He says: "If I attempted to narrate the story of my life in the Supreme Court: *diem ex die*, it would be impossible to put all of it in a single book".

Some of the cases decided by him are landmarks in the history of the Supreme Court. The book acts largely in personam. The judgements of the Court have been referred to indicate the trends discernible in the context of the contemporary scene.

In *Ranjit D. Udeshi* (A.I.R. 1965 S.C. 881), he delivered the opinion of a Constitutional Bench of the

Monteiro (A.I.R. 1970 S.C. 329) where the Court had to deal with the Geneva Convention and to decide the effect of annexation in relation to the Convention and the Hague Regulations. This was the first case of its kind in India. After discussing the law the court held that belligerent occupation had ceased and true annexation had followed and the consequences were different.

In the *Dhulabhai* case (A.I.R. 1969 S.C. 78) he delineated the limits of jurisdiction of civil courts in respect of disputes. This case has, almost been universally followed ever since.

The distinction between "law and order" and "public order" was demarcated in the *Rammanohar Lohia* case (A.I.R. 1966 S.C. 740) which was elaborated in the *Arum Ghosh* case (A.I.R. 1970 SC 1228) with the aid of examples taken from French writers.

In the *Madras Gymkhana Club* (A.I.R. 1968 SC 554) and *Safdarjung Hospital* (A.I.R. 1979 SC 1407) cases, he interpreted the various expressions in the vexatious definition of 'industry' as defined in the Industrial Disputes Act.

## A New Synthesis

His observations while dealing with the wage-structure of industrial employees in *Reserve Bank of India* (A.I.R. 1966 SC 365) are now classic: "Our political aim is 'living wage' though in actual practice, 'living wage' has been an ideal which has eluded our effort like an ever-receding horizon and will so remain for some time to come. Our general wage-structure has at best reached the lower levels of wage...."

Like Lord Denning, where dissent became necessary, he never hesitated to dissent. Not out of conceit but because he happened to be

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by ZAFAR JO

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# On The Bank

Garjia, a small temple in the Nainital district, serves as a sanctuary for devotees as well as naturalists.

by ZAFAR JORDAN

A VISITOR travelling from Ramnagar, in Nainital district, to Ranthambore by the road skirting the Corbett National Park cannot remain unaffected by the grandeur of the landscape: most of their own admission, are awestruck by the panorama of sheer, green-clad hills on the left and the transparent sheen of the Kosi river on the right. The Kosi keeps the road company, though at a lower level, for quite some distance, bouncing and gurgling happily all along the way.

About 14 km. uphill on this west-girt route, where the vegetation between road and river opens out appreciably, the unsuspecting traveller comes upon an unusual spectacle in the middle of the river: a high and conical piece of land jutting out of the water, a ridge which sits a small, white temple. It is known as the Garjia temple.

Garjia is a distorted form of Ganga, goddess and wife of Lord Shiva. Mythology has it that the legendary king Virat one day found some stone icons of the god and his spouse on an adjoining hill and installed them at the present site beside the Kosi.

## Sacred Icons

The pinnacled formation was formerly a part of the hill on the right bank of the river. With the passage of time, the river gradually shifted its course slightly to the right and, in the process, came away at this hill until more than half of it had been eroded—leaving that part bearing the sacred icons! This was naturally interpreted as an act of the deities concerned, and the place was, just naturally, ascribed with divine significance.

No temple existed at the apex of this natural pyramid some ten years back when this conglomerate monolith suffered a minor slip. As a result, all icons, which had been in the event of a central vista had temporarily become, in the words of the British journalist, the "most populated spot in the hemisphere". But in view of the very special circumstances—with the temple and many other parts of the country in the grip of mindless communal frenzy that must be put down with an iron hand immediately—this was perhaps to be expected.

...with trains to Delhi

leading finally into holy presence; otherwise, boats are the only means of getting across unless one wants to swim, which, of course, no one does, for the waters are frequently haunted by crocodiles. Nevertheless, the faithful flock to it in droves, and come away, confessedly sublimated.

Everything about this temple is captivating, even its amicable and



A conical land formation with the temple in June when the



## Frontiers Of Science

### THE FIRST SUGGESTION THAT

Indira was gunned down and cried for vengeance, something which ought to be discouraged. Most were content with shouting: "Indira Gandhi Amar Hai" and "Jai Tak Suraj Chand Rahega, Indira Tera Naam Rahega."

For some fleeting moments, once in a while, Doordarshan interviewed the common people in the queues. The content of what they—from a dazed tribal woman from Madhya Pradesh to the young man from Midnapore who

like and dislike degenerated into nothing short of hatred, emergency which Indira rudely, and in retrospect so necessarily imposed in June became a watershed. Neither India nor India ever recovered from the grievous damage the emergency had done.

To put the matter briefly, the tragedy of Indira's last five years was that while she regained the people's confidence in a big way in January 1980, she never won back the alienated intelligentsia.

Unfortunately she did not even try and treated the intelligentsia with indifference. The grand national reconciliation that India desperately needed thus never took place. But the fault was not Indira's alone. A very large section of the intelligentsia, holding very important positions in the media,

academic, no particular admirer of the slain Prime Minister, on a visit to a Turkish bath in Istanbul, was asked her nationality by the masseuse. She told her where she came from but this made no sense to the masseuse who thought that the visitor was from Pakistan.

"Not from Pakistan," explained the lady from India as patiently as she could, "but from the larger country next door."

"Ah", exclaimed her Turkish interlocutor, a broad smile on her face, "Indira Gandhi!"

In December 1981, Melina Mercouri told us in Athens that she was extremely anxious to visit India primarily to meet Indira Gandhi. We suggested that she might accompany president Karamanlis, due in New Delhi in a few weeks. She replied that she would go when she could meet Indira on her own, not as part of

Once again,  
back  
on the high growth trail



turning to mundane affairs, the pattern of life, the customs of the Indonesian, which the British had built as an imperial showpiece but has been, since 1947, the national capital in every sense of the term. What is more, if in the first 17 years of free India, Delhi was the city of Pandit, her illustrious father, during the years that have been ended so lately, it was very much Indira Gandhi's city.

### Clothes And Food

Wearing a "lungi" in the Indian style is still the dress for men, particularly in the mosque. Men wear only (printed) and women apply "tilak" on their faces. During the Prime Minister's stay at the Willingdon Crescent where she lived, than at the official residence of the Prime Minister, Mr. Desai who had kept up the tradition of daily *darshans*. Indeed, as during Indira's stay at the Willingdon Crescent that a new well as eating purposes (as a loose Indian and foreign of their preparations made for sightseeing in the rice flour and bananas to Kerala dishes. In fact, snacks called "puttu" and "pam" are not only the method and taste but a name.

During ceremonies, the always took a keen personal with rice cakes, sesame and in Delhi's civic problems. "laddus", coconuts, banana leaves are identical. It was only because of this and betel leaves are identical. Deep sense of aesthetics that customs. And so is the a few mad ventures that of scented water, rice and have disfigured New Delhi flowers by way of blessing. scotched. On one occasion, corations with coconut and a last-minute appeal to her tain leaves, coconut and put an end to the crazy idea banana bunches are the of a part of the Lodhi Gar- in South India.

Their sense of cleanliness and personal hygiene is similar to that of Hindus. at least twice a day, the of turmeric paste is during a bath, the place of herbs in their ever-

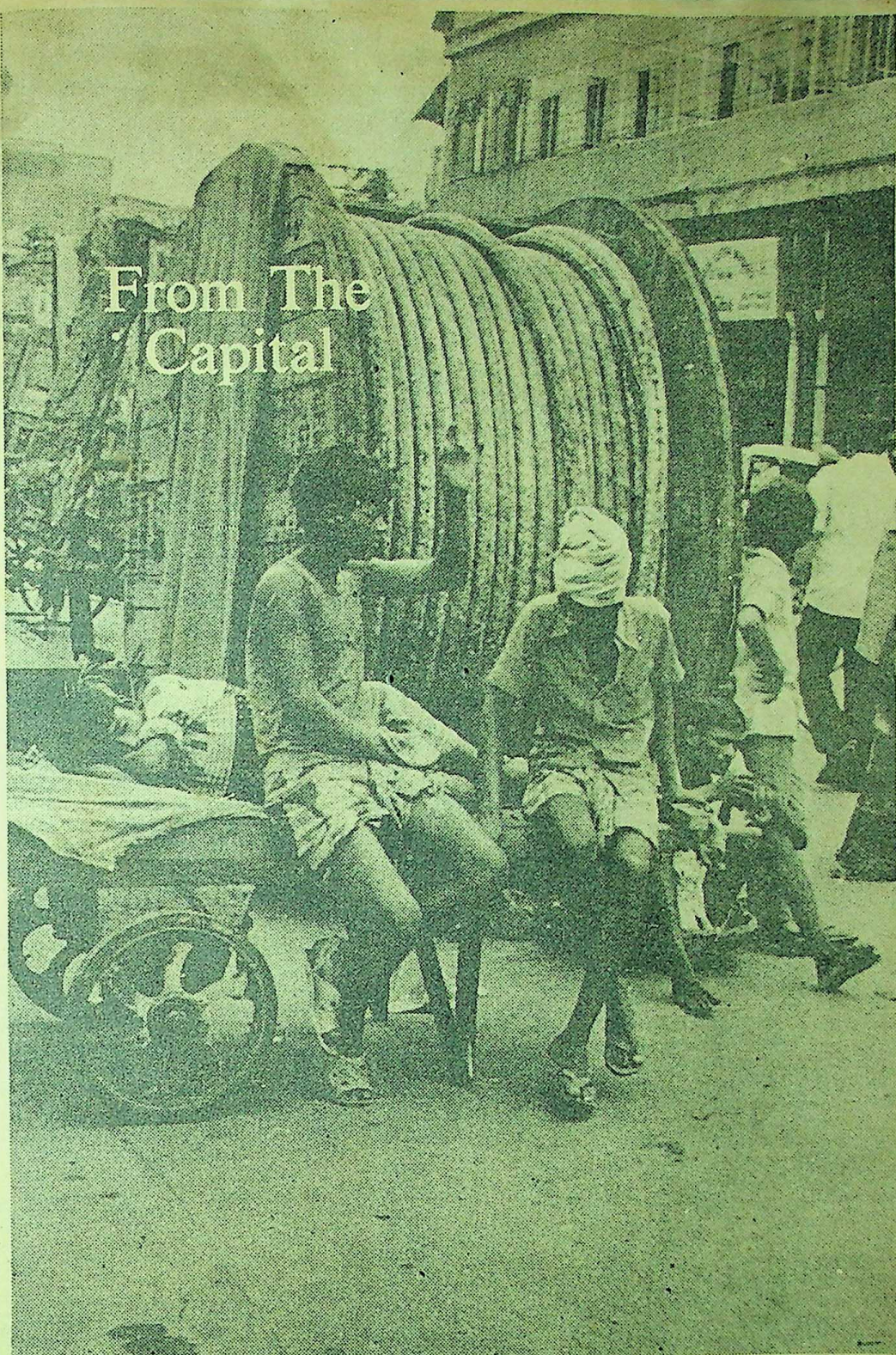
and their home remedies are lar to ours. The left hand is sidered unclean. Only the hand is used to indicate or objects.

Superstitions abound in belief in the supernatural. more than ours. Hair of hair in front and rest of the head is age-old Hindu custom. valent in Java and Bali. fighting in Bali is yet typically Indian feature.

will be said, perhaps quite that the people who lined of her funeral procession were fewer than those who were assembled in May, 1964 when Indira Gandhi's remains also followed the same path and the central vista had tem-ly become, in the words of a British journalist the "most populated spot in the he- here". But in view of the very al circumstances—with the al and many other parts of the try in the grip of mindless unal frenzy that must be put with an iron hand immed-ly—this was perhaps to be

led with trains to Delhi

## From The Capital



tle or push and waited patiently for their turn for hours. No one tried to stay in front of the bier longer than he was entitled to. Those who carried flowers placed them exactly where they were asked to.

Some of the mourners were undoubtedly angry about the treacherous manner in which Indira was gunned down and cried for vengeance, something which ought to be discouraged. Most were content with shouting: "Indira Gandhi Amar Hai" and "Jab Tak Suraj Chand Rahega, Indira Tera Naam Rahega."

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Between the need to provide low-cost housing and stadia, Delhi's history perishes. Historic skylines are bisected by flyovers, ancient buildings dwarfed by skyscrapers and monuments are obscured by encroachments.

by Narayani Gupta

A TALE of two cities—some years ago, when structural repairs were being done in the Cathedral at York, the workers found evidence of a Roman structure below its basement...

Some years ago, when the foundations for Delhi's High Court buildings were being dug, the workers found evidence of the structures of the town of Sher Shah adjacent to the Purana Qila... More recently, when the Asiad village was being constructed, traces of the Khilji buildings were found below the surface.

York and Delhi have a lot in common. Both are urban sites of great antiquity, both are thriving towns today. But Delhi could usefully learn something from York, a city with great pride in its past and a great gift of making surviving evidence of the past both beautiful and instructive, integrated into the living city and providing lively information to the scholar, the tourist, the school-child. York Cathedral itself stands whole and magnificent, but by an imaginative effort it is now possible to go through the crypt to a section of the Roman villa, where a pictorial display aided by artefacts helps the visitor to recapture the picture of the Roman town underneath. The Delhi story would sound similar, if one went by the blurb in a leading newspaper some months ago: "Historical Siri Fort, the second city of Delhi with its famous 1000-pillared palace, comes to life again after over 600 years with the arrival of the ninth Asian Games".

In fact, the 1000-pillared palace is now lost for ever, buried under concrete. Protests about this led to the face-saving device of sections of the old wall being joined together by a pseudo-old one (enthusiastically and—alas—only too accurately described by an official as "a very imaginative measure"). The whole is set off by a massive electric grid and a hideous revolving restaurant.

It is a truism that when a city expands and creates living-room for its inhabitants, parts of the past have to be sacrificed. This was clearly understood when New Delhi was planned in 1912. The planners made two lists of monuments in the Delhi area, the first (3000-odd) of all the buildings, the second (1400) of those which should not be destroyed. Later, 151 of these were shortlisted as worthy of the care and "protection" of the Archaeological Survey of India. The stormy petrel of the Khilafat movement, Mohammad Ali, was able to make things uncomfortable for the government by protesting against the proposed demolition of the smaller structures.

Today, with the scale and rate of construction, if any agency, private or public, chooses to obliterate parts of the historic landscape, by the time anyone wakes up to what is happening, the damage will have been done. Of the 1400 listed monuments, at least 30 per cent on a conservative estimate, no longer exist. The two official agencies in charge of Delhi's historic buildings lack the staff and the resources to make a ground survey, which is urgently required, since more than sixty years have passed since the 1919 survey. It was not always like this. Over 600 years ago, Ferozeshah Tughlaq, one of the greatest builders, was also a committed conservationist, attending to the

repair of buildings near the Qutb, Hauz Khas and Siri. Lord Auckland, a Viceroy remembered only for a war against Afghanistan, was struck by the splendour of the historic building outside the city of Shahjahanabad, and in the 1830s set aside funds for their repair. Curzon did a great deal to highlight the areas where conservation measures were needed, particularly in the Red Fort.

Today there is no clear plan. Between the need to provide low-cost housing and stadia (bread as well as circuses), historic Delhi perishes. So, historic skylines are bisected by flyovers, historic buildings dwarfed by skyscrapers, monuments obscured by encroachments, parks built next to but not enclosing monuments. How many people realise that Lutyens not only designed the Viceroy's house, but also aligned the streets of New Delhi in such a way that most of them terminated in the vista of a major monument? How many people realise that the now beautiful Lodhi Gardens came into existence when the scattered monuments in the village of Khairpur were in the 1930s enclosed into Lady Willingdon Park, on the southern frontier of Lutyens' city?

## All Is Lost

Today, land is set aside—for green areas, for institutioned areas, for community centres, for "convenient" shopping centres. The yellow boards which warn you that a stretch of land belongs to the DDA are all too conspicuous. The property of the Archaeological Survey alone remains undemarcated. The handkerchief-sized blue boards proclaiming structures or areas to be the property of the Archaeological Survey stand, for the most part, forlornly in the middle of scrub and rubble, while around them yellow boards and green fences move steadily closer. Hardly any structure is defended by anything more than its own walls, and even these are not sacrosanct. The huge wooden gates of Chiragh Delhi, with their elephant-hooks, were removed from their moorings some years ago. Today they have disappeared, probably used for firewood. They survive only as a drawing in Hugh Toye's book *Strongholds of India*. Stones are broken off, walls used to back up shacks and shops. Chowkidars are seldom to be seen. Beyond the litter of rubbish and of encroachments is the purdah of highrise buildings, or the purdah of hoardings. There is little attempt to see that buildings adjacent to historic ones do not detract from them too much (It is heartening to see that the new Nehru Planetarium being built near Ferozeshah Tughlaq's Shinkargah at Teen Murti, is being designed with some conformity to the historic structure.)

The extraordinary inertia concerning historic Delhi has its counterpart in the equally extraordinary way in which things can be achieved, sometimes literally overnight. "Playing our part in Asiatising Delhi" proudly proclaimed a hoarding, advertising a bank. In the frenetic weeks of the Asiad and of NAM, a lot happened—instant greenery and flowers, instant white beams, even a dubious "face-lift" for the monuments ("takes years off their age") including a particularly endearing little structure near the Nehru Stadium (looking for all the world like a miniature stadium). Provided the visitors did not stray

## THE PAST IN ALL ITS GLCs and William Daniell.

from the straight and wide, they ter from a child to the would have seen an unnaturally of Target suggested that tidy city. And the people of be drafted as tourist Delhi saw a changed city. Such at various sites. A good tamashas had occurred before, one that should be sus- When durbars were held in Delhi not like the occasion when in 1903 and 1911, much public were enlisted at the money was spent, vast fields flat-oo as volunteers, only to tened, trees felled... but all in a few Sundays, that a "Durbar Area", far from their organisers had tired of city. Today, a stranger to the criment. "Adopting" a city will still, many months nt, providing information, after the Asiad, find it easy to the place tidy and dis- find his way to the stadia, but g vandals, could be ways will find it very difficult to locate, volunteers, children and Delhi's older monuments. The ould help the officials, villagers used to call the area the way the National from Ferozeshah Kotla to the England works. A move- Lodhi tombs the Khandrat Kalan, ich began about a hun- the Great Ruins. Today the rs ago with three mem- same area would more app-ro now has a staff of 1500, priately be the Great Stadia. olunteer corps of 3,000, The Festival of India proved in its properties.

that India can, if so inclined, project itself beautifully. How devising plans to pro- distressing, then, the situation in environment of historic Delhi., The DTDC cannot provide a guidebook — what are his people should be con- bookshops for? The Archaeo- logical Survey's Guidebook and its very good map of the Delhi his could yield usefu- monuments are available only in ate a sense of public inter- their publication departments, not ai-Sina, Jaisingh-purabert, ur, Chiragh Delhi are by The historic names orces could also be popud." easy for an average tourist to more evocative than an rts location. The ITDC has a glossy recession of "Colonies" De- expensive guidebook aimed at the people in Delhi. Shah, the English-speaking tourist. Try is a town in U.P., not the asking for a guidebook in Hindi. : Mughals the people use- There is no such thing. Com- hanabad referred to s "Old Delhi". Today, ci- pared with the situation ten years ago, tourism has become a big bad itself has become sed industry. But its concern seems to be chiefly the details of decor is- . This should be a li- and menus in "five-star" hotels. de, not of denigration, patchwork operations, The five-star monuments get a raw deal. They lack guides, ad out on three-storey fr. area-maps, leisurely guided tours, few years old, and he- even postcards. That grey figure, structures collapsing, of "the tourist" (European Ameri- shoddy planning, we ent- can, a shutterbug who asks only with respect at the na- for enough halts to get a roll of rproof, airy and beau- ho- film finished) is catered for in a ags of earlier ages, who- standardised package-tour descri- te these into our city, take- ed by one of the guides as "most- that towns in Europe, ald the ly samadhis". Recently the My four-year-ole the Archaeological Survey was seri- absorbing her life of the ously considering dressing the ihi by night summe- attendants in the various monu- If it seems to be full o- un- ments in period costumes. Pericy- instead of such games of chara- and stadiums". Pericy- des, it would provide some in- ganised and sustaine- t could make Dell- more four-dimension- worthwhile. formation, it would be more

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# Commander-In-Chief Reagan As Com

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President Reagan represents a return to a reliance on military power to achieve political objectives. He has shown himself to be bolder than his predecessors, with whom he confers more often than any other President in recent memory. Several times, the commander-in-chief has weighed but disregarded their advice to be cautious about employing American forces unless there are clear-cut objectives, sufficient numbers and public support.

Richard Halloran

OVER the last 18 months, President Reagan has firmly stepped into the front ranks of those American Presidents who, since World War II, have been willing to employ military force as an instrument of national policy.

In his constitutional post as commander-in-chief of the armed forces, Mr. Reagan has dispatched Marines and warships to Lebanon, mounted an aerial and naval show of force against Libyan warships and combat aircraft in the Caribbean, and ordered the invasion of Grenada. He has put Mr. Reagan in a line with President Truman, who sent forces to fight in Korea, and Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, who led the United States into the war in Vietnam. In those years, President Eisenhower, the retired general, was most restrained in the use of military force.

In recent years, President Ni-

West Asia, including meetings with Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir of Israel and President Amin Gemayel of Lebanon. Now on the agenda: a request from the commander of the naval task force off the coast of Lebanon, Rear Adm. Jerry O. Tuttle, for authority to strike harder at Syrian forces in Lebanon that had been shooting at the marines and at naval reconnaissance planes. If the commander-in-chief approved, that would deepen the United States' military involvement in Lebanon.

Mr. Reagan turned to Gen. John W. Vessey Jr., chairman of the joint chiefs of staff and senior military adviser to the President. Back in September 1982, General Vessey and the four service chiefs had argued against sending American forces into Lebanon for fear that the United States would become entangled in a conflict that might turn into a quagmire like the war in Vietnam. President Rea-



## Return To Reliance

represented a turning point in the history of the United States. Following the invasion of Cambodia and the resumption of the war in North Vietnam, he extracted the United States from Vietnam and refrained from sending military force there. President Ford and Carter had followed that lead. President Reagan, however, represents a return to a reliance on military power to achieve political objectives. Moreover, he has shown himself to be bolder than his predecessors, with whom he confers more often than any other President in recent memory. Several times, the commander-in-chief has weighed but disregarded their advice to be cautious about employing American forces unless there are clear-cut objectives, sufficient numbers and public support.

Reagan's style as commander-in-chief was particularly clear at his conference on December 12 with his national security advisers. When he called into the Oval Office the following morning, the President had already been through a series of discussions on

gan had not taken that advice indicating for the first time that he was more disposed to use military force than were his military advisers.

But with that decision taken, and the marines committed now, General Vessey, a veteran of World War II and Vietnam, did not hesitate. When American forces are shot at, the general said, they should shoot back.

Mr. Reagan had come to the meeting inclined to approve the request, since intelligence reports had indicated that the Syrians might become more belligerent. The discussion widened to include Vice-President George Bush, Secretary of State George P. Shultz and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Thayer, who was sitting in for Secretary of Defense Caspar W. Weinberger, then in Paris for discussions with the French. Robert C. McFarlane, the national security adviser, took notes. (Mr. Thayer has since resigned to contest charges of involvement in insider trading in the stock market.)

A consensus quickly formed for what one official later des-

cribed as "vigorous and prompt reprisals." Mr. Reagan agreed with a suggestion that targets be limited to Syrian units that had actually fired at Americans. The message: The United States would respond to attack but was not spoiling for war. The President asked General Vessey to draw up contingency plans and to keep in touch through Mr. McFarlane.

Things moved faster than expected. The next day, Saturday, the Syrians let loose at two F-14 reconnaissance planes with a salvo of surface-to-air missiles, missing both. Mr. McFarlane called the President at Camp David with plans for reprisal; Mr. Reagan approved, asking that Mr. Weinberger be reached in Paris to issue the order to execute. Mr. Weinberger gave that order at about 9:40 p.m. Paris time. Four hours later, 28 bombers from the aircraft carriers Kennedy and Independence took off at dawn, Beirut time, to strike three Syrian missile-launching sites, with the loss of two planes, one flier killed and another captured. Mr. Reagan returned to Washington that

afternoon, saying in a brief news conference beside his helicopter that, in the future, "if our forces are attacked, we will respond." (The captured flier, Lieut. Robert O. Goodman Jr., was released by the Syrians through the efforts of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, a Democratic Presidential candidate. The President capitalised on the moment by inviting the flier to a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden.)

The President's military decisions, however, have caused widening anxiety. There is a distinct division among senior military officers and civilian defence specialists as to whether Mr. Reagan fully understands the applications and limitations of military power.

To his admirers, the President is decisive and knows when to employ military force for national security. An officer who has watched Mr. Reagan make military decisions says: "Ronald Reagan has the best sense of the proper use of military power of any of the living Presidents. Richard Nixon had the best understanding of foreign policy.

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Smita Patil with newcomer Kawal Gandhiok in "Tarang."

the concerns of "Maya Darpan"?

It's been pointed out to me that the character of Hansa (Amol Palekar's wife played by newcomer Kawal Gandhiok) is an extension of Tara in Maya Darpan. She's also repressed by her father but this time she can't free herself.

On the formal level, there is also the concern with colour. Earlier, a lot of attention had to be paid to the tonalities. This time, I was working on a larger scale and could work with a fuller range of colours. Colour by itself can be an emotional and expressive factor.

Is that why there's such a concentration on the textures of bed covers, the colour of clothes? If I'm not mistaken, a patch of grass is painted indigo.

Yes, that was spray-painted. We also threw some gold powder in

the water. It was to approximate the subjective world of Hansa who's almost in a stupor after her father's death.

Would you admit of any influences in your work?

Yes. Ritwick Ghatak and Prof. D. D. Kosambi, the historian. Both taught me at the Poona Film Institute. The archetype of Janaki is linked directly with Ritwickda's image of Durga, which he used again and again — most beautifully perhaps in Meghe Dhaka Tara. One of the many things I learnt from Kosambi is that it's impossible for a historian or an artist to work in organised politics. Though he was a pioneering historian, he was driven to leave politics.

The fallow years between "Maya Darpan" (1972) and "Tarang" — were they filled with anxiety?

recognised very, very slowly. It was attacked by the commercial section for obvious reasons. The left-wing intellectuals felt it was too formalist — only initially, though. Later, they saw the point that one doesn't have to shout slogans, that there can be something like left-wing poetry.

It was made at a time when the elite was veering to the view that every thing should be commercially-viable — even film developmental activity. Now, of course it's become even more fascist. Everything must pay for itself, human loss doesn't matter.

In '76, I got the Bhabha fellowship to study the epic form. I didn't have to worry how I'd get my next meal. By that time, Maya Darpan had also found acceptance. The research into the epic form was liberating, it made me uninhibited about grandeur and songs.

Wasn't the NFDC script committee worried about the songs? Before passing the script didn't they hesitate because they felt it was too commercial?

Certain commercial members of the panel felt it was commercial. And therefore not supportable. I had a meeting with the committee. Those who objected didn't appear. And my script was approved.

Strangely enough, my script, based on a Nirmal Verma story, Diary Ka Khel, had been rejected by the board because they felt it wasn't commercially-viable, too abstract.

To come to your use of actors, you've derived extremely naturalistic performances from your cast.

The cast had seen Maya Darpan, they were prepared to do whatever they were told. There was an unspoken understanding. Smita had to make a transition from being herself to Janaki to the archetype. Amol was playing against his image of the middle-class hero and since Kawal was a newcomer, all of us helped her, gave her top priority in terms of attention. Kawal has the kind of face which my mother used to describe as Radha's. She has the kind of look you see in the Kangra valley miniatures.

Acting is always related to the camera's position. My assistant sound-recorder asked me how come I was using "realistic" act-

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He... at the... much, you... your conception... does it. We were... cular trolley shot in a... had two other films to... day, but be made it.

You've used a few devices to make the... aware they're watching... Was this really necessary... there in folk theatre... songs are an alienating... aren't they?

Some of the early... used to irritate me... found such devices... smart and frivolous... cards he used in... were totally integral... sympathy for the chara... an opportunity of me... '69. He said, one mu... film from becoming a... for a museum or a... just wanted to make... aware that they're... film, throw them back... nute. This isn't new... did this in Bobby wh... the guy saying, "Mera... Chopra hai..."

loved it, didn't they? Last question. What... think of the films tak... ing class problems? It... quite a trend.

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as an agent of change... deny this. What I obje... way they present him... totally lacking in com... The individual is totall... ed in the collective. Th... cialist realism is insu... worker. And it angers... deal.

Most of us film... middle-class people... us refuse to step ou... milieu. We refuse to... our material.

"To modulate a canvas, create space.... and then play around with the unknown — to me that is painting" — Tyeb Mehta.

by Lakshmi Lal

**GALLERY** Chemould mounts a special series of exhibitions to celebrate forty years of association with Indian art. They herald the occasion at the Jehangir Art Gallery, showing Tyeb Mehta's latest canvases in the Auditorium and a retrospective of sculptress Pilloo Pochkhanawalla's work in the Gallery, from February 9 to February 16.

All artists are basically concerned with vocabulary, for all modes of expression are concerned with language. Tyeb clearly defines his artistic intent as 'the life-long search for a vocabulary.' His work is particularly interesting because this preoccupa-

## A filtered image held in suspense

three years ago that experience, all experience, was the stuff of his work. Life as it streamed past filled, as it were, the reservoirs of his consciousness. Occasionally the violence or suddenness of an episode would produce a significant image.

Rickshaw Puller I and Rickshaw Puller II, for instance. The inhumanity implicit in a human beast of burden exploded on his consciousness like a burst of painful light. The crystal clarity of this vision was something his art drew on again and again. Line, figure, band, strip and blocks of colour transmute the immediacy and intensity of the moment to a long-term statement conveying stress, pull, stoop, and abject necessity.

Tyeb presents it for examination on direct visual terms. You look, you see, you absorb with minimum persuasion till it becomes a part of you as well. It is an extraction where the figurative element is merely a device for abstraction. The viewer it is who internalises and completes the abstraction. The rickshaw puller made an early appearance, like the trussed bull: "I saw the stray bulls being knocked down, trussed and then confined by the municipality. I have never forgotten it." It is there, white, and fresh as ever in 'The Sequence'. I could imagine the impact of it on his sensibilities. Power and bulk cornered and overthrown by the swoop of bondage, the horned grandeur of a bellowing

bull made to lick the... mal strength and dig... and helpless, I could... it took root... image, the... the soil of... rich the re... sult added to injury... predicament of all... tures. The next... turally — There is no... prisoning ric... like man loses... rating strings... precipitate dan... up. In Tyeb's... rioid, spreade... panses of flat... ted by his d... vides, human... balance, e... threatened.

I had to ir... about this slo...



# Commander-In-Chief

even Dick Nixon didn't use  
and as well how to use  
forces." to his critics, the com-  
er-in-chief is on parade  
a clear concept of the  
military power to achieve  
objectives. A civilian  
spent a career working  
issues says: "Those  
in independent  
power. It has an aura  
own. But they are neither  
nor do they listen to  
ce flowing up from the  
itself. They don't know  
are doing."

Some of the early  
in the aftermath of  
ing of the marine base  
und such devices the-  
on. The President's sup-  
ard and frivolous. He  
ards he used in Viet-  
and the propriety of his  
are totally integral,  
ame as commander-in-  
the critics pointed out  
commission headed by

States failed in the 1960's to  
dissuade North Vietnam from  
invading South Vietnam despite  
a continual escalation of military  
force. Third, the President could  
let the marines stay and take the  
pounding. Finally, the President  
could decide that the vital inter-  
ests of the United States are  
not at stake in Lebanon and ar-  
range to withdraw with as little  
loss of face as possible.

Three years ago, Mr. Reagan  
arrived at the White House with-  
out much background in military  
affairs and without a cohesive or  
comprehensive military policy  
beyond the 1980 Republican  
campaign pledge "to achieve mi-  
litary and technological superi-  
ority over the Soviet Union."

Like other postwar Presidents,  
Mr. Reagan once served in the  
armed forces. ... From then until  
1980, Mr. Reagan showed little  
interest in military affairs. ...



the 1960's, missiles have become more  
and nuclear warheads more powerful,  
ing target officers to aim away from peo-  
cities and at fortified military sites.

Long had questioned  
ce on military options  
uation, asserting that  
an urgent need for  
of alternative means  
U.S. objectives in

Usually, the working  
romanticised with pos-  
suals and jargonistic  
film maker's idea pre-  
from its threat to the  
though he may have  
out to feel and under-  
United States troops  
problems. Even with  
America have been  
ed leftist film maker,  
manoeuvres, The in-  
class is there only to  
Grenada was a push-  
venience. He shows  
with the Long com-  
as an agent of change  
deny this. What I ob-  
way they present him-  
totally lacking in com-  
The individual is total-  
ed in the collective. The  
cialist realism is insur-  
worker. And it angers  
deal.

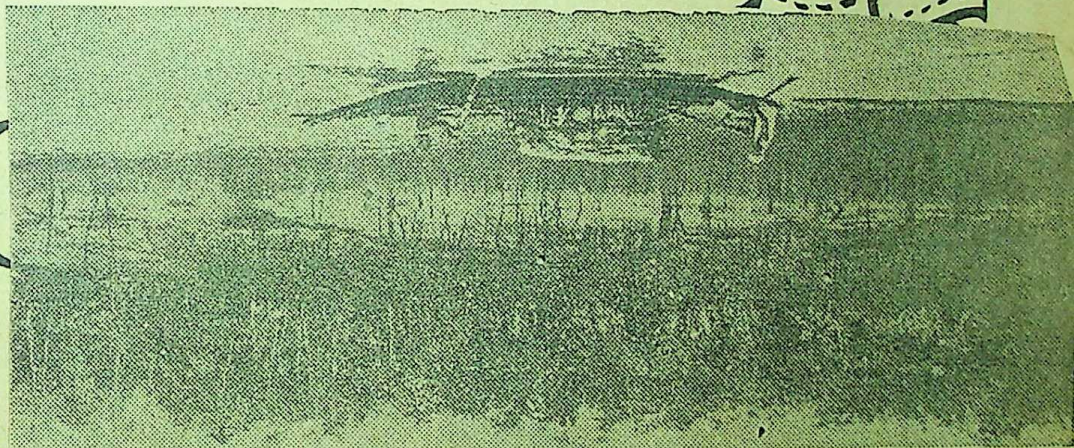
Most of us film  
middle-class people. We  
us refuse to step  
milieu. We refuse to  
our material.

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ise

bull made to lick  
mal strength and dig-  
and helpless. I could  
it took root, with  
image, the trickshaw  
the soil of an artist's  
rich the re-  
sult added to injury,  
predicament of all  
tures. The next image  
turally —  
There is no visible  
prisoning rich  
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up. In Tyeb's  
riod, spreade-  
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ted by his d-  
vides, human  
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threatened.

I had to in-  
about this slo-  
tension of vo-

In the election year of 1980 it  
was a different matter. The war  
in Vietnam became "a noble  
cause," and Mr. Reagan dwelt  
on reports of a "hollow army,"  
ships that couldn't sail, aircraft  
unfit to fly, and a haemorrhage of  
talent as experienced people left  
military service. He pointed to  
Soviet invasion of Afghanis-



Government  
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For further  
private  
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might be

permission from the Field  
Director, Project Tiger (Canning)  
and for visiting Bhagabatur  
Crocodile Farm permission of the  
Divisional Forest Officer,  
24-Parganas is required.  
How to reach:  
The most convenient way is by  
conducted launch trips by the



For visiting the Project Tiger Core Area  
Between August and March.  
Time to Visit:  
Bird Sanctuary, Project Tiger Area.  
Bhagabatur Crocodile Farm, Sajnakhali  
Places of Interest:  
tiger sanctuary in the world.  
Bengal — because Sunderban is the largest  
you may very well see the Tiger, the Royal  
and time to spend in the watch-towers,  
incredible marine life. If you have patience  
world's largest estuarine crocodiles and  
chequered kill-backs, lizards and monitors,  
monkeys, reptiles like king cobras, python,  
see cheetah or Amis deer, wild pig, rhesus  
fishing eagles, egrets etc. You may also  
birds like open billed storks, pelicans, ibis,  
Haldi and many other places. You will see  
— at Sajnakhali, Sudhanayakhali, Netidhopani,  
their wards for you a network of watch-towers





# Reagan As Commander-In-Chief

Continued from Page 1

weapons or in a protracted nuclear war, should deterrence fail. "In that process," said an administration official, "Ronald Reagan got educated."

In March 1982, Mr. Reagan had taken part in a war game—the first President in 25 years to do so. It was a five-day computerised exercise codenamed Ivy League, run by the defence department's studies and gaming agency. Mr. Reagan, on advice from the National Security Council staff, watched and asked questions rather than play a direct part. "No President," said an official, "should ever disclose his hand, even in a war game."

The war game, much of which took place in the cramped underground Situation Room in the West Wing of the White House, posited Soviet attacks with conventional weapons on American forces in Europe, Korea and Southwest Asia. The United States responded with conventional forces, but widened the conflict. Then the Russians escalated by destroying an American warship with a tactical nuclear weapon and by firing chemical weapons.

## Escalating Options

After "the President," played by former Secretary of State William P. Rogers, received that news, he was presented with options by the joint chiefs and chose to retaliate with small nuclear weapons. Later, he gave field commanders authority to fire tactical nuclear weapons as the war spread. In the end, the Soviet Union unleashed a nuclear attack on Washington that killed "the President." He was immediately succeeded by "the Vice President," played by a former Director of Central Intelligence, Richard Helms. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Helms were invited to take part because they were experienced officials with highly sensitive clearances who could be trusted to be discreet later.

Who "won" the game? Officials won't say, but Mr. Reagan was reported to have said that "the lessons learned will ultimately help us prove that our adversaries have nothing to gain by such an attack." At the same time, the President, Mr. Bush and Mr. Weinberger were reported to have been chastened by what they had seen. "After President Reagan watched someone face up to the decision to push the nuclear button," said an official, "all of a sudden, there was a sensitivity that wasn't there before."

Less apocalyptic but not to be overlooked, officials said, was the British military campaign to recover the Falkland Islands from Argentine occupation in the spring of 1982. According to an administration official, the British victory reaffirmed Mr. Reagan's conviction that "historically, we protect our national interests and further our moral obligations by being an active player on the world scene."

The consequence of all that, says an informed official, was that "in June of 1982, Ronald Reagan took the portfolio of national security for himself."

The search for a military doctrine that ended with the President's signature on NSDD 32 arrived at a strategy for fighting a prolonged conventional war, decided on geographic and political priorities, and produced a strategy for a protracted nuclear war if deterrence failed. NSDD 32 also set a framework in which forestall bigger conflicts, or to "roll back" Soviet influence, as

in Grenada, if the chance came along.

Under previous administrations, the armed forces had been instructed variously to prepare for simultaneous action in wars against the Soviet Union and China, plus a smaller conflict; or war against the Soviet Union and a separate brush-fire war; or war against the Soviet Union and two different smaller wars. The military services had also been advised to arm for a war with the Soviet Union in which conventional weapons would be used for only 30 days, and would then give way to nuclear arms.

NSDD 32, which reflected the thinking of specialists in military policy, did away with those strategies, instructing the armed services to prepare for a global war in which actions in one theatre would be connected to those in another. Pentagon planners argued for a strategy, known as horizontal escalation, in which American forces might strike back at an adversary not necessarily at the point of attack but where he might be hurt more. The response to a Soviet thrust toward the Persian Gulf, for instance, might be an American attack on Vladivostok. But that was overruled by Mr. Reed in favour of meeting Soviet attacks head-on, acknowledging that conflict might spread, notably at sea, and reserving the option of retaliating in other places.

The armed forces were also instructed to acquire stockpiles of arms, ammunition, fuel and supplies to carry on a prolonged war with conventional weapons. Otherwise, the Soviet Union, with its larger numbers of conventional arms and of men, could entice the United States into expending its ammunition in 30 days, confronting the President with the choice of surrendering or firing nuclear weapons. The new doctrine, far more expensive than the former, represented an effort to delay the need for going nuclear.

White House officials won a dispute with the Pentagon on geographic priorities before that issue reached the President. Officials in both places agreed that defending the United States and adjacent parts of the Western Hemisphere would come first; fulfilling American commitments to NATO and Western Europe would be next. But the White House insisted that priorities in West Asia and the oil region of Southwest Asia be made explicit, overruling the Pentagon's preference for keeping them vague. Japan and Korea came next; Latin America and Africa were down the list.

## On Target

NSDD 32's policy on nuclear weapons evolved from those of earlier administrations. Since the 1960s, missiles have become more accurate and nuclear warheads smaller but more powerful, permitting target officers to aim away from people in cities and at fortified military sites. That ability led to strategies for fighting a protracted war in which nuclear weapons would not be fired in one all-out spasm but in smaller numbers, like conventional weapons. One theory was called "shoot, look, shoot again." President Carter endorsed a strategy similar to that in Presidential Directive 59 in the summer of 1980.

President Reagan's NSDD 32 emphasised that the nuclear triad of intercontinental ballistic missiles, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and aircraft carrying nuclear bombs must be as invulnerable as possible. Most important, it called for communi-

cations that would survive a nuclear attack and permit the President and his advisers to fight a prolonged war.

While NSDD 32 was being deliberated, military officers told Mr. Weinberger the global strategy was too ambitious. They estimated it would take \$325 billion more than the proposed \$1,500 billion to build sufficient forces for peacetime, and that it would take another \$325 billion to acquire forces adequate to defeat the Soviet Union. The administration told the military commanders to do their best anyway. Senior military officers, while complying by translating doctrine into detailed war plans, have warned that American forces are being stretched thin.

**"You can't send soldiers off to war without the support of the American people."**

In making military decisions, President Reagan seeks advice from a remarkably small group, his most influential advisers being Mr. Weinberger on policy and General Vessey on operations. On West Asia, Mr. Shultz has called many of the turns. Mr. Weinberger and General Vessey are the President's principal military advisers not only by law but also because of their personal relations with Mr. Reagan. Mr. Weinberger has been a friend and political ally since the California days, and is noted for his loyalty to Mr. Reagan. The President and Mr. Weinberger listen to General Vessey, officials say, because he is of the same generation, is experienced as a battlefield commander, does his homework and avoids publicity. Mr. Reagan agreed to the general's proposal that the chiefs meet with him regularly. Those meetings, outside of crises, occur about every six weeks, far more often than in previous administrations. General Vessey, as an adviser to the National Security Council, also meets with the President at least once a week. In addition, the general sees Mr. Weinberger daily, and has said: "We have agreed that he and I, not his staff or the joint staff, will argue out the issues between us."

In the military field, Mr. Reagan initiates few policies, preferring to approve proposals that come up to him.

While policy is controlled at the top, responsibility for execution is delegated. Mr. Reagan believes in leaving operational decisions to subordinates. Mr. Weinberger, while declaring that the Administration has retained civilian control over the military, has said he "would not dream of interfering with the decisions of commanders in the field." General Vessey, when asked to become chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, said he would accept on the explicit condition that he would control operations. The general, in turn, thinks commanders should command without headquarters constantly looking over their shoulders.

American military commanders thus have more operational authority today than at any time in recent history. Mr. Weinberger has emphasised that commanders off the coast of Lebanon are free to choose air attacks or naval gunfire in responding to Syrian anti-aircraft missiles. During the fighting on Grenada, advanced communications made it possible for the President to talk with commanders in the midst of battle. But he refrained and spoke

only with General Vessey, contrast, President Reagan monitored the mission into Lebanon. As the conflict has intensified, the joint chiefs have quietly urged not to embroil the United States in a war there. "I said in November, like to get them quickly as possible. It's involved in the East strategy."

The joint chiefs sympathetic to the decision in February to Libya not to attack where a coup might hostile power States lines of command. The Persian Gulf said. "They saw the can and Egyptian reported that Libya the Sudan, the President the nuclear power planes, off her and sent four Awas. In addition, Mr. be known that he to destroy the Libya if the coup were no, and American withdrawn.

Later in 1983, advisers cautioned the President against becoming involved in Central America where 6,000 American marines, and airman on manoeuvres as a force against the Government in Nicaragua. The chiefs contend that the political and economic of Central America, and that soldiers not be asked to solve

## Lack Of Support

Equally important is the lack of support from the American people. Before retiring as chief of the Army in June, Ward C. Meyer said: "I have to be a commander of the United States what we are doing is important that America go to war. You can't send soldiers off to war without the support of the American people."

When President Reagan ed on the invasion of the joint chiefs were tant. Said an Administration official: "Jack Vessey one to jump aboard Grenada." General Vessey several days' delay more intelligence and better planning. But ruled by the White House feared that more to allow the Cubans to better resistance.

The heady experience in Grenada made the President military muscle against necessary. "Readiness," Mr. Vessey has said, "is our priority." Mr. Reagan that principle when New York in mid-1982 meet with 125 Medal of Honour, highest military decoration, listened to a bewitched coated life-and-death patriotic tunes, after President took the a gigantic reproduction of the Medal of Honour star of the Grenada Referring to chief commander in chief world knows that to our national United States will takes to protect the freedom of the people. To vigorous added: "Our days are over. Our backs on their feet tall."

Two days later, guns of the battleship, silent since the thundered off the Lebanon.



# CONTRADICTIONS OF SANKHYA

**THE SANKHYA KARIKA OF ISVARAKRISHNA:** By C. Kunhan Raja (Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur, Rs. 10)

**BHAKTI RENAISSANCE:** By A. K. Majumdar (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs. 5)

Innumerable books have been written on the Sankhya system, each claiming to be more authoritative than the other. The present work written by the late Prof. Raja bases itself on Isvarakrishna's *Sankhya Karika*, which the author claims as more authentic than the commentaries of Gaudapada and Vacaspati Misra on which other exponents have relied. Dr. Raja makes an original approach and gives a critical account of the system which deserves attention.

The General Editor of the Series has noted that a pathetic interest attaches to this book as its author died suddenly of a heart attack just as he had completed this work.

Of Dr. Raja's deep scholarship and genuine devotion to philosophy there can be no doubt. But I must confess that his exposition of Sankhya leaves me no better informed as to what the system stood for, nor how it resolved the contradictions into which it got itself involved.

Dr. Raja rightly argues that the source of all Indian philosophical systems lies in the Rig Veda. The starting point of all philosophy both Eastern and Western lies in the apprehension of the contrast between Being and Becoming, the changing and the permanent and the attempt to reconcile the twain.

There are three possible solutions. The first is to take refuge in the one and deny the many as mere illusion. The second is to hold that the one somehow differentiates itself into the many, and the parts have a degree of reality, though they have no substantial being. The third is to deny Being altogether and to hold that all is Becoming and Change is of the essence of reality.

The Sankhya adheres mainly to the first view, though it wavers at times. The second, it regards the phenomenal world as a manifestation of the Absolute. But why should the one break out into the many? The cause of this resides in the Absolute itself, which somehow proliferates into an infinite variety. This has been called the Bang theory of creation.

While the Sankhya points to philosophy as the way to salvation, the Bhakti movement points to the path of devotion. Prof. A. K. Majumdar gives us a history of its foundation and its periodic renaissance bringing his treatment down to the present day. He writes clearly and does not overload his text with references and cross-references to original sources as many writers on Indian philosophy are inclined to do.

The Gita and the Bhagavata-Purana are the chief sources of Bhakti philosophy. Prof. Majumdar devotes a whole chapter to a discussion of the genuineness of these works which is interesting though not wholly convincing.

## HINDU THOUGHT

**RELIGION AND MAN:** By Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar. Orient Longmans, Madras-2. Rs. 3.

This book presents the text of two lectures delivered by Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, at the Karnataka University, Dharwar, in 1961. The lectures constituted the first series under the Ranade Foundation newly instituted in the University in memory of Professor Ranade whose name is prominently associated with the study of Indian mysticism.

In these two lectures which bear the title *Religion and Man*, he deals with the contribution of Vedic Religion to Hindu thought. In the first lecture, the history of Hinduism and an account of the basic texts are given in brief, the close relation that exists between religion and philosophy in the Veda is indicated—a phenomenon which is the most distinguishing feature of Indian thought—the doctrine of the impersonal nature of the Veda and the Vedic religion is explained and a compendious exposition of the most essential Hindu beliefs and practices is offered. Hinduism, as he rightly maintains, is not a polytheism; the many deities of which the Veda speaks are but the different limbs of the supreme Being. The end and aim of the *varnasrama-dharma* is the promotion of spiritual value. The doctrines of

*karma* and *samsara* are designed to help man in his progress towards self-realisation.

In the second lecture, the details are given of some of the spiritual disciplines. There are preliminary practices such as controlling the senses and the mind, constant endeavour and the cultivation of the spirit of detachment. Of all the *pramanas*, scripture is the highest because it is here that we have the map of the unknown land. One has to go to the *guru* in order to learn the purport of scripture. It is thus that religion becomes in the life of an aspirant a quest and an adventure, and a power that can bring about an inner revolution. It is not true to say that Hinduism concentrates on individual perfection; the goal of social well-being is, in the least, ignored. But it is well to remember that real progress, whether individual or collective, is spiritual in character.

The all-comprehensive, all-synthesising Dharma, provides a complete scheme of life. At the back of it all, lies the principle called *Adhyatma* or spirituality without which mere ethics, individual or social, will wither away.

T. M. P. Mahadevan.

In the second essay, he discusses the competitive and co-operative trends in the Indian Federal system. While there is adequate statutory provision for co-operation between the Centre and the States, Constitutional improvisation like Planning, Community Development, grants-in-aid, the work of the University Grants Commission, etc., are bringing the levels of Government even closer. He concludes that "Developments of this kind seem to indicate the emergence of a form of federation more mature than that conceived of by the framers of the Constitution."

This tendency towards co-operative federalism is also emphasised by Mr. V. G. Ramachandran, who makes out a detailed list of the provisions of the Constitution and the other developments like the Zonal Council, Planning Commission, Inter-State Water disputes, etc. He also draws attention to the inherent rivalry among the

people of the State." Mr. K. R. Bombwall criticises severely. But on the whole justly, the impact of emergency provisions on federalism and democracy in India. Other essays relate to "Federalism and Social Administration in India" by Mr. V. Jagannadham, "The Working of Employees State Insurance Scheme in India" by Usha Mehta, "Centre-State Financial Relations" by Mr. P. R. Brahmananda, "Growth of Linguistic States in the Indian Federation" by Mr. N. C. Roy, and "Federalism and Local Government in India" by Ram Joshi.

There are useful appendices including a general essay of Prof. Venkatarangaiya and extracts from the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly.

This volume should be welcomed by all students of Indian federalism.

K. Santhanam.

## Of Yore

**IN ANCIENT INDIA:** By Satya of Ancient Scientific Studies, New

magnificent job of blowing this dust off the sum of Indian research in ancient times and with profound scholarship lays bare various aspects of the achievements of Indian pioneers. He discusses with copious references and footnotes the work done by Gargya, the first enumerator of constellations; Bharadvaja and the first medicinal plants symposium; Atreya Punarvasu and his academy of medicine; Susruta, the father of surgery; Kanada, the first expounder of realism, atomic theory and the law of causation; Aryabhata, the founder of algebra; Lagadha, the first to rationalise astronomy, and Baudhayana, the first great geometer.

Truly it was a golden era, with fundamental knowledge being extended by intellectuals of high calibre and astonishing versatility. Even today some of their expositions (for instance, the atomic concept, algebraic and geometrical theorems, medicobiological experiments) are bound to amaze the modern researcher for their scope, precision and extensiveness.

This scholarly work should go a long way in showing up certain aspects of the arrogance of the West vis-a-vis Indian science and also in making a strong plea for the rediscovery of our achievements through a more intensified study of the Sanskrit texts.

## Malthusian Dilemma

**SEMINAR ON FOOD AND HEALTH** (38th International Eucharistic Congress, Rs. 10)

The seminar on food and health was jointly sponsored by the Eucharistic Congress and FAO in Bombay in the winter of 1964. Since then the agricultural situation in India has deteriorated as a result of the failure of the monsoon while large tracts in other parts of the world have been similarly affected by drought. Meanwhile, population is on the march, pressing on diminished food supplies. This is the Malthusian dilemma of the 20th century.

The seminar addressed itself to the problems of health and hunger and its value lies more in stimulating the international conscience than in the specific remedies or analyses that it offered despite the participation of a large number of distinguished individuals.

Perhaps the only section with which there will be disagreement is that dealing with population control and the papers that would either consider this superfluous or advocate that this be achieved by raising the age of marriage and by other voluntary restraints rather than by direct contraceptive methods.



## ADVAITA MANUAL

**VICHARASAGARAM** (in Sanskrit): By Vasudeva Brahmendra Sarasvati Svamigal, Edited by P. Panchapagesa Sastrigal and Varahoor Kalyanasundara Sastrigal Published by The Vasudeva Brahmendra Sarasvati Svamigal Library Committee, Mayuram 1964. Rs. 15.

This is a rendering into Sanskrit of the well-known Hindi manual of Advaita, *Vicharasagaram*, of Sadhu Nischaladasa. The original text which is in verse bears a commentary and explanatory notes by Sri Pittambaraji. Nischaladasa who lived in the nineteenth century was a profound scholar in several branches of Indian philosophy. His own conviction was in Advaita; he spent a fruitful life in teaching it to spiritual aspirants. The *Vicharasagaram* was written by him for the purpose of helping earnest students grasp the intricacies of Advaita-Vedanta. In his other work, the *Vrittippabhakaram*, he adopts the dialectical method of establishing Advaita through a refutation of the rival systems.

The *Vicharasagaram* has been translated into several other Indian languages including Tamil and Telugu. The present publication enables the text to take its legitimate place among the Sanskrit classics in Advaita. The author of the translation, Sri Vasudeva Brahmendra Sarasvati Svamigal, was greatly impressed by the original work in Hindi and took upon himself the task of preparing a Sanskrit version, which has certain special features, as pointed out by the late Sri P. Panchapagesa Sastrigal in his general introduction. In the first place, the Sanskrit text could be read by those scholars all over the world who know Sanskrit but not Hindi. It is the old Hindi that Nischaladasa employs in his work. And so, the Sanskrit version may be of help to those also who are conversant only with modern Hindi, but know enough Sanskrit. Secondly, the Sanskrit translator has cited in copious footnotes authoritative passages from the Upanishads and other primary Vedanta texts in support of the arguments advanced by Nischaladasa. Thirdly, he has improved upon the original text by amending, altering and adding, where necessary, keeping in view the basic teachings of Advaita and the objective of the *Vicharasagaram* which is to acquaint the Vedantic student with the mode of inquiry into the truth of the Self which is the non-dual reality.

Sri Varahoor Kalyanasundara Sastrigal, to whom was entrusted the work of editing the text after the demise of Sri P. Panchapagesa Sastrigal, has contributed a preface in which he explains the circumstances of the present publication.

The Vasudeva Brahmendra Sarasvati Svamigal Library Committee deserves to be congratulated on the great service it has done to the cause of Advaita by sponsoring the publication of the *Sanskrit Vicharasagaram* which is a work of the Founder of the Library. It is pleasing to know that the Ministry of Education, Government of India, generously granted financial aid towards printing the text. The publication carries the blessings of His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham in the form of a *Srimukham*. As the Sanskrit of the present text is lucid and simple, students of Advaita will greatly benefit by making a close study of this edition of a work which already enjoys wide popularity.

T. M. P. Mahadevan.

## Yoga Primer

**YOGIC SUKSM VYAYAMA:** By Dhirendra Brahmachari (Vishwayatan Yogashram, New Delhi, Rs. 20)  
**NEW DIMENSIONS OF YOGA:** By Yogi Raushan Nath (Rakesh Press, Delhi, Rs. 15)

Yoga, like the Indian rope trick, has always been submerged in mystery and any attempt to establish it as an exact and scientific discipline is always welcome. *Yogic Sukma Vyayama* is a primer of yoga, which sketches the basic yoga exercises in simple and clear language.

One wonders if the book does not create the impression that yoga is by and large body-building. Physical well-being is one of the basic aims of yoga. But it is not an end in itself. It is only a means to something higher and nobler, namely mental and moral activism.

Perhaps this integrated approach may be outside the scope of the present book, which may be why 'Prathayahara', 'Dharana', 'Dhyana' and 'Samadhi', the last four phases of the eight-fold path to yoga, are hardly dealt with.

The subtler mental aspects of yoga are not easy to describe and a book that deals with the Asana side of it has to impart a new orientation to yoga with case histories of diseases cured, clinical tests carried out and researches undertaken in order to convince the non-esoteric clientele of the immense "siddhis" of yoga.

The book is well illustrated and Jayaprakash Narayan's preface enjoins on us to take to yoga, although his own familiarity with it is confined to only twenty-five days.

*New Dimensions of Yoga* is a series of discourses in imitation of *Gitanjali* and with a lot of O. While it is stated to be a general attempt at dispelling "clouds of ignorance descending into storms of passion", it is not very clear where the yogi wants to take us. Pronouncement like "man is man and God is God" may be self-evident to enlightened souls, but ordinary men seeking guidance in reconciling their ways with those of God learn neither of 'Asana' nor 'Sadhana' from this book. It is a take-it-or-leave-it kind of book for the author "wrote it as it came."

### For Tired Men

**YOGA OVER FORTY:** By Michael Volin & Nancy Phelan (Pelham Books, 21s.)

This is a Yoga recipe book for city dwellers over 40. If you suffer from stiffness of joints, see chapter 9 you are afflicted by insomnia, turn page 128. Like a Sunday astrology column. Make sure of your malady and choose your cure.

Although there are passages on mental training, the accent is unmistakably on physical culture for tense, tired men who, in their preoccupation with making a living, have neglected the art of living a healthy life. *Yoga Over Forty* is a book for attaining a certain degree of fitness. But Yoga is more than that.

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## MOODY MEN OF LETTERS

**O'Neill.** By Arthur and Barbara Gelb. (Cape, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 50s.)

**Dostoevsky: A Life.** By David Magarshack. (Secker and Warburg, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 50s.)

**The Social History of Art.** By Arnold Hauser (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 10s.)

**EUGENE O'Neill**, the only U.S. dramatist to win the Nobel Prize, lived from 1888 to 1953. He was the son of a famous Irish-American melodramatic actor who played the Count of Monte Cristo over 6,000 times, and he spent his childhood moving from town to town with his father's repertory company in an atmosphere of heavy drinking to which his mother's morphine addiction added an even darker element. He lost his religious faith at 15 but remained preoccupied with his family history all his life, never quite laying his ghosts, even in his great autobiographical play "Long Day's Journey into Night", which was published in 1956 after his death.

O'Neill was a shy, moody man, very attractive to women but also gifted with a talent for friendship, particularly with those whom society regards as "failures". His early life was an epitome of classic American Bohemianism. He spent a hell-raising year at Princeton, acted drunkenly and disgracefully in his father's company, prospected in Honduras, sailed before the mast—a crucial experience, for the sea was his life-long mystique—bummed in Buenos Aires and later among psters and degenerates, in Greenwich Village, and began writing plays for an experimen-

tal theatre. By 25 he had already been married and divorced and had tried to commit suicide. His first Broadway production, in 1921, was a great success ("Anna Christie") even though it was a gloomy tragedy in complete contrast to the trivial comedies which held sway at the time. It was followed by the masterpieces of his maturity—"All God's Chillun got Wings", "The Emperor Jones", "Mourning Becomes Electra", "The Iceman Cometh"—alternating with failures in which autobiography had not been transformed into art.

O'Neill's achievements were tremendous and enduring. In Tennessee William's words he "gave birth to the American theatre". In his early life he was a socialist, and always remained a radical, but as an artist he was concerned not with politics but with psychology. He regretted the lapse into propaganda of Sean O'Casey, whom he greatly admired, but saw that in these "lousy times" it was hard to avoid.

The latest life of Dostoevsky relies chiefly on his letters and has little to say about his contemporaries other than his family. Dostoevsky was not very attractive as a person. His appearance was unprepossessing, and as for his character his biographer Strakhov goes so far as to say (perhaps out of Puritan malice) that he was a "truly bad and unhappy man . . . spiteful, envious, and immoral," while Turgenev, who was never a friend but often an enemy, said he was "the most spiteful Christian he had ever met". He was unlucky in love, though he achieved a certain uneven happiness in his second marriage, and he was hated and condemned in his own day, as by the Soviets in ours, for his "treachery" in abandoning socialism. There is in fact a most striking contrast between Dostoevsky the man and Dostoevsky the artist,—all the more striking because he adhered, unlike O'Neill for example, to the school which believes art should serve morality and religion.

The Routledge paper-backs include a number of very distinguished works and among them is the four-volume Social History of Art by Arnold Hauser which was first published in two volumes in 1951. His first volume tells the story of the development of art in its relationship to the social reality of its time from prehistoric days to the Middle Ages. The other three volumes carry the story on to the Film Age, and that last volume is likely to be the most important of all. A great deal has already been written about very early art and nearly all the illustrations have often appeared before. But this is an excellent summary of the old thinking with quite a lot that is new and original, and it is good to have it in this agreeable and comparatively inexpensive form.

### TESTING TIMES

**A Tale of Two Tests.** By Richie Benaud. (Hodder & Stoughton, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)

**My World of Cricket.** By Neil Harvey. (The same, 15s.)

That the captain and vice-captain of the present Australia XI should simultaneously have books published is surprising, as there is a considerable amount of overlapping of the subject matter; but this fact gives to the person who reads both an insight into the respective characters of Benaud and Harvey. Reading both descriptions of the same event leaves the impression that the Australian selectors were correct in choosing Benaud rather than Harvey as captain. The two tests related in detail by Benaud are the fabulous tied test at Brisbane between Australia and the West Indies and the 1961 Manchester Test, when Australia retained the Ashes and which game both Benaud and Harvey think to have been a more exciting game than the tie at Brisbane. The excitement at Brisbane was only for a very short while, whereas at Manchester it lasted for a day. Benaud's chapter on captaincy is most instructive and should be read by all cricketers. Neil Harvey's book is also of great interest and will no doubt be popular. Both are well illustrated with photographs.

### THE CARIBBEAN

**Red Rumba.** By Nicholas Wollaston. (Hodder & Stoughton, 25s.)

In "Red Rumba", that adventurous journalist and traveller Mr. Nicholas Wollaston describes a five months' visit to the Caribbean which began and ended with Cuba, though he also visited nine of the banana and coffee Republics of Central America. Mr. Wollaston is a tough and keen observant traveller. He goes everywhere and talks to all sorts of people—to capitalists, to ambassadors and peasants, to soldiers, doctors, shop-keepers, drunkards, priests, prostitutes and Presidents. He has a novelist's eye and a good novelist's instinct for words, character and situation. The book has some first-rate and generally unusual photographs.





INDRANATH

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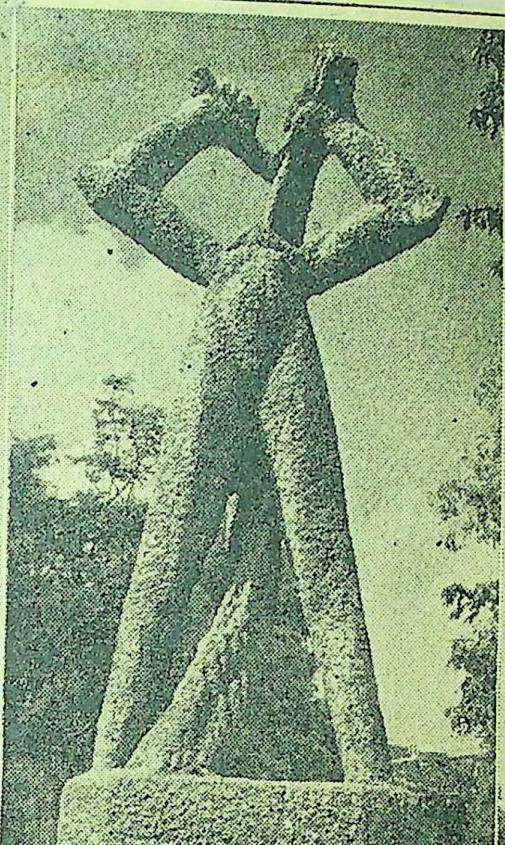


# History, Art and culture

Hindustan Times, December 10, 1961



INDRANATH



HARVESTER



LAMP POST

## The Art of Ramkinkar

Alone among Indian artists, he has something to say. He says it with unflinching clarity, an almost menacing majesty.

It is not all sweet. Beauty is not all that he seeks. But it is also living and breathing. Says Kinkar. But that exaltation may not be sufficient and it raises questions—about the role of modern art and communication. His urge for self-expression may be satisfied by the way he does and the way in which he chooses to do it. But what is the social value of this art? For whom does he work? Who are his patrons?

Well, I am expressing what society has made of me. That is all. The social purpose of my art. What you want—a message, a promise, pious platitudes, sarkari propaganda?

But why so much abstraction? That not show that the art is moved away from the real world? whispers the sceptic.

No. All art is abstraction. Every element you make is an abstraction. You see by old and long association some abstractions have to be accepted in society,

was so excited that he went back and forward several times, circled round the group of fingers in reverent awe. Then he came to me and asked, 'What is this?' 'Don't you see, it is one of you,' I replied. 'Yes,' he said after a short pause. 'No doubt the body is that of a santal, but really it is a devata (god).' That was the highest praise I ever had. So you see I don't make all this out of sheer cussedness and it is not meant for the delight of the dilettante."

### 'Abstract'

"So you think your work is actually understood by the people?"

"No, not always. And is it so necessary?"

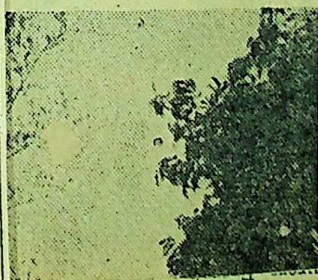
"What about the statue before the Guest House?"

"Well, what about it?"

"Do the santals understand that too?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'understanding.' Art is not mathematics. But the facts happen to be in my favour. You see where the difficulty arises. Because I have not filled in the details people often fail to respond

to it. Of course it is an abstract form as you have said. But was it incomprehensible because of that? At least my old sweeper—and he is a gentleman—did not find it so, and he is an honourable gentleman. One day he met me before the statue. Offering an unnecessarily long salute, he said,



Dadababu, may I ask you one question? What is this that you have made? What do you think it is? I asked in reply. The answer he gave was the most wonderful I have ever heard. It is neither homeopathy nor allopathy and certainly it is not kaviraji; it is neither the Ramayana, the Mahabharata nor the Puranas. To know this you have to go back to the Vedas!" Kinkar burst out laughing. It was difficult not to join him.

### At Santiniketan

More than twenty-five years have passed since he had joined Santiniketan as a young student. Nandalal, the Master, had seen his work and asked him to stay for

are large staffs of foreign I into the university in 1960. The tion was successfully introduced entrance examination Co-edu the requirements of the university, while the standard portion of students go on three for girls, only a small are nine high schools for boys, Although in Kabul itself, there

### LOW STANDARD

cent of the population. are quoted as being near 95 per cent of school-age children do in fact go to school, and literacy figures are quoted as being near 95 per cent of the population.

of butter and cheese disappeared Masser's point of view. Supplies began to appreciate our friend care, and beer doubled in price. arrival, whiskey had become thoughts. Within five days of our Pakistan occupied everyone's limited. The border dispute with these days conversation was where foreigners may buy drinks. Kabul is the International Club, were there. The social centre of Nothing happened when we are mainly discernible in the capital. As yet, the results demerization. An ambitious programme of modernized theatre, but at unaccept-





her remarkable instance of the use of audio-visual aids in ancient India is to be met with in the 'Charchacharita', the well-known literary masterpiece of the 7th century A.D. It has been mentioned in this book that king Harshabardhana of Thaneshwar while entering the city from outside on one occasion noticed a group of people near the city gate viewing with great interest a painted scroll shown by a man who holding the scroll in his left hand and with a stick in his right was explaining the subject matter as depicted in the paintings. The subject was of

showing existed in Maharashtra. There a small community known as the 'Chitrakathis' living mostly in Ahmednagar district used to earn their livelihood through the exhibition of pictures which like the 'Chitrakaras' of Bengal they used to paint themselves. There was a strict discipline amongst the members of this caste which compelled each family to maintain at least one set of pictures. The Chitrakathis used to carry their sets of pictures from place to place in the countryside and show them to interested villagers. There was generally a light background music when they narrated their story and showed the frames to the as-

had ceased to give them living.

### Shadow-Play With Translucent Puppets

Another variety of audio-visual education in ancient India was shadow-play with thin cutout puppets made from a fine piece of cow or buffalo hide rendered translucent through scraping. In earlier days gods and goddesses were made of deer skin only as it was a sacred skin according to the Hindu religion. In later days groups of manipulators known as 'Godavaritiravasis' began to employ cow or buffalo hide. Translucent puppets were used with a view to securing different colour combinations of dresses and ornaments. The figures which were considered almost sacred were handed down from generation to generation.

The shadow-play had its origin in Maharashtra though later it spread practically to the whole of South India. It was particularly popular in Andhra and in Kerala. The plays which were generally based on religious stories were very enjoyable owing to good background music and the skill of the manipulators and their trained voices. The shadow puppets were used also to tell news stories because in those days there were no such things as newspapers or magazines. It is indeed strange for us to know that this type of shadow play which went to Bali and Java from the eastern coast of South India is still in use in Indonesia today to give illiterate villagers an idea of importance events of the world. To cite an interesting example, the Bandung Conference—the meeting of leaders of all the Asian people after World War II—was shown in 'wayang' (the name for shadow-puppet in Indonesia) to villagers in distant parts of the country.

The shadow-play is now rarely seen in villages of South India except on rare occasions in Kerala and in Godavari and Tanjore districts of Madras.



A typical Bengal scroll illustrating an interesting story from the Ramayana.

(Courtesy : Institute of Art in Industry, Calcutta)

considerable importance to those people as it dealt with severe punishments given by Yama, the Lord of Death, for evil acts done in life. These Yama pictures or 'Patras' enjoyed popularity in villages in different parts of India till recent times. The objectives of these scenes of punishment in the other world were undoubtedly to impress on a class of people the great need for leading a good life, but to what extent these were fulfilled is not known.

### Patuas Of Bengal

It is not true that the picture showmen of the past always painted the city of the dead. They had pictures also of religious stories such as the Ramayana and the Mahabharata and these were no less popular in villages. Latest researches of some scholars in this field reveal the existence in Bengal of a strong tradition of picture showing. The 'Chitrakaras' or 'Patuas' (painters) of Bengal were painters and showmen of Yama 'patas' as well as 'patas' based on the Ramayana such as 'Sindhu Badha', 'Sita Harana', and 'Ravana Badha'. The 'patuas' were generally found to live together in certain areas in important centres of Bengal. In Dacca (now in East Pakistan) a part of the town is still known as Potuatuli and in Calcutta

sembled men, women, and children. Two of the favourite stories of the Chitrakathis were 'Nala and Damayanti' and 'Babhrubahana'. The pictures of the Chitrakathis were generally popular with illiterate people in rural areas for whom the visual aids were of greater importance. These showmen are rarely found in Maharashtra today as they have changed their occupation to earn better wages, but the pictures which they painted will ever find a place in the artistic tradition of the country. Many of these were in no way inferior to the mediaeval mural paintings of rare beauty.

### Puppetry Of Rural India

Puppetry was a popular art in villages in ancient India. In many old Indian texts there is mention of the use of marionette-like figures known as 'Panchalika'. The use of giant puppets manipulated by a combination of rods and strings was also very common in villages in old days. These puppets used to have attractive dresses and ornaments. Shows were generally given in 'melas' and in houses of rich people on important occasions. The plays were generally based on the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Although the use of puppets has considerably decreased of late in India on account of the popularity of theatres and

## Visu

ALTHOUGH a tion in the the expression is recent growth, vi not devised in th dern scientific vis use in old days in in other countries certainly knew ho ideas through dra bols long before vocabulary to exp Even in formal c cient India vasual part. In Vedic s drawn on palm l by teachers to exp the rules for the co tars. Story books leaves contained p tions. This tradit pictures on palm l be traced from th A.D. continued for India. A Ramayana written in the eig has been found in book which show only on one side h dried leaves. Old crips of paper wh ence today also s illustrations in colo used in the pictur things like flowers, als, and the soot of

### Carvings And Mural Paintings

The beautiful carv and in ancient buil ples throughout the show clearly the imp Indian educators att aids in those days. ruins of Takshashil known centre of lea ent India, some roo found with carvin some incidents of t the country. Sim illustrating the life of the Buddha have ed amongst the ruins ent Indian University. The carvings in fram of the Buddha which order even today on ('torana') pillars of Sanchi and the beau in the temples of K Ellora and the Mural the caves of Ajanta a cal examples of the uses of visual aids in a

### 'Patras' And Picture Sats

Another the us cent



Education

Anirba Bajor Patilla, November 19/1961



A page from an illustrated magazine found in Western India.  
(Courtesy: Indian Institute of Art in Industry)

# Visual Aids In Education In Ancient India

By **SUJIT K. CHAKRABARTI**

Secretary, University Film Council, New Delhi

**A**LTHOUGH audio-visual education in the modern sense of the expression is a movement of recent growth, visual aides though not devised in the manner of modern scientific visual aids were in use in old days in India as well as in other countries. Primitive men certainly knew how to convey their ideas through drawings and symbols long before they developed a vocabulary to express them orally. Even in formal education in ancient India visual aids played their part. In Vedic schools diagrams drawn on palm leaves were used by teachers to explain to the pupils the rules for the construction of altars. Story books written on palm leaves contained plentiful illustrations. This tradition of drawing pictures on palm leaves which can be traced from the 10th century A.D. continued for a long time in India. A Ramayana on palm leaves written in the eighteenth century has been found in Orissa. This book which shows illustrations only on one side has twelve hundred leaves. Old Indian manuscripts of paper which are in existence today also show beautiful illustrations in colour. The colours used in the picture came from things like flowers, plants, minerals, and the soot of lamps.

## Carvings And Mural Paintings

The beautiful carvings which we find in ancient buildings and temples throughout the country also show clearly the importance which Indian educators attached to visual aids in those days. Amongst the ruins of Takshashila, the well-known centre of learning in ancient India, some rooms have been found with carvings illustrating some incidents of the history of the country. Similar carvings illustrating the life and teachings of the Buddha have been discovered amongst the ruins of the ancient Indian University of Nalanda. The carvings in frames on the life of the Buddha which we find in order even today on the gateway Sanchi and the beautiful carvings in the temples of Khajuraho and Ellora and the Mural paintings in the caves of Ajanta are also typical examples of the educational uses of visual aids in ancient India.

## 'Patras' And Picture Sets

the well-known Patuatola Street recalls an old settlement of 'Patuas'. Two other castes also in Bengal, 'Sutradharas' (wood carvers) and 'Karmakaras' (engraver?), used to paint scenes from both the Ramayana and the Mahabharata and exhibit them to people in different parts of Bengal.

The painters of old days used cotton cloth for their scrolls though from the fifteenth century onwards hand-made paper was generally used. There is no mention of paintings on paper in Visnudharmottara, the oldest Indian work

cinemas, interesting puppet shows are still seen on special occasions in villages in Bengal and Rajasthan. Even up to the end of the last century quite a number of families in these provinces used to earn their livelihood through puppet-plays. Even today many old people in Rajasthan recollect the 'Putliwalas' with boxes of puppets on their heads moving from door to door inquiring if anyone was interested in their performances. Their plays were interesting and were usually based on well-known events in the history of Marwar unlike the South Indian and Ben-



These 'wayangs' with their shadows help us from an idea of traditional cutout puppets of India.

(Courtesy: Asutosh Museum, Calcutta University)

dealing with the techniques of painting.

A similar tradition of picture

gal plays based on religious stories. 'Putliwalas' of 'Putulnawalas' are rarely found in Rajasthan or Bengal today as their art



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political Affairs: Regarding Indo-Ceylon Problem

Hindustan Times, Calcutta 6, 1961

## The Indo-Ceylon Problem—I

# A Peep into the Past

From Our Colombo Correspondent

THE morning English newspaper, the Ceylon Daily News, recently flashed on its front page the news that the Ceylonese Government is expected to make a fresh approach to settle the Indo-Ceylon problem at talks proposed to be held in New Delhi in the near future. The news, however, evoked no comment from the vocal Indian quarters nor any speculation from the Ceylon Democratic Congress, the organ of the Indian settlers.

This charmed phrase—"fresh approach to the Indo-Ceylon problem"—has hung in the air for the past one decade. In the process much of its efficacy has been lost. And it has acquired a moon-like quality to wax and wane with the emergence and exit of Governments in Lanka.

### Power Politics

The so-called "Indo-Ceylon problem"—verily the future of 900,000 hapless persons of Indian origin—constitutes Ceylon's central issue with her big neighbour. Strangely enough, some Ceylonese politicians and their parties have thrived on it. For, it has the capacity to lend itself as a stepping stone, as a means to an end, to power politics. Little wonder, it has assumed such complex and baffling proportions in the last twenty years.

It derives much of its strength from the slime left behind by history. No Sinhalese has been permitted to forget the Dravidian invasion to the shores of his island home. Historians have added extra colour to the battle between the warrior king Dutugemunu and his rival, Elara. Add to this picture the "misdeeds" of the Nayakko kings from Tanjore who ruled in the ancient capital of Kandy. To round it off, the Britishers took away the Kandyan lands for their plantations and settled Indian workers there. It is a chain of bitter memories kept alive by assiduous propaganda.

Ceylonese politicians, perhaps rightly, say: "We did not bring the Indians here." And how India says: "The Stateless are not our responsibility." But the 900,000 men and women do not have a home outside the walls of the estates. That is a reality that nobody can ignore.

Recently the English Press here has urged the Government to treat this question as a human problem. The Sinhalese people, noted as they are for their large generosity, staunch and abiding values of friendship, have been made to believe that all their ills are due to the Indian settlers. The Ceylon Democratic Congress, on the other hand, says: "If we are here it is not our fault. We have given our life-blood to the prosperity of the island. All that we ask is 'fair-play and equity.'" In that context, it is not altogether irrelevant to have a peep into their past, recount the events that led to this impasse.

It was during the brief yet exciting days of coffee planting in 1825 when Ceylon found a ready market in the United Kingdom, labour was first recruited from India under the indenture system.

The subsequent failure of the coffee industry in 1845 gave place

to the cultivation of tea which required a resident labour force. According to Emerson Tennent, the well-known historian, the Sinhalese and the Kandyans were not willing to engage themselves in a work that was repugnant to them. This deficiency had to be supplied from India. Although there was a ban on emigration in 1847, India lifted it in favour of Ceylon. The historical, cultural and religious ties that bound the two countries were thought to be sufficiently strong to ensure the protection of the immigrants. And the bulk of them came from Madura, Pudukkottah, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Salem and Ramnad.

Almost simultaneously another category of immigrants were recruited for the Pioneer Force, a semi-military organization, in charge of the Public Works Department. To this Pioneer Force many of the chief public works in the island are due. They include the roads from Colombo to Kandy, Kandy to Trincomalee, Colombo to Galle, and the bridges over the main highways and several sections of the railway.

In contradistinction to these two streams of immigrants came the unaided immigrants from different parts of India, invariably from the home of the estate workers but of course from a different surrounding. They engaged themselves in a variety of occupations especially trade in the city of Colombo and the hilly regions where there was a concentration of Indians.

The Nattukottai Chettiers were the chief financiers and bankers. They capitalized every enterprise including the development of the Colombo city and the coconut plantations along the coastal belt beyond Galle, the one-time capital of the Dutch rulers.

### 'Beast of Burden'

The cloth business and the trade in finer articles like silk and brocade were in the hands of Memons and Sindhi merchants. The Borahs and the Chettiers were large-scale importers and exporters of food-stuffs. The Muslim traders from Coromandel Coast organized the salt industry in Puttlam which today yields the island's requirements. The Barathas from South India were shop-keepers while the Nadars took to petty trade.

The vast majority of the immigrant population was settled in the central hills and the adjoining uplands. They lived segregated in barrack type lines, far removed from village and town. "Shrouded in the leafy grey of the tea gardens they toiled," sings their bard,

"Nine hours in a day  
Seven times in a week:  
Thus their life-blood flowed  
To fashion this land  
A paradise for some....  
What man dare speak  
Their fettered, unbroken  
Days of drudgery—  
Harried by debt  
Poverty and shame  
Bound to the cart wheel  
A beast of burden...."

They are estimated to earn as

much as 63 per cent of the country's revenue.

In the next few decades the Indian settlers in the plantations and the urban areas evolved themselves into a loosely knit single community. They literally held the economic prosperity of the island in their palm; and as such they were represented in the colonial Legislative Council by two nominated members.

It was not until 1928 when the Donoughmore Commissioners recommended adult franchise the position of the Indian settlers was thrown into broad relief.

In view of the fact that "40-50 per cent of them may be regarded as permanent residents in Ceylon and the substantial number of estate workers were born in the country" the commissioners recommended the extension of franchise to them, and also the revision of voters' registers and the redistribution of the electoral areas. Following this decision 100,000 persons of Indian origin were registered as compared with 12,438 under the old Constitution.

### Anti-Indian

In the first general election of 1931 two Indians were returned to the State Council.

"Right from the beginning," states a Congress document, "the Sinhalese Board of Ministers were against the extension of franchise to Indians. It was then apparent that proximity by itself was insufficient to foster common outlook nor did racial kinship and religion always make for harmony." It concludes on a sad note: "Such were the thoughts reflected in the utterances of our Sinhalese politicians."

In the next ten years serious deterioration set in. It was largely due to the campaigns led by the Ceylon Labour Party and the Sinhala Maha Saba. The first crisis came in 1939. Six thousand workers employed in the harbour and the railway workshop were dismissed. Ceylon Indians made frantic appeals to Gandhiji for succour and Mr Nehru came here as his emissary to study the situation. Although his discussions did not prove fruitful, his visit however was responsible for two vital measures: the ban on emigration, and the formation of the Ceylon Indian Congress.

The Congress (now Ceylon Democratic Congress) within a year enrolled 140,000 members and sent its first delegation to New Delhi to assist in the Bajpai-Senayake talks in 1941.

According to the Congress, these talks fell short of their expectations, because "the Bajpai-Senayake-agreed conclusions compartmentalized the Indian settlers as domicile of choice, domicile of origin, permanent settlement and temporary settlement." Opinion in India and Ceylon was not in favour of the fragmentation of the community.

In the following year the parleys were resumed in Ceylon. The late Mr S. W. R. D. Bandaranayake kept aloof from the discussions. And the deadlock continued.

(To be concluded)



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# Handwriting reveals your Character

Handwriting is an index of a man's progress in life. At the beginning of his career, it is clear and legible and it is interesting to note that it gets worse as he climbs higher and higher.

By David Gunston

THE man entering the bank looked harmless enough, but he did not speak, and the note he pushed determinedly over to the counter clerk seemed menacing. Wug I thiee a wvw exzllmnd? it read, or so the clerk thought.

New to his job, and taking no chances, the clerk kicked his alarm switch, bells shrilled, uproar ensued and before long the police seized the man. He proved to be a perfectly innocent customer, a business-man suffering from laryngitis. All his note said was: May I have a new cheque-book?

If his handwriting had been legible, no bother would have been caused. But unfortunately, bad writing is on the increase almost everywhere, and its results vary from the bizarre to the time-wasting.

When a Washington, U.S.A., tanker lorry-driver misread a carelessly-formed figure "4" for a "7" on a hand-written delivery sheet he pumped 385 gallons of fuel oil into the basement of the wrong house—through a disconnected intake. When a Coulsdon, Surrey housewife left her milkman a note asking for three pints of milk he figured out her scrawl as best he could—and left eight cartons of cream cheese neatly stacked by her back door. And when a newspaper editor scribbled instructions to a sign-painter to erect a notice outside the office building: Entrance in Spruce Street, passers-by got a good laugh when they looked up at a sign which read: Editors on a Spree.

One may smile at such results of careless calligraphy, but the

growing chances are that unless you have taken the trouble recently to re-form your writing, perhaps in one of the Italianate or Chancery hands, your penmanship is little better. In all walks of life to-day a startling array of dots, dashes, squiggles and inky entanglements pass as handwriting—usually with signatures to match. Indeed, in business, an indistinguishable signature is held to be something of an asset—sight having been almost completely lost of the simple fact that one's signature is nothing more than telling other people one's name in writing. Many of those who scrawl a meaningless signature at the foot of dozens (if not hundreds) of letters daily would consider discourteous people who called on them and when asked for their names mumbled the answer inaudibly. Yet the parallel is an apt one.

Part of the trouble lies in the fact that bad writing has always been considered a sign of cleverness, even of intellectual genius. There have in fact always been atrocious writers, many great men among them. Shakespeare would not pass the simplest clerk's examination for readable handwriting to-day, nor would Napoleon, one of whose intimate letters to the Empress Josephine when captured by his enemies led the German generals into believing they had seized his rough plan of campaign!

Charles Dickens wrote many of his immortal novels in a scrawly hand that is as hard to decipher to-day as it must have been to his printers, and author James Joyce wrote even more illegibly with coloured chalks on tiny sheets of pa-

per. During World War I it was said that a few pages of the mss. of his book *Ulysses*, with its weird script matching its language, led a postal censor into supposing he had intercepted a code message of considerable importance! Of H. G. Wells' spidery scribble, perhaps the worst writing of any great author, with the separate words continually running on, it was declared that only two people on earth could hope to decipher it accurately—the novelist himself and, fortunately, his secretary!

Doctors and lawyers, too, have always been notorious for the shoddiness of their writing, and it has always been a source of wonder that more people are not poisoned each year by dispensing chemists having unwittingly misread medical prescriptions! And a former Lord Londonderry once had the Clerk of the House of Lords ask him just what some strange marks on an amendment paper were meant to be. After himself deciphering his own scratchwork with some difficulty, the noble lord read his amendment himself. It suggested the withdrawal of the vote from those citizens who could not read or write!

As one authority says: "You can almost trace a man's career by his writing. When he starts out in life, it's clear and legible. The higher he climbs, the worse it gets." The explanation of this is strange yet fascinating. At the bottom of the ladder the man (or woman, for bad hands are by no means male prerogatives) is considerate, hard-working, anxious to make a good impression, and these admirable

qualities tend to be reflected in the clarity of his straightforward script. As the rough-and-tumble of competition and strain in his job gradually increases, however, he has less and less time for such humdrum details as writing clearly enough for anyone to read at once. As a result, his writing becomes hasty, haphazard, until it ends up by becoming selfishly meaningless.

In the U.S.A. alone it has been estimated that such writing is responsible for nearly one million dollars lost each week on wasted time, misinterpreted orders and instructions, clerical errors, delivery mistakes and hold-ups and other forms of commercial inefficiency, not to mention the vast but immeasurable exasperation among staffs who have to deal with such writing. Even the steady spread of office automation will never entirely eliminate the need for hand-written paper work. In countries less devoted to office mechanisation the waste must be proportionately greater, solely because most of us don't bother to write clearly. Indeed, almost every form to be filled in in almost every civilised country in the world now lays stipulates the use of BLOCK CAPITALS, PLEASE. Ordinary calligraphy cannot be trusted any more.

All this may have deeper personal implications than most of us realise. "Handwriting", says one graphologist, "reveals your character more fully than you may imagine. Reputable graphologists are

(Continued on Page III)

## HANDWRITING REVEALS

(Continued from page 1)

careful not to jump to conclusions, but there are a few safe generalisations."

"For instance, regular, steady handwriting usually indicates a person of strong will. A straggling hand suggests a moody, fickle person. If your letters are rounded, you are probably generous and sympathetic. If they are sharp and pointed, you are apt to be somewhat set in your ways, perhaps even a little intolerant. If your handwriting tilts sharply to the left, you may possibly be repressed and introverted; if it leans sharply to the right you are more likely to be an affectionate, kindly, outgoing person." "Above all, anyone whose writing and/or signature is so slipshod or complicated as to be largely unrecognisable, is clearly suffering in some degree from conceit and thoughtlessness."

The strange thing is that the very business chiefs and executives who are so bad at writing even their own names themselves, nevertheless insist on handwriting legibility in those they employ. In a recent survey of several hundred personnel directors of firms of all kinds, 88 per cent. said they regarded good, clear handwriting an important factor in landing a job in their concerns even for typists. Furthermore, 29 per cent. used it as a standard for promotion. All were agreed that slipshod penmanship in all clerical and allied

departments of their organisation would waste time, create extra work in the accounting and complaints sections, cause customer annoyance, destroy goodwill and ultimately lose business. Yet few set an example to would-be applicants for posts.

There is, in fact, some psychological evidence for believing that if one makes a determined conscious effort to improve one's handwriting, this effort at being more considerate towards others may find a reflection in one's thoughtfulness in other spheres of activity, at home, in one's job or play, even on the road.

As Lewis Mumford says: "Handwriting is an art open to any amateur, for the delight he gets from it himself and the further pleasure he gives to others." Even a little care can improve the worst of scripts, and thereby offer an increased degree of respect to the reader.

For those without the time or inclination to perfect a beautiful specialised hand, improvement can come first of all from a real determination to write more clearly, and a steady effort to round out individual letters, reduce flowery kinks and keep the writing track steady, level and uniform. But it is a mistake to attempt too much at once. Better to re-form one letter at a time, moulding it gradually and permanently into a better style.

The costs of bad handwriting seem likely to increase unless more of us do make such an effort, in or out of fashion."



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# CHRISTIAN PAINTING IN INDIA

(Continued from Page 1)

skinned, comely European of the Renaissance period, housed in shrines which in their architecture recalled Norman England, Gothic France and Renaissance Italy. The tendency grew still stronger when Christian middle-class homes were invaded by oleographs of European religious paintings.

It is interesting to recall that, although Vivekananda was not particularly interested in painting, he intuitively noticed the anomaly here. He once pointed out that great art could fix a concrete visualization in the mind even if the image was historically inaccurate. Thus, he pointed out, we could not think of the Last Supper without calling to mind Leonardo da Vinci's great picture, although Christ and his companions never used a table, but sat on the floor for their meals. Da Vinci's visualization harmonized with the European way of living. But it was awkward and unreal in the deeper sense when transferred on to the Indian palette.

Even as early as 1910 Sundar Singh, the Christian Sadhu of India, had complained that the water of life had been offered to India in a Western cup. A movement for the complete Indianization of Christianity was initiated by the more discerning leaders of the community. The attempt by Keshub Chandra Sen and the Brahma Samaj to create a faith incorporating elements from Hinduism and Christianity, the friendship between Mahatma Gandhi and C. F. Andrews, the striking similarity between the doctrine of Gandhiji and the Christian doctrine in its original purity and studies like *Christ of the Indians*,<sup>o</sup> Road by Dr Stanley Jones accelerated the movement.

# MODELS

Christian ecclesiastical architecture began to adjust itself to the traditional landscape. Hindu temples were the models for the shrines in the CPSS Ashram at Poona, the Christakula Ashram at Tirupattur in South India and the church at Mehrauli near Delhi, while the Cathedral at Dornakal with its domed towers and pillared halls attempted an interesting synthesis of Muslim and Hindu styles.

The new spirit influenced painting also and began to clash with the tradition of imitative Westernism. Thus was initiated the third phase in the history of Christian painting in India. In the works of Angelo da Fonseca, Indian forms and environment receive a baptism which infuses grace without altering the native quality. The adorable drowsy little child and its parents in the *Presentation to the Temple* could have come from any Indian home. What Da Vinci represented Christ the Apostles as seated for the Last Supper with equally just native truth, vision seated on the throne before them.



The Presentation (by Angelo da Fonseca).

of the familiar South Indian type illuminating the scene. In the *Home at Nazareth* he not only exorcised the Western image, but also moved nearer to the essential simplicity of the life of the historical Christ.

It is incredible how the main evolution of religious art in Europe since the Renaissance had completely obscured this quality. The opulence of Veronese made the Apostles and Jesus look like the merchant princes of Italian city-States. It is worth while comparing Fonsecas's picture with *Christ in the House of His Parents* by the Pre-Raphaelite painter, Millais. The latter work was censured at its first appearance because, according to the critics, it dared to drag down the Saviour "to the lowest human levels". Even Charles Dickens fulminated against the work. "In the foreground of the carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a night-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he had been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contempt and derision of a kneeling woman, horrible in her ugliness, and in the expression of her face" (supposing it were possible for a human creature to have a moment with a throat) she thrusts from the scene as a morose set in shoes.

kept in mind. The Eurocentric attitude of colonial days was the result of the retreat of the nation's energy before the onslaught of a powerful foreign culture. But the foreign elements in our outlook today are the result of the expanding consciousness which accepts congenial influences, whatever their source, with abundant confidence. Further, in the Christian art of Rouault and the Mexicans, Rivera and Orozco, the visualization has very little ethnic specificity. The Christ of Rouault is a crucified man, not a tormented European. Thus what is really happening is the emergence of a cosmopolitanism which accepts Christ as a universal figure and relates his message to the crisis of modern times in an idiom which is also cosmopolitan.

## REBEL ARTIST

This truth is reflected in the Christian paintings of a rebel like Francis Newton. Except in the early phase, where Rivera's physical types were taken over along with his style, Newton visualizes his theme in terms of the human environment of pre-colonial Goa or Bombay. Jamini similarly recoiled from the idealism of the Renaissance which could express human aspect of the low, distorting elements of Byzantine icons, the manner of which folk paintings of the sixteenth century and from Roussell with the play of the world's widely recognized narrative again and again. The folk manner of reaction against the Catholicism but leading to the Roman Catholicism of the nineteenth century is a work of humanism never done by the Church of his time.



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(Continued from Page 1)

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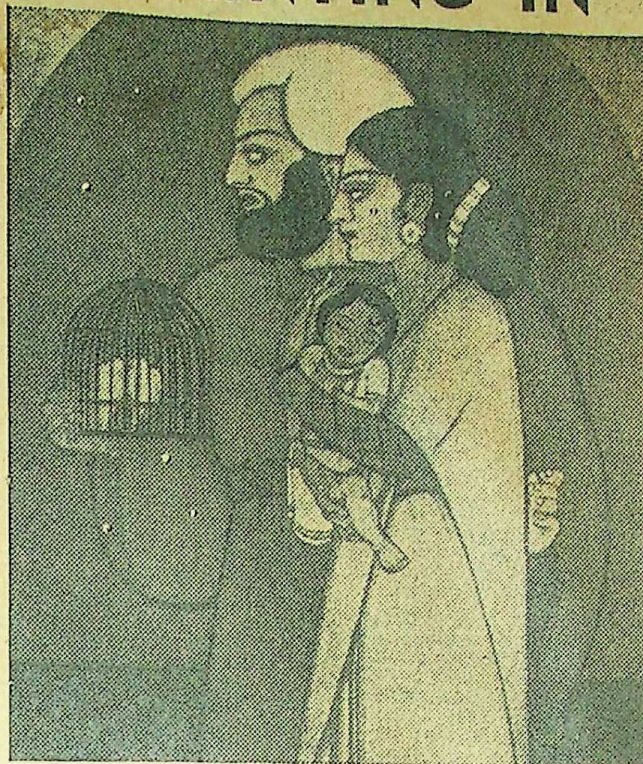
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It is needless to add that this criticism was completely off the rails. The real cause of offence was the very humanity which endears the picture to us today. The fact that Fonseca's picture did not raise any such storm shows a change of heart since the days when the opulent oleographs of Europe ruled the Indian imagination.

## FROM AJANTA

In the art of Angela Trindade, Christian art was not only Indianized but smoothly absorbed into the traditional art-stream of the country. For what she achieved was the smooth and effective visualization of the Christian theme in that idiom of sinuous line, opulent colour and gracious figures which is an inheritance from Ajanta. Her angels are Gandharvas, her cherubs plump little Indian infants, dressed in spotless little dhotis, wearing bracelets, anklets and necklaces and her Mary a gracious figure from an Indian home.

Christian art in India is entering on a fourth phase in its evolution today. There is a paradox here, for the style is moving nearer to European styles, whereas the movement had begun as a turning away from Westernism. But a very important distinction has to be

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This truth is reflected in the Christian paintings of a rebel like Francis Newton. Except in the early phase, where Rivera's physical types were taken over along with his style, Newton visualizes his theme in terms of the human environment of proletarian Goa or Bombay. Jamini Roy similarly recoiled from the naturalism of the Renaissance painters, which could express only the human aspect of the incarnation and even that often with a shallow, distorting elegance. In his Christian paintings, the style of Byzantine paintings and icons, the manner of anonymous French folk painters of the twelfth century and perhaps suggestions from Rouault have blended with the Indian folk art idiom. The splendid efficiency of the folk idiom comes out in the manner in which a mere schematic treatment of features like beard, mouth and eyes, especially the large sombre eyes, conveys the human quality of Christ which alone makes the agony of the Passion intensely real. But, at the same time, the near-abstract schematism of the total design makes his paintings symbolic of the divinity that was also part of Christ's essence.

The Indianization of the Christ-figure can be said to be complete only when he is thus accepted as a symbol of a universal verity, relevant to the spiritual need of every country and every epoch and, therefore, also to the India of the mid-twentieth century. In the paintings of Dr Thiruvikraman, Chavda and Kanwal Krishna this universality has been gained. From painting, the figure of Christ is stepping into other media as well. Kanwal Krishna has some fine etchings on the Christ theme and his wife Devayani recently finished a head of Christ in batik which rivals the poignancy of Rouault's great paintings.



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# When British Painters Went To India

## LAHE MONIR KHAN

AFC



tar. In his build- easily detect a and the Saracenic with indigenous The family Suri, those of and Sher Shah (1530 to 1540 the "vigour and he personality of ater builders of India had these to copy from. um of Sher Shah, f the finest specia- han architecture imposing struc- standing in the ne tank about a square and rising tone-terrace. This is 30 ft. in three hundred ests on a large with a flight of the water's edge. ing feature of the s immense dome. an of 72 ft., 13 ft. dome of the Taj 50 ft-long cause-

way was constructed to connect the mausoleum with the northern building. It is entered through a wide verandah running all around the building with three arches on each side. The interior of the mausoleum is composed of a large octagonal hall surrounded by an arcade of Gothic arches from which a second octagonal storey springs, and above this rises the immense dome. In the centre is the grave of Sher Shah. The windows above the verandah, filled with stone tracery, give light to the hall.

Though the mausoleum of Sher Shah cannot stand comparison with the Taj at Agra in point of grace, elegance and ethereal charm, yet it is unique for dignity, simplicity and virility. Referring to this tomb, Percy Brown observes: "There must be few who can look on this great grave monument without being deeply moved by its calm and stately dignity showing the aesthetic capacity of Indian architecture with its genius at its highest."

motive. George Chinnery seems to have abandoned a respectable practice in Ireland not only to profit by the family connexion with a firm in Madras but to get away from his wife. When she and their son and daughter went out to join him in Madras he retreated to China, the large number of his paintings and drawings of Macao being the result of this second escape. Yet we must allow also for the fascination which the Orient held from a purely artistic point of view, especially for the landscape painter and topographer. Travel was an occupational necessity of the early English water-colourist. He was habituated to it in the form of a tour of England and Wales and the Grand Tour of Europe, and of these India offered a sumptuous extension. The romantic spirit was excited by its exotic promise and the novelties of a Picturesque not yet explored. It is not, therefore, surprising that Thomas Daniell, a water-colour painter and engraver who had previously roamed the English counties, at the age of 35 should set sail for the East (a year after Zoffany) taking with him as his pupil and assistant his young nephew William.

Recent exhibitions in London at the Commonwealth Institute and in Bond Street galleries, have redirected attention to the productions of Chinnery and the

and the remark- they displayed. It was not long in e he had made a tint views of the local labour (or them with water- they started out cturesque tours" the Ganges and vards until they ght of the Hima- rds going south as far as Ceylon. ourist in general bered among the tached and quiet-

attendants. Chinnery sketched incessantly in Bengal. On their travels north and south the Daniells were on one occasion attacked by bandits and were rarely out of range of fighting. This giving rise to the mild complaint at one place they reached that "war which is the scourge of art and science rendered the gratification of our curiosity in these parts dangerous."

It was perhaps this detachment that prevented the British artist in India from being affected in pictorial style. This is clearly understandable as far as the portrait painters were concerned. Their main business was to depict Georgian gentlemen, civil or military, and sometimes their families; and these looked pretty much the same in Cawnpore as in Chiswick and expected to be portrayed in the established manner of Reynolds or Romney. It is only when Zoffany portrays an Indian ruler that there appears in his mode of treatment some faint hint of Mogul art.

Looking recently at the excellent colour films of the visit to India of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh one could appreciate how gorgeous colour and crowded composition impressed Indian artists and were interpreted in their work. The eighteenth-century Arthur William Devis, however, painting a ceremonial occasion such as "The Reception of the Sons of Tipu," remains near to Benjamin West in pictorial outlook. Zoffany painting a tiger hunt with elephants, seems to fall partly through unfamiliarity with the animals and partly through an effort to be realistic in an entirely European fashion.

★

Oddly enough the influence of Eastern on Western art is more apparent in those who did not travel than those who did. There is more of Hindu art in William Blake than in his travelled contemporaries. The latter, however, were documentary in aim, not so much stylistically impressionable as absorbed in their subjects. It is with a touch derived from Canaletto and an English tradition that Chinnery depicts a decaying temple on the Ganges or a village in Bengal; as a romantic Englishman that Thomas Daniell views a waterfall in northern India, though in both cases topography gains an unusual charm and interest. Zoffany was of the irreverent opinion that the Taj Mahal "wanted nothing but a glass case to cover it," but Daniell, certainly, had a better appreciation of Indian architecture and was somewhat shocked at the idea that his celebrated volumes of "Oriental Scenery" were held responsible for what he considered the architectural travesty of the Brighton Pavilion.



"An Indian Soldier" by George Chinnery.

ly venturesome of human beings. A hot climate seems in no way to have affected the intense productivity of Chinnery or the Daniells. Thomas Daniell, as we see him in one of his drawings, settles down on his sketching stool on the bank of an Indian river with only the modicum of shade afforded by an awning upheld by Indian

## THE GOLDEN GIFT

Truth, I believe, is something that you have in you at the beginning. You start life with that possession and it's like a solid gold nugget. But it's all too easy to whittle away the gold — Novelist Pamela Frankau speaking in the BBC "Woman Hour" programme about truth.

an old painting in the O Patna. the country can e fact that he first Muslim is coins struck anagiri script, of even during days of Akbar and planner, the world can The several road he had titude of tou- ore than 1,700 (caravansarai) n these roads, rangements of Hindus and al lessons in amenities. out exemplary ty and erring, were seldom g. his five man could en with all en gold and about him. di records an murder and ught the cul-



# When British Painters Went To India

"HE expects to roll in gold-dust," the watercolourist, Paul Sandby, somewhat acidly remarked when in 1783 he heard that Johann Zoffany was seeking fresh worlds to paint and had applied to the East India Company for a passage to India (says a correspondent in *The Times*). This in fact was the material motive which partly explains why quite a number of British artists journeyed to the Far East in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

The tempting prospect of patronage lured them from their London studios. They saw themselves prospering among the wealthy nabobs of "John Company" showered with lakhs of rupees by native princes, freed from the competition of an overcrowded profession in England. William Hodges, R.A., one of those who preceded Zoffany in India, gave him a glowing account of Warren Hastings's generosity to artists; to exchange Albemarle Street for Lucknow seemed for a painter of 58 years and extravagant tastes the best possible way of recouping a rapidly dwindling fortune, and indeed Zoffany is reputed to have earned some £10,000 in an Indian year or two of portraiture.

\* "Gold-dust" was not the sole motive. George Chinnery seems to have abandoned a respectable practice in Ireland not only to profit by the family connexion with a firm in Madras but to get away from his wife. When she and their son and daughter went out to join him in Madras he retreated to China, the large number of his paintings and drawings of Macao being the result of this second escape. Yet we must allow also for the fascination which the Orient held from a purely artistic point of view, especially for the landscape painter and topographer. Travel was an occupational necessity of the early English watercolourist. He was habituated to it in the form of a tour of England and Wales and the Grand Tour of Europe, and of these India offered a sumptuous extension. The romantic spirit was excited by its exotic promise and the novelties of a Picturesque not yet explored. It is not, therefore, surprising that Thomas Daniell, a watercolour painter and engraver who had previously roamed the English counties, at the age of 35 should set sail for the East (a year after Zoffany) taking with him as his pupil and William, his young nephew.

Recent exhibitions in London at the Commonwealth Institute and in Bond Street galleries have redirected attention to the productions of Chinnery and the

two Daniells and the remarkable industry they displayed. Thomas Daniell was not long in Calcutta before he had made a series of aquatint views of the city, enlisting local labour (or art) to "stain" them with watercolour. Then they started out on their "picturesque tours" first sailing up the Ganges and making northwards until they came within sight of the Himalayas, afterwards going south from Madras as far as Ceylon.

The watercolourist in general is to be numbered among the most calmly detached and quiet-

attendants. Chinnery sketched incessantly in Bengal. On their travels north and south the Daniells were on one occasion attacked by bandits and were rarely out of range of fighting, this giving rise to the mild complaint at one place they reached that "war which is the scourge of art and science rendered the gratification of our curiosity in these parts dangerous."

It was perhaps this detachment that prevented the British artist in India from being affected in pictorial style. This is clearly understandable as far as the portrait painters were concerned. Their main business was to depict Georgian gentlemen, civil or military, and sometimes their families; and these looked pretty much the same in Cawnpore as in Chiswick and expected to be portrayed in the established manner of Reynolds or Romney. It is only when Zoffany portrays an Indian ruler that there appears in his mode of treatment some faint hint of Mogul art.

Looking recently at the excellent colour films of the visit to India of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh one could appreciate how gorgeous colour and crowded composition impressed Indian artists and were interpreted in their work. The eighteenth-century Arthur William Devis, however, painting a ceremonial occasion such as "The Reception of the Sons of Tipu," remains near to Benjamin West in pictorial outlook. Zoffany painting a tiger hunt with elephants, seems to fail partly through unfamiliarity with the animals and partly through an effort to be realistic in an entirely European fashion.

\*

Oddly enough the influence of Eastern on Western art is more apparent in those who did not travel than those who did. There is more of Hindu art in William Blake than in his travelled contemporaries. The latter, however, were documentary in aim, not so much stylistically impressionable as absorbed in their subjects. It is with a touch derived from Canaletto and an English tradition that Chinnery depicts a decaying temple on the Ganges or a village in Bengal; as a romantic Englishman that Thomas Daniell views a waterfall in northern India, though in both cases topography gains an unusual charm and interest. Zoffany was of the irreverent opinion that the Taj Mahal "wanted nothing but a glass case to cover it," but Daniell, certainly, had a better appreciation of Indian architecture and was somewhat shocked at the idea that his celebrated volumes of "Oriental Scenery" were held responsible for what he considered the architectural travesty of the Brighton Pavilion.



"An Indian Soldier" by George Chinnery.

ly venturesome of human beings. A hot climate seems in no way to have affected the intense productivity of Chinnery or the Daniells. Thomas Daniell, as we see him in one of his drawings, settles down on his sketching stool on the bank of an Indian river with only the modicum of shade afforded by an awning upheld by Indian

## THE GOLDEN GIFT

Truth, I believe, is something that you have in you at the beginning. You start life with that possession and it's like a solid gold nugget. But it's all too easy to whittle away the gold—Novelist Pamela Frankau speaking in the BBC "Woman Hour" programme about truth.

REVIEW  
FRANCE

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SUNDAY

# COMPILING SANSKRIT DICTIONARY

By P. R. Shinde

The quiet precincts of the Deccan College and Postgraduate Research Institute, two entire wings of forested hills have been converted into the Sanskrit Dictionary Department.

Scholars from India and abroad are busy at work on a project—that of compiling a Sanskrit dictionary. It is said that when this monumental scholarship is printed, it will cover about 20 volumes of folio quarto (11-inch by 15-inches) each.

The first Sanskrit-English dictionary is that of Wilson, published from Calcutta, the most important contribution in the 19th century came from the combined efforts of two Germans—Otto Roth and Rudolph Roth—between 1855 and 1875 published even large volumes of a German dictionary from Germany.

Scholars in India as well as abroad have recognised the importance of a new dictionary of Sanskrit, utilising all the published texts and the manuscripts still reposing in the archives of the world. No university in the East or the West has been able to tackle this task. Co-operative efforts in the West for such undertakings have not yet reached a satisfactory conclusion. The occurrence of two world wars and the persistence of the last war, to a great extent, gave the quietus to such projects in the West. It was only recently realized that a work

of such magnitude could be undertaken only in India.

It was in this context that the Deccan College, which was closed in 1934 as an undergraduate college, was revived by the Government in 1939 as a foundation for post-graduate studies and research in linguistics, history and social sciences. By 1942 the college embarked on a pilot project of preparing a Sanskrit dictionary on historical principles based on material drawn solely from the Sanskrit inscriptions found in India and outside, as the skeleton around which the final dictionary could be compiled.

In 1946 this work progressed sufficiently to permit the college to approach the Central Government in regard to the final dictionary. In 1948 the Government of India approved of the project and sanctioned token grants after which the Bombay Government also sanctioned complementary grants.

With this small beginning, the Deccan college undertook the monumental task of compiling a dictionary of Sanskrit on historical principles. A minimum programme of extracting material from about 2,000 texts against 20,000 titles known from catalogues of Sanskrit manuscripts was approved. Not all of these 2,000 texts are available in print and, as a part of the work, the Deccan College has been collating manuscripts and constituting the texts which have so far not been published. The extent of this work may be gauged from the fact that all the Sanskrit dictionaries published so far do not cover even 800 texts, and even these are not treated exhaustively.

The new Sanskrit dictionary at-



Traditional search-pilgrimage now between Pathankot and Dharamshala, headquarters of Punjab.

Indian Deccan dictionary exhausts every all its evident usage, literary period above South rare leaves from

attempts to history of word in nations as evidence in usage in literature from 1800 A.D. of a given will be increasing of a visible, the reach means

There is of new and up of this project. Traditional knowledge is intimately linked with modern research methods and nothing of importance in either direction is being missed. In the Deccan College there is a staff consisting of an editor, three assistant editors, a number of sub-editors, research assistants, shastris and scribes. The shastris and scribes (generally) represent the traditional aspect of Sanskrit, while the others represent the critical Western approach. The shastris represent (aspects) different specialised branches of knowledge, particularly the various systems of philosophy. The group works under an editorial board consisting of eminent scholars jointly appointed by the Government of India and the Council of Management of the Deccan College.

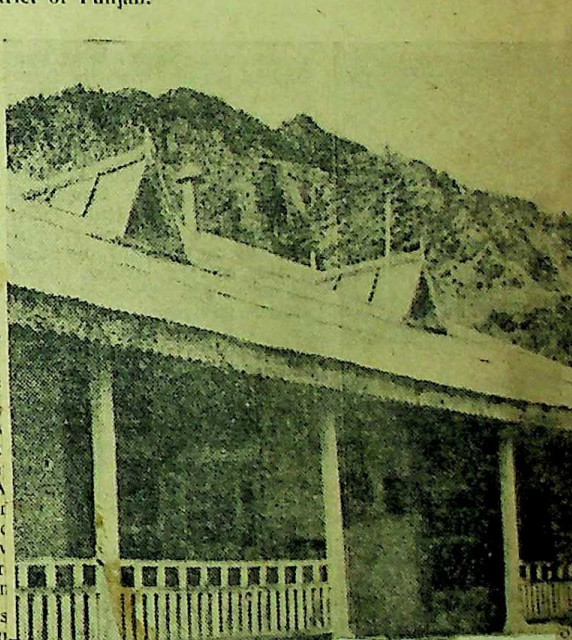
The work at the Deccan College is supplemented by individual scholars from different parts of the world. Among foreign scholars associated with the project, special mention may be made of Prof. Louis Renou of Paris and Prof. Waldschmidt of Göttingen. Scholars from Japan, the U.S., and other countries are also closely as-

## Hill Resort The Haven For Refugees Refugees Learn To Read, Write Earn A Living

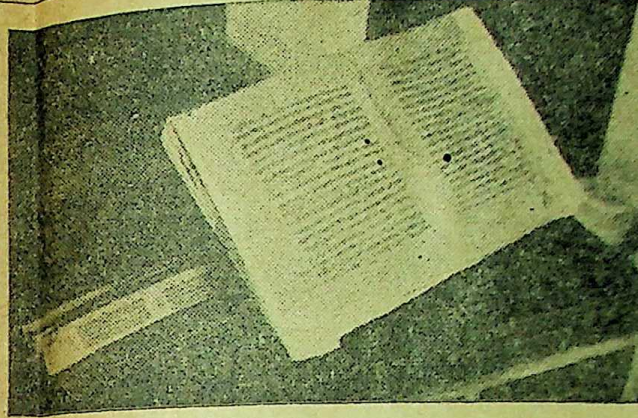
Punyapriya Dasgupta

The "Times of India" News Service

between Pathankot and Dharamshala, headquarters of Punjab.







Traditional knowledge is intimately linked with modern research methods in the compilation of this monumental Sanskrit-English dictionary by Indian and foreign scholars in Deccan College, Poona. The dictionary attempts to give exhaustively the history of every single Sanskrit word in all its meaningful situations as evidenced by its contextual usage in the whole range of literature from the early Vedic period to 1800 A.D. Pictured above is a "Shastri" from South India; at right (above) rare manuscripts on palm leaves; and below a scholar from Holland at work on the lexicon.



—is expected to conclude by 1969, while the next two stages of sub-editing and preparing a press copy may take another five or six years.

The dictionary is planned to be a Sanskrit-English one as an international project. When the manuscript copy is ready, there should be no difficulty for suitable academics to adapt this edition into a Sanskrit-Hindi or any modern Indian foreign language edition. Problems of producing such a complicated dictionary in a modern Indian print-shop are at present stupendous. By the time the press-copy is ready, however, modern electronic devices and photo-mechanical advances may make this a simple job. The main idea of the organisers is to make it available to scholars at almost cost price.

tempts to give exhaustively the history of every single Sanskrit word in all its meaningful situations as evidenced by its contextual usage in the whole range of literature from the early Vedic period to 1800 A.D. The first occurrence of a given meaning and the last, will be indicated under each meaning of a vocable and, where possible, the region or regions where each meaning was current.

There is a welcome combination of new and old in the general set-up of this project. Traditional knowledge is intimately linked with modern research methods and nothing of importance in either direction is being missed. In the Deccan College there is a staff consisting of an editor, three assistant editors, a number of sub-editors, research assistants, *shastris* and scribes. The *shastris* and scribes (generally) represent the traditional aspect of Sanskrit, while the others represent the critical Western approach. The *shastris* represent (aspects) different specialised branches of knowledge, particularly the various systems of philosophy. The group works under an editorial board consisting of eminent scholars jointly appointed by the Government of India and the Council of Management of the Deccan College.

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sociated with the project. Two young scholars from Holland have stayed on at the Deccan College for over two years, actively assisting in different editorial procedures.

While financial assistance has come mainly from the Union Government, the project is considerably benefited by large grants from the Government of Bombay, other State Governments, the University of Poona, other universities and charitable trusts. The international

status of the project is maintained by a regular grant from UNESCO. But the merit of the project lies in the fact that unexpected assistance is being received from individual scholars who come across new vocables or new usages of vocables already recorded in other meaningful situations. With its present organisation, the first two stages of the project—compilation of material from the minimum programme and arrangement in a scriptorium

In other words the dictionary will give the space-time distribution of each meaning that a Sanskrit vocable bears in its history. What is being attempted here has not been done for a classical or modern language before, and when the work is completed it will constitute a monumental contribution to historical lexicography and to lexicography in general.



# Studies And

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# Studies In Palaeography And Epigraphy

By K. N. Chitnis

THE importance of palaeography and epigraphy can hardly be exaggerated, especially in a country like India where the main sources of history are inscriptions.

It is only on the basis of inscriptions, sometimes corroborated by other evidence, that we can obtain an authentic picture of India's past in all its aspects—political, social, religious, and cultural.

This knowledge is imparted in the school of Indian Palaeography and Epigraphy recently started at Dharwar under the auspices of The Karnatak Historical Research Society, Dharwar. Deliberately shorn of all extra-curricular activities, the school makes students devote all their attention to palaeography and to nothing else. Fortunately for the students, the teacher is the well-known Palaeographer and epigraphist, Vidyaratna R. S. Panchamukhi, an erudite Sanskrit scholar

and a brilliant Indologist.

The School conducts classes and seminars. Classes are held daily from 6 p. m. to 7 p. m. Since the subject is very technical and difficult, and since a beginner always requires close guidance and the personal supervision by the teacher, the number of the students at present is limited to seven only although the school can admit to this three-months course eight students more.

The school pays equal attention to both practice and theory. In a week three days are devoted to practical work, two to theory and one to seminars. The Karnatak Historical Research Society, under whose auspices, the classes are run, lacks public support. It maintains a library, but it does not have enough books and journals relating to Palaeography and epigraphy. Other educational institutions such as the Karnatak College, the Karnatak University, the Kannada Research Institute, the Karnatak Vidya Vardhaka Sangh are, however, not far from Dharwar, and from these institutions books can be had with little difficulty.

A good number of impressions of stone inscriptions are made available to the students to teaching them the technique of reading the script. The school has also collected many copper plate inscriptions written in different languages and scripts. A master of palaeography, the teacher traces the evolution of each of the letters to its origin, explaining its characteristics, various meanings through the ages from Asokan times down to the sixteenth century A. D. Students have to read the inscriptions, copy them and add a note on where it was found, the era of which it speaks, the king in whose time it was written, the date in which the events mentioned in the inscription occurred. They then make a summary of the contents of the inscription and its importance on its different aspects, political, social, economic, religious and linguistic. And, lastly, they have to comment in detail on the palaeographical peculiarities of the inscription.

During his lectures given on two days in a week, the teacher deals with ancient Indian history as learnt from inscriptions with the origin and evolution of the Brahmi script, with the edicts of Asoka, with the different characteristic features of the varieties of Brahmi, both in the Mauryan and the Gupta periods, with South Indian alphabets and other epigraphical matters. On the day of the seminar usual, Saturday, there is a discussion on what has been done in the preceding five days by the students. Sometimes one student gives a short talk on a particular aspect of history or palaeography.

TIMES

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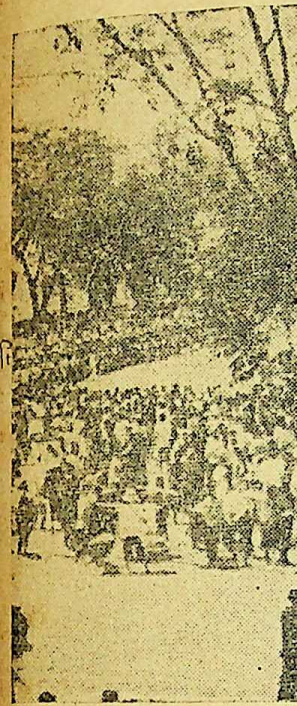
on Madara island, presents a pic-  
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They're off! The bulk get off to a good start while the crowd around the track goes crazy cheer-  
ing. In short, furious spurts, their hooves tearing up the turf.



SUNDAY

# BULL ISLAND



Children, as eager as their elders,  
The track is an open field.

## An Old Now New

LIKE the Pilgrim Fathers of England the early Hind immigrants in Indonesia must have carried with them not only some gay traditions but also names of places in India associated with art and architecture.

One such is Madura, the name given to an island off Surabaya in Java, which is known for its manufacture and breeding of famous bulls. Like Ongol in Andhra Pradesh and Hariana in the Punjab Madura island is well-known for the excellent quality of its bulls and the annual bull races.

### Origin Of Race

It is said that in days of old after the rice fields had been ploughed, the Madurese farmers competed with each other to see whose cows could harrow most ground in the shortest time. Bulls—being lustier and stronger than cows—were used and the teeth of the harrow removed from the frame and the racecourse became the open field as against the lush rice-field. This is believed to be the origin of present-day bull races on the island.

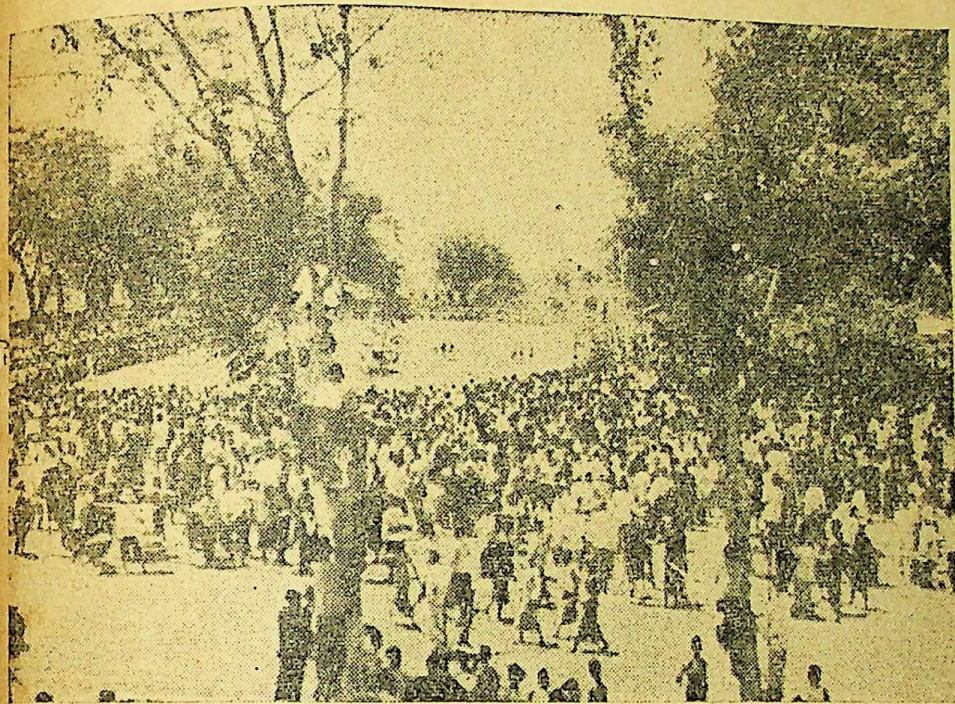
Days before the annual bull race the town square of Bangkalan on Madura island presents a picture of colour and gaiety, with a moving crowd scrutinising close the entries for the races. The bulls, beautifully groomed, with



SUNDAY

THE TIMES

# BULL RACING ON THE ISLAND OF MADURA



Children, as eager as their elders, climb trees to see the bull race over the heads in the crowd. The track is an open stretch of ground 140 metres long and 25 metres broad.

## An Old Indian Tradition Is Now Indonesian Heritage

By J. Radhakrishnan

LIKE the Pilgrim Fathers of England the early Hindu immigrants in Indonesia must have carried with them not only some gay traditions but also names of places in India associated with art and architecture.

One such is Madura, the name given to an island off Surabaya in Java, which is known for its salt manufacture and breeding of famous bulls. Like Ongol in Andhra Pradesh and Hariana in the Punjab, Madura island is well-known for the excellent quality of its bulls and the annual bull races.

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Days before the annual bull race the town square of Bangkalan on Madura island, presents a picture of colour and gaiety, with admiring crowds scrutinising closely the entries for the races. The bulls, beautifully groomed, with

tails trimmed, hooves varnished and shining with gold lacquer become "heroes" on this occasion.

Their ceremonial regalia consists of gay silks and embroidered cloth glittering with beads and inset mirrors. The yokes, too, are suitably decorated and enlivened

with carved and painted dragons. The jockeys, with special headgear and proud stance on the wooden shaft between the two bulls, complete the picture.

As for the bull owners, this is a period of suspense, round-the-clock vigil and devout prayers. For at least three nights before the races,

the participants and their followers sit up with their bulls "entertaining them with music and singing." They also "try to please the bulls with offerings of dainty morsels of food and then pray for success on the great day. This is in line with the age-old superstition that staying awake on the eve of an important event increases the chances of success.

Another reason for the night-long vigil is the fear that the opponents might be up to their tricks, invoking spirits that might rob them of victory.

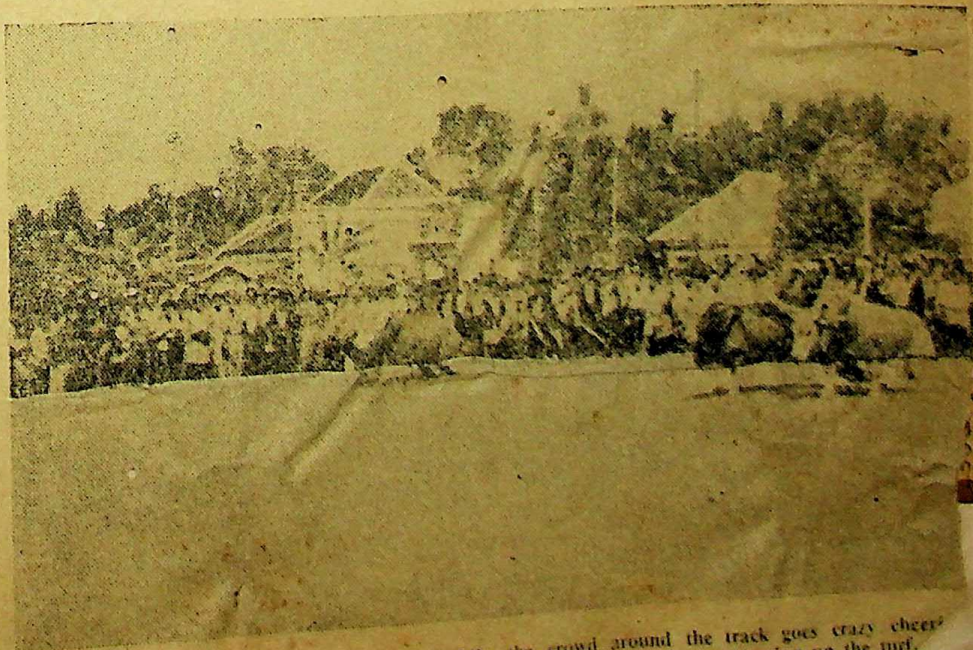
Meanwhile, wagers are laid among the villagers as the teams are taken out in procession in the main streets to provide an opportunity for close scrutiny of the teams by the people. And year by year, the popularity of the bull races have grown immensely, sometimes attracting people from as far as Java.

### Three Teams

The bull race track is usually 140 metres long and 25 metres broad. Customarily only three yokes of bulls are raced at a time, the winner going on to compete in the next round, until the finals are reached. This is because of the difficulty of letting more than three teams race at a time.

Bulls do not race like horses, as they are more heavily built and cannot run great distances. But they make furious short dashes, pounding over the ground, and display magnificent spirit and determination to get to the post first. It is indeed this characteristic of the racing bulls which brings excitement to these races. Very often, the jockeys have difficulty in guiding and stopping them at the end of the race; the bulls crash into the crowd causing confusion and merriment. Fortunately, casualties are not known to have occurred at any time.

The victor is honoured with an umbrella procession through the main streets to the accompaniment of the village orchestra. The unlucky ones, of course, await their chance the next year!



They're off! The bulls get off to a good start while the crowd around the track goes crazy cheering. The animals, unlike horses, race in short, furious spurts, their hooves tearing up the turf.



# EDITING MANUSCRIPTS

(Contributed)

About seventy or eighty years ago, there was a rediscovery of a considerable body of the ancient literature of the Tamils. The works were in the form of anthologies of poetry dating back to about 1,500 years or so. These came to be known as 'The Sangham Classics'. This was a discovery fairly comparable in magnitude and quality to the rediscovery of the Greek classics in Europe during the Renaissance.

The scholars who were responsible for this discovery were fired with enthusiasm, and although the manuscripts available then were very in number (as a wide and systematic investigation had not been undertaken), they embarked on a pioneering work, in spite of their very meagre resources and lack of methodology and adequate training in research. To them we owe a deep debt of gratitude.

As these works first appeared about a millennium and a half ago, we do not have any surviving 'first editions' of these works. In fact, we do not even know where these poems came to be recorded in the first instance, whether on the tablets of memory or on palm-leaf which, until quite recently, was the substitute for paper in this part of the country. It may be that both methods were adopted. But later on, all these works were recorded or copied on palm-leaf; and, as palm-leaf is perishable material, they had to be copied again and again as the years rolled by.

What Pederson says of the manuscripts of the West is even more true of these palm-leaf manuscripts of South India. "These have passed from hand to hand and among our oldest manuscripts are separated by long centuries from the period of their original authors. In the process of continual recopying it was inevitable that errors should creep in; and a mistake might easily lead to another, when a subsequent copy-ist attempted a correction without reaching deep enough into the text to discover the correct meaning. In the middle ages, when knowledge of classical culture had sunk to a low level, the tradition was particularly bad. When editing of classical literature began, after the invention of printing, the process at first was done without plan. Later manuscripts, full of errors, were accepted as the basis of editions. Efforts were made to eliminate worst errors and to clear up intelligible passages by means of conjectures made without any set method".

It was not until the 19th century that research has been done that it was necessary to set up a family tree, so to speak, for the manuscripts of a given work.

But this is only a first step. Each should be followed up by work of an altogether different nature; for even with the most thorough comparison of the manuscripts it is usually impossible to work back to a faultless text. It is the work for the Philologist to penetrate deeply into the content and train of thought of the work, and by an alert sense even the most delicate shades of linguistic usage, he may discover and point to us where the scribe or copyist has erred. Next, he must know the errors are likely to be.

This applies in toto to the publication of Tamil manuscripts as well. These errors may be classified under the following major heads:

**Scribal errors:** "The scribe has spoiled the book (edu)" is a Tamil proverb, the truth of which every editor of Tamil classics knows to his cost. Near similarity in the forms of letters, and commission, account for many of these.

**Regional and dialectal variations:** Even though the copying scribes may be learned and scholarly men, yet as a result of the original text with real exactness, and they

... was never to let imagination at the crucial moment. ... eventually she smoothed life ambitions, and ... to family commitments

## Winning Light

By Walker Gibson

Central Research Institute, Melukote Collection



# EDITING OF TAMIL MANUSCRIPTS

(Contributed)

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What Pederson says of the manuscripts of the West is even more true of these palm-leaf manuscripts of South India. "These have passed from hand to hand and in our oldest manuscripts are variegated by long centuries from the period of their original authors. In the process of continual recopying it was inevitable that errors should creep in; and a mistake might easily lead to another, when a subsequent copy attempted a correction without reaching deep enough into the text to discover the correct meaning. In the middle ages, when knowledge of classical culture sunk to a low level, the tradition was particularly bad. When editing of classical literature began, after the invention of printing, the process at first was without plan. Later manuscripts, full of errors, were accepted as the basis of editions. Efforts were made to eliminate worst errors and to clear up intelligible passages by means of conjectures made without any set method".

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**Regional and dialectal variations:** Even though the copying is done by learned and scholarly men, yet as a result of setting down the correct forms of the original text with real exactness, and then

able to the period when Tamil literature was emerging confirm our doubts. For instance, we find that the forms of certain words used in literature and in inscriptions are different. Scholars, who were more familiar with manuscripts than with inscriptions, came to accept the forms of words in the manuscripts as correct, and to reject those in the inscriptions as incorrect. Editors have emended the text found in the inscriptions. It should be noted in this context that copper plates and stone inscriptions retain to-day their original form, and that they have, generally speaking, neither been transcribed nor modified, nor corrected; while manuscripts may have, as remarked above, undergone many changes.

Some think that this difference between manuscripts and inscriptions is due to the fact that the manuscripts were usually copied by learned men, while the stone inscriptions were made by less knowledgeable persons. Though the stone masons who usually make the inscriptions might have belonged to the artisan class, we gather that it was the practice for learned men or scribes to write on the material, and for the masons to go over the writing with chisel and hammer following the lines of the script as far as the material would allow. Further, we may be certain that all those who drafted the inscriptions relating to royal grants were learned men or officers attached to the royal court.

From all this, we have to conclude that the inscriptions were, perhaps, in a language then regarded as fairly correct; and, if so, the forms of the words and phrases therein observed should have been those that were prevalent in that particular area in the literature of the period as well.

In order that the history of the Tamil script and the authenticity of the Tamil text may be correctly established, all the available inscriptions should first be carefully edited and published. These will show the evolution of the script, the word, and the language. The various editions we have of Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, in the English language, both in their old spelling and in the modern, help the scholars to note the ways in which spelling and grammar have developed.

## SANSKRIT AND GRANTHA SCRIPTS

We find quite a large number of Sanskrit words, phrases, idioms and usages, and the Grantha Script also in the grants. In fact, many grants have a Sanskrit verse or verses at the very beginning. Further, when scholars had to refer to highly technical subjects it was only natural for them to adopt a terminology already in hand in the Sanskrit language which contained a fairly large body of writing on many topics other than literary. Thus also, Sanskrit words may have got mixed with the phraseology of Tamil. This is comparable to the admixture of Latin in English in a similar context.

It is well to be warned that one should not be too rash in regard to this. We find various usages existing together at the present day. It may well be that in olden times also there was such a variety among the usages of the King's court, and of scholars, ordinary folk, and laymen. That such differences did exist is obvious from the usages noticeable in stone inscriptions, works of literature, the hymns of Saivite and Vaishnavite saints and folk songs. In regard to the vocabulary we should bear in mind that not all the words in the lexicons can go into poetry and that no body of good prose (except the inscriptions) has come down to us from the ancient past, even though there was such literature.

## EDITING REQUISITES

The requisites for good editing at the present day are, first and foremost, a thorough knowledge of Tamil, deep and wide; secondly, a good acquaintance with other South Indian languages, particularly Malayalam and Kannada, and with Sanskrit, Pali and Prakrit; and thirdly, a fairly familiar acquaintance with inscriptions.

It is also necessary to evolve a general *modus operandi*. That method must cover all the available basic materials in respect of each work, and it should be tailored to suit each work individually.

Whether the work is small or big, it is absolutely necessary to gather all the extant texts of the work available by diligent search in various regions of the country

and to inscribe on the palm-leaf those forms of words which are habitual to them and also the readings of the texts with which they are familiar.

**Errors due to defects of hearing or memory:** As some works passed from the mouth of the teacher to the ear of the pupil, and were preserved in the memory, it is possible for mistakes to have occurred on account of the defective memory of the teacher or the defective (or careless) hearing of the pupil. Such mistakes in the readings often got into the text. It is also likely that sometimes the scribes would note down such readings thus impressed on their minds, and familiar to them, even when copying from other texts. Variations in the readings and also mistakes are likely to have increased because of these shortcomings in later and still later copies. Some clever scribes may have also filled in the lacunae caused by failure of their memory by substituting more or less apt words of their own.

**Interpolations:** Besides these changes, we find that sometimes the text has been deliberately interfered with. Eminent scholars who expounded a classic sometimes noted what they thought were omissions of important episodes or were errors committed by the original author, and took the liberty of 'correcting' or adding to the text through their own emendations. Their idea, no doubt, was to make the original richer and fuller, but they spoiled the text all the same. Interpolations of a different nature were those made as a result of religious or sectarian views and biases.

## THE PROBLEM OF SCRIPT

Five hundred years ago the Tamil alphabet did not have the same script as the one it has today. We note that the Tamil inscriptions dating from the 3rd century B.C. up to the 2nd century A.D. are in the Brahmi script. As the letters of the alphabet in each script underwent changes in form from time to time down the centuries, we do not know how the copyists read or misread the script of earlier times and what changes in the text were due to these. As no thorough study of the texts has been made keeping these points in mind, we are still uncertain about the authenticity of the published texts even though they have been edited after some comparison of manuscripts.

Such inscriptions on copper plates and on stone as are attributed to them should then be compared and studied with great care before publication is undertaken. A comparison of all the available variant readings and forms is a *sine qua non* to arrive at the original text.

If all the manuscripts available to-day are micro-filmed and copies made of them, that would facilitate the work of the editors who are actually engaged on them, and would also enable them to seek the help and guidance of outside scholars. Concordances would be another facility.

Many ancient works have been published by reputed scholars in Tamil; but they have not been edited by rigorously following all the above-mentioned guiding principles. Most of them have been published on the basis of one or two, or but a few, manuscripts at most. And so, most of the mistakes referred to above, and some others also, such as those due to poor printing, proof-reading, etc., are found in them.

It should be clear, from what has been stated above, that any good edition hereafter should follow these rigorous methods. This cannot be done by a single individual by his lone effort. Hearted co-operation of a body of learned men, the support of the Government, the help of the universities, the encouragement of rich patrons and the interest of an enlightened public are all indispensable if this great effort is to succeed.



# The M

**B**ELIEF in the existence of an ape-man was widespread among the natives of Sumatra long before Dr Dubois announced, in 1894, the discovery of the bones and teeth of *Pithecanthropus* (an ape-man), and even before Ernst Haeckel invented ape-men in 1865 to complete the evolutionary picture of the human family tree.

All over Southern Sumatra, across the Sunda Straits, ape-like human creatures have been believed to exist since time immemorial. Marco Polo was perhaps the first to carry the story about these mountain-dwelling wild men to the West. According to William Marsden, who edited an English edition of Marco Polo in 1818, Western travellers learnt about these creatures at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Dutch settlers started believing in their existence at the beginning of the twentieth century.

According to stories which can be heard in Sumatra even

by

**BRIJESH K. VERMA**

today, these strange creatures walk upright like men and are hairy like apes. In different districts they are known as *atoe pandak*, *atoe rimbo*, *sedapa*, *ijaoe*, *sedabo* or *goegoeh* (William Marsden's *orang gugu*). The natives of the north of Benkoelen and the south of Palembang call them *orang pendek*. The Dutch settlers call them either *orang pendek* (little man) or *orang letio* (gibbering man).

The *orang pendek* is a very shy biped, between 2 ft 6 in and 5 ft. high. Its body is covered in short dark brown or black hair. The skin is pinkish-brown. The head is covered with jet-black hair, forming a bushy mane down its back. Its arms are long, but not as long as an ape's. It walks on the ground and rarely climbs trees. Its food consists of young plants, fruits, freshwater molluscs, snakes and worms. It is of ordinary habits but sometimes raids gardens and banana and sugar-cane plantations.

On July 10, 1916, when Dr Edward Jacobson was camping in the forest at the foot of Boekit Kaba, near the Soban Ajam plantation, his two native employees told him that they had seen an *orang pendek* from a distance of about 20 yards. The creature was searching for larvae in a rotten tree stump. Seeing men, it made off.

The story was published by Dr Jacobson in a Dutch scientific journal in 1917. Since the creature had run on the ground



# The Mysterious Ape-men of Sumatra

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he was sure it was not an orang-utan, which would have gone from branch to branch of the trees.

He examined the animal's footprint near Mount Kerintji and found that it was like a little human foot, but a little broader and shorter. He concluded that an unknown anthropoid ape existed in Sumatra.

L. C. Westenek has reported how an overseer and his men had seen in 1910 a large hairy creature running like a man. Westenek was told that the *orang pendek* was fond of tobacco or, its substitute, dried moss, and was friendly by nature.

★

A European foreman working under the manager of the State Railway at Padang saw footprints of pygmies in the valley of the Oeloe Seblat. The prints were like that of a child, but broader.

Dr Jacobson was told in 1915 that several natives had seen the *orang pendek* and were sure it was not a siamang. The creature walked on the ground and did not move through the trees. The natives said that when the number of rhinoceros increased in the Kerintji area the *orang pendek* were seen more often. The natives caught the rhinoceros in pits, with their feet in the air, and the *orang pendek* was sometimes seen perched on the rhinoceros's belly, eating the flesh.

Dr Jacobson came across the footprints of the creature on August 21, 1915, in the uninhabited region at the edge of the Danau Bento. The prints were not more than five inches long. Captain R. Maier, an official surveyor at Benkoelen, made a good collection of such prints. Lamberman made a sketch of the footprint found in the forest at Marga Ambatjung on January 25, 1920. Kasanredjo also prepared a drawing of the print.

At the end of 1917 Oostingh, manager of the coffee plantation at Dataran, lost his way in the virgin forest in the foothills of Boekit Kaba. Suddenly he saw a dusty black fellow, 5 ft 9 in. tall, with short hair and an extremely filthy neck. It was neither an orang-utan nor a siamang. Seeing him, the beast calmly walked a little and then, using his long arms, leaped into a tree, swinging alternately to right and left.

A Dutch settler called van Herwaarden heard stories about the mysterious beast in 1916. At the beginning of 1917 he discovered two trails, one large and the other small, in the Semangoes district of Moesi Oeloe. He met three Koeboes who had seen the creature. They described it as a hairy animal, 4 ft. 11 in. to 5 ft 3 in. high, with long hair on the head and long canine teeth. The creature walked erect. Several years after, van Herwaarden learnt that a local Malay had found the dead bodies of two *sedapas* (*orang pendek*) but the witness died soon after. He also heard that a party of Malays in canoes had surrounded a *sedapa* but the creature escaped.

★

In October 1923, in the Poeloe Rimau region of the Banjoeasin district, van Herwaarden spotted a dark and hairy creature clinging motionless to a branch of a small tree that stood alone. With his gun ready, he tried to attract the attention of the beast, which was no other than the *sedapa*. There was no movement. He then left his gun on the ground and climbed a few feet into the tree. The creature then lifted itself a little and appeared to have suddenly become nervous, while Herwaarden watched and examined the beast carefully.

It was a female, about 5 ft. high. The front of its body was

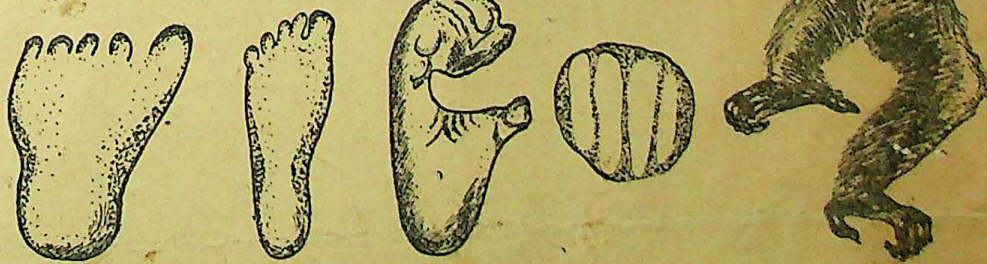


Reconstruction of the *orang pendek* based on the detailed evidence available.

lighter in colour than the back. Dark and shaggy hair fell almost to its waist. The chin was somewhat receding and pointed at the end. Its brown and almost hairless face had a high forehead, bushy eyebrows and a broad nose with fairly large nostrils. The eyes, not different from human eyes, were of the darkest colour, and very lively. The mouth was strikingly wide when open but the lips were ordinary. Among its yellowish white teeth the incisors were regular but the canines were large and more developed than a man's. The ears were just like little human ears. The arms were long but the legs rather short. The feet were short and broad but the toes were of normal shape.

Coming down to the ground, when Herwaarden raised his gun again, the little female cried "Hu-hu," as if mournfully, and the call was answered by similar echoes in the nearby forest. Herwaarden left his gun.

(Continued on Page III)



From left to right: Footprint of the *orang pendek*, found on August 21, 1915, by Dr Jacobson near the Danau Bento Swamp; outline of the left footprint of a walking gibbon; and hand and second phalanges of the hand (right) of a walking gibbon.



# Flora of Ancient India

This is the conclusion

IN trying to get a fair idea of the floral and faunal wealth of South India in the days of classical poetry, several factors have to be constantly remembered.

The land has changed considerably, and for the worse, since those days. However, this change has only in comparatively recent times, as a reference to the early shikar literature of South India, and other descriptive texts in English, will show. It is within the past century that the bulk of this degradation has been effected. Forests and jungles have been converted, by sustained denudation, into barren hills or flat scrub (Patalai); the scrub and jungles of the flat country have been converted into human settlements, agricultural land, and roads and roadside wastes. Further, a number of exotic weeds and trees, introduced by accident and intention, have contributed their insidious share to the profound alteration of the flora. All this, naturally, has greatly affected the fauna—deprived of their homes the animals perished in large numbers, and their decline was most effectively accelerated by the unchecked shooting and trapping that was such a feature of life here till recent times.

Another complicating factor is the lack of specific certainty in many of our plant and animal names. Such objective natural history as we have, belongs largely to the oral traditions of professional hunters and trappers, and the names of those traditions are often not the names we find in classical poetry—moreover, the terminology of trappers and indigenous herbalists has only a very local validity.



# Flora and Fauna of Ancient Tamil Country

This is the concluding portion of the article on South Indian ecology.

By M. Krishnan

IN trying to get a fair idea of the floral and faunal wealth of South India in the days of classical poetry, several factors have to be constantly remembered.

The land has changed considerably, and for the worse, since those days. However, this change has to have overtaken the country only in comparatively recent times, as a reference to the early shikar literature of South India, and other descriptive texts in English, will show. It is within the past century that the bulk of this degradation has been effected. Forests and jungles have been converted, by sustained denudation, into barren hills or flat scrub (Paalal); the scrub and jungles of the flat country have been converted into human settlements, agricultural land, and roads and roadside wastes. Further, a number of exotic weeds and trees, introduced by accident and intention, have contributed their insidious share to the profound alteration of the flora. All this, naturally, has greatly affected the fauna—deprived of their homes the animals perished in large numbers, and their decline was most effectively accelerated by the unchecked shooting and trapping that was such a feature of life here till recent times.

Another complicating factor is the lack of specific certainty in many of our plant and animal names. Such objective natural history as we have, belongs largely to the oral traditions of professional hunters and trappers, and the names of those traditions are often not the names we find in classical poetry—moreover, the terminology of trappers and indigenous herbalists has only a very local validity.

It is not possible to go into details here. Take it from me that the plant and animal names of Tamil literature are frequently vague and unhelpful. Nor do the scholars who have annotated the text of that literature, and our lexicographers, seem to have any firm natural history. In none of five dictionaries that I consulted could I find the well-known, specific Tamil name for the Sambar (I mean the deer). 'milla'—further, there is clear evidence in two of them to show that the compilers had confused this deer with the wholly different gaur! And both our annotators and our lexicographers have had frequent resort to a vague sort of generalisation when they did not know the precise indication of a plant or animal name—they say, in a brief note, that it is a kind of plant or animal, and no more!

Still, if one knows all these limitations and allows for them, it should be possible to get some idea of the pristine flora and fauna of the Tamil country by a study of what is now left, and of classical literature, by combining booklore with fieldlore. This is where the third difficulty comes in. Our poets have, not unnaturally, permitted themselves considerable poetic licence, and have frequently used plant and animal names without any adjectival clue to the identity of the plant or animal they mean—if they did really mean anything specific. Let me give you an example. Among the classical poets of Tamil, Kapilar is most celebrated for his deep knowledge of all things pertaining to the Kurinji-th-thinai. No doubt he has exploited the poetic traditions of young love in this tract tellingly, but it is difficult to approach his natural history with

any objectiveness or even faith. In his Kurinji-p-paattu he lists something like a hundred different plants (and their flowers) in thirty-four lines (lines 61 to 95); there is no clue to-day to the certain botanical identity of many of these plants, and some of these are varieties of the same species, apparently, but what is really frustrating is the fact that this redundant catalogue gives one no idea of the flora of the Kurinji tract. It is a superbly promiscuous list of the plants of every tract including Paalai, and making a virtue of necessity, old-time pundits point to this list as a masterful exception to a general trend, and justify it by citing a prosodic rule which says that flowers and birds, after all, belong everywhere! Kapilar's nocturnal beasts (in "Kurinji-p-paattu") include the wholly mythical Yaali, and no less than three close-run references to the crocodile by different names. Unfortunately, the poets whom I am prepared to trust, Nakkeerar and Parananar, have not committed themselves too often to the specification of the plants and animals of each Thinal division. However, the "Mullai-p-paattu" of Napoothanar, acclaimed by the pundits as a work exemplifying the rules of Mullai-th-thinai, and Perum-Kausikanar's "Malai-pudukadaam," are valuable and authentic sources of information, and have been consulted in writing this note.

The Kurinji division includes all forested hills, and not only lofty mountain ranges. The floral specifications of the Thubai strongly suggest mixed, moist and dry deciduous forests of no great elevation, and the faunal details available confirm this. This point must be firmly made right at the start,

for two reasons. First, even apart from the floristic and faunal specifications of the two tracts, the trend of poetry to descend from Kurinji immediately to Mullai shows that the latter tract included foothill jungles in addition to level-land jungles. Second, the gregarious species of *Strobilanthes*, which belong to the higher, open hill-slopes and which cause the entire hillside to blush with their bloom once every dozen years or so, have now been identified as the Kurinji plant (the plant bearing the Kurinji flower)—the dramatic flowering of the *Strobilanthes* has not been mentioned in Tamil poetry, but that proves nothing because neither has the gregarious and periodic flowering of the bamboos been mentioned, though 'bamboo-rice' was well-known and is mentioned as a foodgrain peculiar to the Kurinji tract. I know of no description of the Kurinji flower in classical poetry that justified its identification with the genus *Strobilanthes*, but I do not question this identification, which seems to be recent. My point is this: this flower is not often mentioned in the literature of the tract, and is not specified as something peculiar to the Kurinji division, as many other plants are; no doubt it belongs to the Kurinji division, just as the Nilgiri Tahr (our only wild goat—there are two or three references to it in classical literature) also belongs to the division, but neither the flower nor the goat is typical of the country. Therefore, the trend of certain present-day enthusiasts to identify Kurinji country with the hillsides where species of *Strobilanthes* bloom is very incompletely informed and mistaken. What is really typical of the tract is its hill-forests.

The flower specified as typical of the tract (the same flower is also typical of Mullai country) is the wild lily, *Gloriosa superba*, the redness of whose flowers is frequently compared to blood in Tamil poetry, and whose botanical name is, for once, truly indicative of its arresting beauty. The trees of Kurinji country as per the pundits are the Vengai (*Pterocarpus marsupium*) which is rarely to be found at elevations above 4,500 feet, the sandal, seldom found above 3,000 feet, the teak which is also a tree of the lower elevations, the Agil (this is the 'eaglewood', the name 'eagle' having been given to its wood as a corruption of the Tamil 'agil'—I am unable to trace its identity beyond *Aquilaria agallocha*, which I suspect, is incorrect), the Asoka (*Saraca indica*) whose flowers have been compared to flames by Tamil

(Continued on page V)



## FLORA & FAUNA OF TAMIL COUNTRY

(Continued from page 1)

poets, and a Punnai (not *Calophyllum inophyllum* which belongs to the Neithal tract, but probably *C. elatum*, the Poon Spar tree). None of these is a high-level tree. Besides these, the Paalaa (the jack), the Naaval (the jamoon) and, of course, the giant bamboo, are frequently mentioned in Kurinji poetry, and are characteristic of the tract. Cultivated ginger and other tubers, wild bulbs and tubers, and wild pepper are also features of these hills.

These are the beasts mentioned in the literature of the tract: the wild elephant, wild pig, the tiger, the bear (the Sloth Bear), the gaur, the sambar, and the porcupine — the tahr is also a creature of this tract, and in *Malaipadukadaam* there are unmistakable descriptions of the Common Langur and the Liontailed Macaque. The python and bees (including rock-bees) are also mentioned, as well as peafowl. It is a pity there is no specification of the bird life of the tract — the avifauna of our hills is highly distinctive. Anyway, all these animals are essentially those of mixed deciduous hill-forests, the kind of forests to which the plants listed also belong. Mudumalai in the Nilgiris, and the hilly, forested areas of the Coimbatore and Thirunelveli districts have all the floristic and faunal characteristics specified, if allowance is made for the local distribution of the tahr and the lion-tailed monkey.

Except for a little flight of fancy now and again, which is patently what it is, the poets who wrote about the Kurinji tract have been true to nature in their descriptions, and apparently knew its plants and animals at first hand. Is that why the high hilltops with their downs, rolling slopes of herb-land, and peculiar flora, remain undescribed in the literature? I have always maintained that poetry in the old days was also a matter of legs!

There is no difficulty in placing Mullai land — it was the jungle-clad country at the foot of a hill-

range, or between hills, where cattle were grazed. Most of the Mullai land in South India has disappeared to-day, or else it has been degraded into scrub and thin, thorny jungle — it has been converted into Paalai, though it still retains vestiges of its pristine floral character. This is truly unfortunate, for having known this country outside Tamilnad, I think it is much the pleasantest country to be found in India.

Wild jasmines were typical of this tract, which was rich in creepers and small trees. The Kaaya (*Memecylon edule*), to whose dark blue flowers the colour of Krishna's body is compared, and the Konrai (the Indian Laburnum, *Cassia fistula*) which was such a charming feature of our countryside till recently, are listed as the trees representative of the tract. These lines are from Mullai-*p-paattu* ('Thonri' is one of the Tamil names of *Gloriosa superba*):

"The close-leaved Kaaya's flowers spill out their ink,  
The tender-leaved, cluster-bloomed Konrai pours forth its gold,

The sharp-leaved Thonri blossoms gush their blood".

The typical beasts of this tract are said to be the hare and the 'maan'. 'Maan' is the most misleading and amorphous word I know in Tamil. Without the terminal 'n', as 'maa', it could mean the mango, or a horse, or any wild beast; with the 'n', as 'maan', it could mean a deer, or an antelope, or any wild beast! However, I am satisfied that the 'maan' of the Mullai tract is the blackbuck, and perhaps also the Chital or spotted deer. Junglefowl are its characteristic birds.

The tree typical of Marutham country is said to be the Marutham which has been identified by pundits as *Terminalia arjuna*.

The plants characteristic of maritime Neithal are: the Punnai tree (*Calophyllum inophyllum*), and the creeper, *Ipomea pes-caprae*. Gulls and sharks are said to be the typical animals. A number of marine fishes and crustaceans, and even animals like the turtle, have been mentioned in the coastal poetry of Tamil. I would give much for the privilege of personally conducting a party of

the famous poets of the age around the Madras Museum — it must be a refreshing experience to watch their eyes on its exotic flora.

The open scrub of Paalai country that all of us know everywhere. In the old days, ever, it was quite wild and a more luxuriant nature and a number of wild nature closely, with one exception.

The plants of this tract are various kinds of 'kalli', the Paalai, of which a few kinds were mentioned, *Wrightia tinctoria*, being the 'vet-paali'. That *Mimusops hezardra* is a Paalai tree. The fauna of the tract, typically, consists of these and beasts: eagles, doves, the buck, the wolf and the fox. Now, it is true that the tract is favoured by the Tamil Short-toed Eagle, and a few other birds of prey, and a number of doves live in the country that it is at home, and when the wolves here, in the Tamil try, they did inhabit the scrub — the southern-most wolves of peninsular India be found now on the borders of Hyderabad, in flat, open scrubland — the wolf, in any rate, is not a forest animal. But how was it that the responsible for the species of Thinal, faultless in their to nature in all other things, the wild dog, a typical Indian animal, among the fauna of the Paalai tract? There is no slightest doubt that they knew animal well — there is ample evidence to prove that. I can cite this strange insistence on the wild dog being a creature of the scrub, with the proved realism of Thinal tradition, by presuming that the tracts in the old days were rich in animal life that the tiger and the wild dog (mentioned together) frequented such open scrubland. This is a reasonable presumption that is wholly justified, considering all things.

(Concluded)



# THE INDIAN EXPRESS

Tuesday, May 2, 1961

## Think It Over . . .

Starvation, overwork and dirt  
are as immoral as prostitution  
and as unromantic.

—BERNARD SHAW.

## Indo-Ceylon Relations

STRANGELY enough it is not the Government of India but the Government of Ceylon which has lodged a formal protest in the matter of the Ceylon Tamils' agitation. Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, the Ceylon Prime Minister, has sent a letter to Prime Minister Nehru. She has protested against the activities of the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam, the Executive Committee of which met in Taticorin recently and adopted a resolution condemning the repressive measures of the Ceylon Government against the Tamilian population in the island. Mrs. Bandaranaike's principal objection is to the D.M.K. committees plan to organise public demonstrations. The Ceylon Government has posed the question whether such demonstrations are calculated to improve relations between India and Ceylon or further the cause of stateless persons of Indian origin in Ceylon.

The Government of India's attitude on the Tamil agitation in Ceylon has been that "It is not its business to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbouring independent country". This is the famous "domestic jurisdiction" argument advanced by South Africa to support its "none-of-your-business" attitude whenever its "apartheid" policies are questioned in world bodies like the Commonwealth Conference or the United Nations. Surely considerations of "domestic jurisdiction" in this sense have no meaning in the relationship between India and Ceylon. The Government of India themselves do not rule out exchange of views on a "friendly, personal and informal basis" about the emotional nature of the language issue which calls for delicate handling.

The Government of India's reluctance to take any positive action in matters involving its relations with a near or distant neighbour is one of the paradoxes of our foreign policy. Neither the position of the Tamils in Ceylon, nor the relations between India and Ceylon admit of either Government taking a rigid stand on the letter of international law governing relations between independent sovereign states. Indeed, the relationship should be one of personal, friendly and informal exchange of views as the Government of India admit. Only it should be an effective relationship in which policies are influenced by such exchanges.

Curiously Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike's communication to Prime Minister Nehru is part of a regular formal, Government-to-Government representation through diplomatic channels. The Ceylon Prime Minister has, in short, asked the Prime Minister of India to restrain the D.M.K.'s activities in support of the Tamils of Ceylon. Considerations of "domestic jurisdiction" and the diplomatic impropriety of interfering in the internal affairs of a neighbouring independent country have not stood in the way of her making a full and frank official representation, without prefacing it with apologies for doing so. Indeed, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike's communication presumes a closer relationship between the Governments of the two countries than Prime Minister Nehru thinks is permissible. Had India taken the initiative and made early representations to the Ceylon Government on the likely reactions here to its handling of the Ceylon Tamils' agitation, it might have obviated the trouble in Ceylon and the embarrassment to the two Governments it must inevitably cause. The Government of India would be well advised to cultivate a relationship with Ceylon appropriate to the long association between the two countries instead of being overwhelmed by a sense of diplomatic rectitude.



## GROWN UP CHILDREN

LUCKNOW, April 30 (PTI).—The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, today found, in the children's meeting he was addressing, more "grown-ups" and very few children.

"I do not know whom I am to address because very few children are here and you are all grown-ups—perhaps interested in the welfare of the children," he said.

Mr. Nehru who was inaugurating the All-India Balkanji-Bari, however continued to address them as "child delegates".

## U.P. Postings & Transfers

From Our Staff Correspondent

ALLAHABAD, May 1.—The following notifications regarding leave, transfers, appointments and postings were announced in the latest U.P. Gazette.

With effect from the date of his taking over charge, Mr. Girja Kishore Joshi, Deputy Secretary to the Government of Uttar Pradesh, Public Works Department, is appointed as Deputy Secretary to the Government of Uttar Pradesh Public Works Department and Government Estate Officer, vice Mr. Akhtar Alam, transferred.

With effect from the date of his taking over charge Mr. M. C. Sharma, Secretary to the Governor is appointed as Secretary to the Government, Cane and Co-operative Departments, vice Mr. K. N. Channa, transferred.

With effect from the date of his taking over charge Mr. K. N. Channa, Secretary to the Government Cane and Co-operative Departments, is appointed as Secretary to the Governor, vice Mr. M. C. Sharma, transferred.

On completion of their training at the Officers Training School, Allahabad, the following IAS officers have been posted as Assistant Magistrate and Assistant Collectors Assistant Commissioners to the district noted against their names:

Mr. Ashok Chandra—Allahabad; Mr. Indra Mohan Sahai—Mathura; Mr. Narendra Singh Chaudhary—Jaipur; Mr. P. K. Mattoo—Moradabad; Mr. Srinivasan Ramesh—Raizabad; Mr. Suman Kumar Modak—Jhansi; Mr. Surendra Singh—Gorakhpur; Mr. Virendra Prakash—Bulandshahr; Mr. Rangarajan Vasudevan—Almora.

Mr. Justice Vashishtha Bhargava is granted leave on full allowances for eighteen days from May 3 to 25, 1961, with permission to prefix Sunday on May 7, 1961, to the

## Motilal Nehru Centenary Programme

ALLAHABAD, May 1 (INS).—The President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the Prime Minister Mr. Nehru, and the Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, will arrive here on May 5, May 3 and May 4 respectively, to participate in the Motilal Nehru centenary celebrations.

According to official programme, the President will arrive here by a special train on the morning of May 5 and inaugurate the Swaraj Bhavan, on Motilal Nehru's life and teachings in the afternoon. Later in the evening Mr. Nehru will address a public meeting. The same evening Mr. Nehru will lay the foundation-stone of the Motilal Nehru Engineering College at Telharganj, about two miles from here. He will return to Delhi by plane the next morning.

The Prime Minister, who is reaching here by plane on the morning of May 3, will visit an exhibition organised at Swaraj Bhavan, on Motilal Nehru's life and teachings in the afternoon. Later in the evening Mr. Nehru will address a public meeting. The same evening Mr. Nehru will lay the foundation-stone of the Motilal Nehru Engineering College at Telharganj, about two miles from here. He will return to Delhi by plane the next morning.

Dr. Radhakrishnan will arrive here on May 4. He will unveil a portrait of Motilal Nehru in the Allahabad High Court and lay the foundation-stone of Motilal Nehru Town Hall the same evening. He will fly back to Delhi the next morning.

AGRA: Addressing the Agra college students on the occasion of Motilal Nehru centenary celebrations, Dr. Hridayanath Kunzru, president of the Servants of India Society, said that national consolidation, at present threatened due to the various disruptive tendencies, could be best maintained by adhering to principles of fairplay and equality.

Analysing various phases of Indian history Dr. Kunzru said that throughout there had been a thread of unity in spite of many diversities in the country. This was because Indians in those days had practised tolerance and believed in the theory of karma.

Referring to the language controversies, he said equal opportunities should be provided to all languages. Hindi, Urdu and other regional languages.

## Central Grant For Punjab Hostels

From Our Correspondent

CHANDIGARH, May 1.—For the construction of hostels in Punjab the Central Government has allocated to the State Government a sum of Rs. 1,28,000 during 1960-61 for advancing loans to the colleges and schools.

This includes Rs. 70,000 advanced to Chhotu Ram Basic Training College at Rohtak and Rs. 16,500 to Khalsa Basic Training College at Sidhwan Khurd in Ludhiana.

## LARGER ALLOCATIONS FOR P

## Rajasthan Govt

From Our Staff

THE Rajasthan Government will cure larger allocations even though the State sector some time ago.

The wide gap between the firm generating capacity and the estimated demand at the end of the Third Plan was emphasized by Raja Harishchandra, State Minister for Power, at a meeting of MPs from Rajasthan in Delhi early this week. He suggested that efforts to secure a bigger power allocation for the State should continue since, without it, industrial progress would be impeded.

According to a note distributed at the meeting, the Rajasthan Government had made proposals for a power allocation of Rs. 45 crores but this had been cut down to a little over Rs. 13 crores. The Third Plan schemes will raise Rajasthan's total installed capacity from 78,937 kw at the end of the Second Plan to 2,60,500 kw in 1966. By that time, it is estimated that the overall demand will go up to 3,75,000 kw, thus still leaving an unsatisfied demand of 1,65,000 kw.

The Rajasthan Government feels that unnecessary obstacles were placed by the Centre for power development in the Second Plan, as a result of which there was delay in the procurement of equipment and material from abroad due to foreign exchange shortage. Shortage and delays in supply of steel had upset time schedules of completion of transmission lines and electric sub-stations. This led to an acute power shortage in the State, hampering industrial and agricultural development—a handicap that can be overcome only by extra allocation in the Third Plan.

## PAKISTANI SENTENCED

SAHARANPUR, May 1 (INS).—A Pakistan national was sentenced to six months' simple imprisonment, under the Foreigners Act, by the Sub-Divisional Magistrate of Deoband here last week.

It is reported that the accused was living in the village of Daulat Uloom, Deoband, without any permit. He belongs to district Sialkot in East Pakistan.

## U.S. RECOGNITION

## Background A

PRECISELY what stands in the way of normal relations between the United States and China? The former's capricious refusal to recognise a Communist China, to recognise answers Asian opinion to that lapse. Indeed, no American decision has been criticised than this.

## Chinese Attitude

the record suggests that in 1950, the U.S. had all but refused itself to recognising Red China and to seeing her occupy the seat in the U.N. For, in opinion of the U.S. Government of the day, the Kuomintang's rule was due to the fact that leaders had proved incapable of meeting the crisis confronting it, its troops had lost the will to fight and its Government had "popular support". As for Formosa, President Truman declared in a statement of January 5, 1950, the U.S. Government will pursue a course which will lead to involvement in the civil war in China. Similarly, the U.S. Government will not provide military aid or advise to Chinese forces on Formosa. Nothing could have been more explicit. In 1950, in the late Mr. Dulles was not opposed to seating the new regime in the U.N. as his book "War & Peace" makes clear. Acheson instead was only waiting for "the day to settle having written off Formosa completely."

The Chinese, for their part, were no hurry to establish good relations with the U.S. Both in word and action, they made their attitude to her plain enough. Thus, to Tse-tung in his famous article "On People's Democratic Dictatorship" published on July 1, 1949 described the U.S. as an imperialist power seeking "to enslave the world". "Throughout the world, one inclines," he said, "towards imperialism or towards socialism. Neutrality is merely a camouflage; a third road does not exist." The U.S. Contingent in Peking was seized, the officials having been held incommunicado there for weeks, and the U.S. was forced to withdraw all consular representation which might have served a valuable link.

There came the North Korean attack. The next day President Truman ordered the Seventh Fleet to interpose between Formosa and mainland, without prejudice to the determination of the future of Formosa. Late in October, Chinese "volunteers" entered Korea, and Sino-U.S. relations deteriorated further still. Even so, in January 1951, the U.N. presented certain proposals for a cease-fire in Korea.

Para 5 of the proposals read as follows: "As soon as agreement has been reached on a cease-fire, the General Assembly shall set up an appropriate body which shall include representatives of the Governments of the U.K., the U.S.A.,



# U.S. RECOGNITION OF CHINA

## Background And The Pros And Cons

By A. G. NOORANI

PRECISELY what stands in the way of normal relations between the United States and China? The former's capricious refusal to recognise a Communist China, in spite of the fact that the U.N. Charter, of Far Eastern problems, including among others, those of Formosa and of representation of China in the U.N.

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the U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China with a view to the achievement of a settlement, in conformity with existing international obligations and the provisions of the U.N. Charter, of Far Eastern problems, including among others, those of Formosa and of representation of China in the U.N."

It is no exaggeration to say that these proposals represented the high watermark of concession to China. Considering the fact that two of the proposed conferees, the U.K. and the U.S.S.R., had recognised the new regime, the chances of its securing its objectives at the conference were certainly bright. Nonetheless, it turned down these proposals and the Assembly proceeded, on U.S. insistence to condemn China as an aggressor.

As James Reston one of the most perceptive reporters, put it, the Assembly's decision "illustrates how far relations between two major countries can decline in a single year. Last January, Secretary of State, Acheson was ridiculing the Chinese Nationalists in public. Now, he is all for giving more help to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. This is the usual result of a nation trying to solve short-range problems by the use of force as Communist China did in Korea. Traditional political policies are upset; one act of force leads to another; and to meet the challenge of aggression even a nation such as the U.S. finds itself following courses precisely opposed to those it had hoped to follow."

### Sino-U.S. Talks

Not till 1955 did opportunity arise for any serious negotiation between the two. Thanks to British efforts, Sino-U.S. talks at ambassadorial level began in Geneva on August 1, 1955. On September 10, agreement was reached on the return of civilians by both sides. When the talks turned to more vital issues they failed completely. The U.S. suggested a declaration of renunciation of the threat or the use of force by both sides in the Taiwan area or elsewhere, without prejudice to the inherent right of individual or collective self-defence. China was prepared to make such a declaration but confined to Sino-U.S. relations proper, maintaining that while the dispute between her and the U.S. arising out of the latter's presence in the Formosan Straits was an international question, military action by China against the Formosan regime was an internal matter which could never be the subject of discussion with the U.S.

Since then, the Chinese Premier, Mr. Chou En-lai, has further clarified his country's position. In an interview with Mr. Edgar Snow published in the magazine 'Look' last January, he said, it is "inconceivable" that there can be diplomatic relations between China and the U.S. without a settlement on Formosa. Earlier, in an inter-

view with Mr. Felix Grene on September 5, 1960, he had characterised all proposals to set up an independent State of Formosa, or to conduct a plebiscite there, or to place it under trusteeship as plans to dismember Chinese territory. The U.S., he declared, is blocking China from exercising its sovereignty over Formosa. "There is only one way to settle this question. The U.S. Government must agree to withdraw all its armed forces from Taiwan and the Taiwan Straits."

### Main Obstacle

It should be clear from this that the main obstacle to the normalisation of Sino-U.S. relations is not the latter's 'arbitrary' non-recognition of the former but the very real issue of Formosa. On this issue, China's terms are surrender terms that no self-respecting country in the position of the U.S. can accept. No democrat, indeed, would agree to hand over 5 million Formosans to China, irrespective of their own wishes. References to the Cairo Declaration is pointless.

As Mr. Chou En-lai told Mr. Greene, "After the Japanese surrender, Taiwan was formally (sic) restored to China on October 25, 1945." The Cairo Declaration, therefore, stands implemented already and there can be no question of giving Formosa to China on the basis of that Declaration now. What has happened since, is that, as a result of the civil war in the country, two states exist on different parts of its territory instead of the one that existed formerly. Both states have attained a degree of stability and international recognition.

"The facts of international life" now require not that the larger State alone but that both the States be recognised. In the light of this there can be little doubt that U.S. recognition of the Nationalist Government as the Government of China is utterly unrealistic and has cost her much popularity in Asia thus playing into communist hands. China's intransigence notwithstanding, the U.S. can yet alter her position to make it conform to reality by recognising both the States.

No doubt this will not be acceptable to either of the two, but recognition is a purely unilateral act which need not depend on its acceptance by the state recognised. Such a move, will gain the U.S. much wider support in Asia than she has had hitherto and is probably what China fears most. The only alternative is to let things continue as they are in the sure knowledge that more and more states will recognise Red China and, what is more important, recognise her alone. Only the formulation of a more realistic

(Turn to Page 7, Col. 1)



# U.S. Recognition Of China

(Form Page 6, Col. 5)

policy by the U.S. can arrest this trend.

To be sure, this by itself will not lead to a settlement of the Sino-U.S. dispute, but it will considerably improve its chances. Nor need one underestimate the difficulties in the way. They do not arise exclusively from China's opposition to the two China concept—an opposition which, it must be remembered, the Chinese Foreign Minister Marshal Chen-Yi reiterates vehemently at his now famous Jakarta Press Conference—but arise to no less extent from China's own opposition to this concept as well. On this issue, it is about time the U.S. decided whether it is to allow Chiang to dictate U.S. policy as he has done hitherto. It must be brought home to Chiang that his present position is utterly untenable based as it is on a fiction of his own creation.

In his interview with Mr. Snow, Chou En-lai offered to hold talks with Chiang, adding significantly, that these could be held at the same time as the current talks with the U.S. If only Formosa would lower her sights, the offer could advantageously be taken up and negotiations proceed for a settlement which would guarantee the existence of a free Formosa, thus enabling the withdrawal of the U.S. Fleet from the Formosan Straits—as the U.S. contribution to a settlement which Marshal Chen-yi asked for at his Jakarta Press Conference. Should China still refuse to recognize an independent Formosa, the blame for the impasse will lie squarely on her shoulders.

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# A MIDDLE EAST DIARY-VII

## FROM NOISY AGITATION TO A NEW BROAD NATIONALISM

By PREM BHATIA

**A** TOUR of five weeks in the Middle East, which covered all the constituents of this region except Saudi Arabia—for which a visa is hard to get—and Israel, was enough to give me a taste of the revolution that is now taking place in the Arab world.

One can, of course, come to hasty conclusions, and it is necessary to be on guard against the danger of pronouncing judgment on the details of a complex picture, but there is no doubt in my mind about the nature of the crucial urge which stirs the Arab people today. In such diverse territories as Egypt and Iraq, Jordan and Lebanon, and civilized Syria and the semi-wild kingdoms of the oil Sheikhs, a new awakening, which is not very different from a new exciting religion, has gripped the minds of millions of men, women and children.

This is the spirit of Arab nationalism, dormant for long periods since World War I but never wholly dead. Its manifestations vary in shade from country to country but the hard core of identity has always persisted despite dynastic or other differences. And now, when the conflicts between the U.A.R. and the Arab Federation represent perhaps the sharpest ever rift between two groups of power within the region, the urge for national unity is the strongest in history. That in itself explains the intrinsic quality of the urge.

### NATIONAL ASPIRATION

Whether the Arabs are a single nation or a divided family—and many have questioned the claim of the Egyptians to call themselves Arabs—is a controversial question which will continue to be discussed for some time. But the question is essentially academic. What, after all, is a nation? Were all the nations of today born as single united entities? If it was not for the supreme national effort of Congress leadership, India would still be several nations. What really matters is that different and divided groups with common essentials—and the Arabs have at least a common language—attempt to get together to earn recognition as a nation. And that is what the Arabs are trying to do today. There should be no mistake about it.

To a largely inchoate expression of national identity President Nasser has now managed to give a tangible meaning over a vast geographical area. Until the merger of Syria and Egypt, the urge which he so strongly symbolizes was no more perhaps than a noisy agitation. The Egypt-Syria union, which took everyone, including the two countries immediately concerned, by surprise, has given the urge a touch of reality. The strength of the impact was best noticed in the formation of the rival federation of Iraq and Jordan. Do the two unions cancel each other? Yes and no. Yes, because they are at present regarded as opposite camps; no, because the acts of merger prove that union is possible. It may be necessary to evolve a more commonly acceptable form of integration, but the first moves have been

Iraq and Jordan (and you do not have to be long in either country to see how powerful the support is) and the possibility of the formation of further political fortresses in North Africa. President Nasser, therefore, speaks of being "encircled", and the result is even greater resentment on his part against the West. Israel, of course, is regarded as a running sore.

Thus there are continued tensions in the Arab world due to both internal and external causes. The external causes are Western suspicions of President Nasser's motives and the existence of Israel. The internal factors are inter-State distrust and jealousies, though these are confined principally to the Governments. That is why the full force of propaganda in Cairo and Damascus is directed against the rulers of Iraq and Jordan and until recently was directed also against King Saud. According to one reliable estimate, Egypt spends every year more on its propaganda than the total annual budget of Jordan. This may or may not be true, but there is no doubt that the propaganda machine of Egypt is powerful. It often makes the mistake of exceeding the limits of what is good in its own interests, but the cold war in the Middle East follows no copybook rules. When they get their chance the Iraqis hit back venomously, though without the Egyptians' finesse.

### NASSER'S "TEST CASE"

What the future has in store will depend largely on the degree of success which follows the merger of Egypt and Syria. It is because President Nasser regards this as a test case and is aware of Iraq's charges of "annexation" that he is determined to deal with Syria with demonstrative gentleness. It is, however, in Damascus that the "state of the union" can be properly assessed, for the impact of integration is bound to be much greater on the smaller of the two constituents. During a return visit to Damascus for an assessment of the union I made a few startling discoveries.

I found, for instance, that the widespread impression outside the U.A.R. that Egypt was likely to swallow up Syria was wrong. The Syrian has a strong character and strong opinions, and these are being respectfully treated in Cairo. Syria also has a much stronger economy at the moment than Egypt. In order not to adversely affect Syria's prosperity, economic integration is to be spread over a long period and will not be completed for another two years, according to official opinion in Damascus. Thus the Egyptian pound continues to sell at a 30% discount in Syria, whose free trade has also been left unhampered for the time being. An important Syrian leader told me that the limita-

but the first moves have been made.

### A TURNING POINT

After World War II the sense of unity was first noticed in the common purpose of opposition to the creation of Israel, though it is now no secret that the universal anger and resentment aroused among the Arabs against the new State and the West proved stronger than their military genius and collective strength as fighters. Disunity, especially over King Abdullah's role in Jordan, and subsequent disillusionment continued for a couple of years until the revolution in Egypt. This was a turning point not only in the history of Egypt itself but also in the history of the Arab people as a whole, for Mr Nasser gave a new life to the spirit of nationalism.

It was not until the invasion of Egypt, however, that the feeling of oneness assumed the present shape. As the invading armies battered Port Said there were wild public demonstrations of sympathy for Egypt in the streets of Baghdad despite strong official disapproval. Today, President Nasser has the unique record of having turned military defeat into a great diplomatic and moral victory. Nothing has happened since to disturb him from the hero's pedestal.

One often hears the question in Western circles: what is President Nasser up to? The answer is not as difficult as it is made out to be. It needs no great inside knowledge to say that the President of the U.A.R. has discovered the possibilities that a united Arab world would seem to represent. Take oil alone. Some 60% of the Middle East oil is produced in the Arab world and also passes through it. The remainder also uses the Suez Canal for its passage to the West. If this is not a position of strength in the modern world of mechanized movement it is difficult to imagine what else except nuclear weapons can be. It is a position of strength and a bargaining counter not only against the West but, even more important, also against Israel—public enemy No. 1 throughout the Muslim world except perhaps Turkey and Indonesia. The truth is that President Nasser is aware of the potential strength of the region and his own powerful impact on the people of this area.

For reasons of obvious self-interest, especially since the advent of Russian influence in Egypt and Syria, the West is not looking forward to the establishment of a united Arab nation. While Britain has partially got over her anger with President Nasser, France continues to face a new challenge over Algeria. Between them, and often with the support of the USA, these two Western Powers still look upon Egypt as the principal source of trouble in the Middle East. This has led to competitive support for the federation of

tion of land necessarily ap of the country Syria to be lo position of "new solution" be found for tion.

So far, the tion is confin steps in the tion, Egyptian quently visit new arrangem autonomy of undisturbed. no more doub power resides. when the cen somewhere b and the civil a of ambiguity v diplomatic mi cus. Now Pre left no room f in control.

It is beca Afif Bizri s understanding he had to go. have flown to against the tr army officers he was speaki has been livin and was latel his family. L will probably soon but not his lesson.

### PROBLEM

Meanwhile t solution of the The only recen better is open of the fairness resolution, acc Israel would somewhat red territory. Th pressed by Iraq ing of the Bag in Ankara. Pr Nourie es-Said have sought A for the propos ton. While priv such a solution mented, both dad continue in offensives to b for betraying over Israel. Bu this after a few Middle East.

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# CHAND

HOW stormy has been the past! Wherever you go there are walled cities and forts, all more or less in a state of dilapidation but interesting enough to impress the visitor. Chanda City in Madhya Pradesh is, I think, one of the best. Look out from the verandah and see the thick, unpromising outlines of its massive wall daily, and every time I went for a drive along the roads, or walked along the paths which bordered the fields, I could catch glimpses of it. There was really no getting away from it—and you did want to get away from it, for the wall is beautiful and the massive gateways are impressive.

The main road takes you through the gate, and as you enter you see people around sitting in the red dust, selling chillies and brinjals and tomatoes. Flat baskets hold multi-coloured vegetables, red of the tomatoes combining with the red of the seller's turban and the red of the street monkey, whose image flouts itself on each side of the gateway.

The enclosing wall is said to be 16 miles round: inside there is a garden which once was the pleasure grounds of the Gond kings, for when the Gonds had their capital in Chanda.

But the Gonds were not builders; they were primitive, picturesque forest people. The king, to protect his tribe from marauding Mahrattas, decided that it would be better for them to shelter behind a wall. But the Gonds themselves could not build it, and had to import masons and stone-workers from the neighbouring State of Hyderabad, 160 miles from Chanda across the river.

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# CHANDA: A GOND THE

HOW stormy has been India's past! Wherever you go there are walled cities and forts, all more or less in a state of dilapidation but interesting enough to impress the visitor. Chanda City in Madhya Pradesh is, I think, one of the best. You look out from the verandah and see the thick, unpromising outlines of its massive wall daily, and every time I went for a drive along the roads, or walked along the paths which bordered the fields, I could catch glimpses of it. There was really no getting away from it—and you did not want to get away from it, for the wall is beautiful and its massive gateways are impressive.

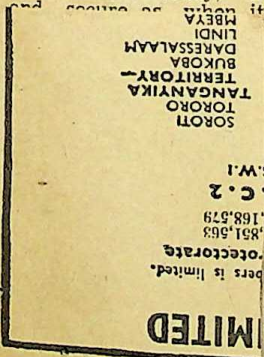
The main road takes you through the gate, and as you enter you see people around sitting in the red dust, selling chillies and brinjals and tomatoes. Flat baskets hold the multi-coloured vegetables, the red of the tomatoes combining with the red of the seller's turban and the red of the stone monkey, whose image flaunts itself on each side of the gateway.

The enclosing wall is said to be 16 miles round: inside there is a garden which once was the pleasure grounds of the Gond kings, for when the Gonds held this part of the country they had their capital in Chanda.

But the Gonds were not builders; they were primitive, picturesque forest people. Their king, to protect his tribe from marauding Mahrattas, decided that it would be better for them to shelter behind a wall. But the Gonds themselves could not build it, and had to import masons and stone-workers from the neighbouring State of Hyderabad, 160 miles from Chanda across the river.

## BUILT TO ENDURE

There it stands today, as



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hair, use just a few drops  
very morning—it keeps your  
ome throughout the day  
og the pores of your scalp,  
and healthy Always use



ramp, heaving up a leather sack of water which splashes silver into a pool, from which it runs into the gardens. You hear, too, the soft cooing of doves hiding in the plum trees and the squawk of small green parrots, hurrying from one fruit tree to another.

It is odd to think of Gonds, forest people, living in a walled

by  
**GERTRUDE LITTLE**

city. To this day they are skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, and are famous hunters and trackers. But some of them have taken to trade and some to agriculture, being pressed into more serious and steady ways of living by the circumstances of modern life.

## MONKEY HORDES

The country around the city is alive. There are literally hundreds of monkeys, great grey langurs with funny black faces, who look at you plaintively as you pass, if you go about unconcerned. But if you show any hesitation or interest in them, they spit ferociously and are ready for battle. They often raid the fields, so the farmers have constantly to fend them off with stones and lathis; to kill a monkey would be considered as heinous as killing a man. There are deer in the forests around Chanda and often, on a lonely road, you may hear the growl of a leopard or see it flash from one open glade to another so swiftly that you hardly glimpse it before it is gone. And, of course, there are peacocks calling stridently and passing along clumsily, their voices and gait at clumsy variance with the beauty of their bodies.

This State of which Kipling often wrote is famous for its game. This too is the State where men ride on carts drawn by trotting bullocks; you see them daily, hourly, rushing by with a tremendous clatter in

their bulls the hind Th They and horn days and ing dow the eyes arou emb, its Th

OME

EILEEN SEN

the flowers that are to be assembled. There is no limit to what may serve as a container. Bowls, bottles, baskets, pitchers, plates, kettles, troughs and shells can all help to achieve a variety of designs. Their different textures will add interest to the arrangement.

Whatever the plant material available, it is always possible to create a lovely display, especially if you make flower-arranging something to enjoy.



arranged simply in a  
shown grouping.....

## CHESS PROBLEM GAMES

From The Times, London

PROBLEM No. 671. By H. ZUK (1st mention. Revista de Sah, 1957) Black 5 pieces Black



often because the ed down fr tion Bridge their worth their general like an an make a few cause there tions to the use your h memory.

Holding C contract of no suit has advised to l is rarely cor card of entr the fourth o an ace outs the top card is simple. bid No Trun likely to h Clubs. If y singleton, h to lead it ba then the re are distribut C Q or C J second trick partner has gain nothing which may e in giving, av Another e practice is v seven card s and no card lead of the should lead player has a may be able suit or steal you will ruin the exception your partner ace.

One of the ing the decla ber is whet the opening trate how b must influen ing a hand is needed. N



# ANCIENT SEATS OF LEARNING IN INDIA

By SHAMSUDDIN, M.A., B.T., M.Ed.

ORDINARILY the history of ancient Indian education extends from 2000 B.C. to 1200 A.D. From the point of education the period from 1200 A.D. to the eighteenth century can be called the medieval age. Socially and educationally, ancient India did not have the same characteristics throughout. Therefore, we subdivide the periods, and the division would be as follows:

- I. 2000 B.C. to 1000 B.C.
- II. 1000 B.C. to 200 B.C.
- III. 200 B.C. to 500 A.D.
- IV. 500 A.D. to 1200 A.D.

which was known as the *gurukula*. In the *gurukula*, the student had to shun all comforts. He had to go to bed after the *guru* and had to get up before him. He had to help the *guru* in household work involving even menial duties at times. The life in the *gurukula* was well disciplined, and at times very hard. From the point of

knowledge of medicine. In those days, theoretical knowledge had no value. The doctor with theoretical knowledge was regarded like an ass, conscious of the quantity and not the quality of the load on its back.

Practical training in pharmacy and surgery was insisted upon by legislative action before a doctor could set up a practice. Strabo, the Greek historian, has certified the fact that Indians were great physicians, and they were specially good at curing snake-bites. Inexperienced candidates were given practice in surgery, under the most experienced and specialised teachers. Only proficient surgeons were allowed to make operations of intestinal displacements, deep cranial abscesses, cataract, hydrocele and the removal of the still-born child from the uterus. The patients were made insensitive to pain by an over-dosage of wine.

## Veterinary Hospital

Not only human beings but even animals were given perfect medical aid. For the first time in the history of the world, Asoka the Great built veterinary hospitals duly equipped with all necessary medicines. The names of great veterinary surgeons like *Nakula* and *Sahadeva* cannot be removed from the pages of history.

Similarly ambulance cars were also utilized to remove the injured soldiers from the battle-field. We do not find the name of any such conveyance in European history before the commencement of the Crimean War. Not only this, even the services of Indian doctors like *Manaka* and others were requisitioned by *Khalifa Harun al-Rashid* of Baghdad, when he was seriously confined to bed and Arab physicians had lost all hopes of curing him. After recovery the *Khalifa* himself requested *Manaka* to stay with him and translate Ayurvedic works into Arabic. He also desired to call Indian lady doctors and midwives to write text books for his medical colleges.

The *Taxila* University was at its zenith as regards medical studies even in the early centuries of the Christian era. Similarly, the famous University of *Ujjain* had specialists of mathematics and astronomy and was famous for having established a great observatory. In Southern India, there was a famous educational centre at *Kanchipuram*.

Instances of life-long *brahmacharya* were quite common in *Nalanda*. *Magasthenes* has quoted instances, where *Brahmins* studied for as many as 48 years. They studied logic, *vyakarana*, and philosophical subjects which are given great importance today and have been included in the humanities.

## Equal Opportunity

There were equal opportunities for all. There was no distinction between the rich and the poor. The prince and the peasant used to get the same kind of education from the same *guru*. The pupilage of *Drona* and *Drupada* is the best example of this type.

To conclude, education was free and broad-minded. For the upkeep of the Universities, donations and endowments were made by the foreign as well as native rulers. The ultimate aim of education was the emancipation of the soul. "Action is important" was their belief. Self-action and self control lead life to emancipation. Education was influenced by the general principles of life. The *Bhagavad Gita* emphasizes that a student who seeks admission into a temple of learning should be properly disciplined, a sincere devotee, eager to hear and serve and never showing hatred towards others. Learning for base purpose was strictly prohibited. Every individual was induced to serve the country, irrespective of caste or creed or his needs, just like a Doctor, who while treating forgets whether the disease is contagious or whether he would get his fee or not. In convocations high ideals were insisted upon both in the teacher and the taught. The teachers prayed for the glory of their students so that they might earn good name and fame for themselves as well as for their teachers wherever they went. For such times only *Yaska* had defined a true scholar in the words of the goddess of learning, *Saraswati*: "Protect me, and I will be thy cherished treasure".

In brief, education was not controlled by any external authority in ancient times. The State did not try to control it. The teachers were free to teach whatever they liked. They were the masters of the field.

- .. The Vedic period
- .. The Upanisadic period
- .. The Dharmasastric period
- .. The Puranic period.

view of needs, both teachers and the taught were satisfied. As the teacher did not live in luxury, he did not lead a life of want. The problem of indiscipline arose very rarely and since it was not frequent, punishments were not needed. There was a code for all sorts of activities.

## Liberal Education

The education provided in the Universities like *Taxila*, *Nalanda*, *Kanchi*, *Sridhanyakataka*, *Vikramashila* and *Banaras* was quite liberal. Students were provided with free boarding, lodging and clothing. There was generally a keen competition between the villagers in giving their mite for the village school. Besides this, they used to donate without hesitation at the times of social functions like marriage, *upanayanam* etc. The teacher not only provided knowledge to the students, but also raised funds from the villagers for the benefit of the students. In times of crisis, the *guru* used to approach kings with a request to help the *gurukula*. The *guru* did not refuse to teach any student provided the student was fit to receive instruction.

Their method of teaching was predominantly oral. It was not merely oral but was individual also. Hearing, contemplation and practice were the main features of their method. There were few books, the *Vedas* were not written. Everything was learnt by heart. Their conviction was: "If knowledge is in books, it is like money lent to others." At a time, the *guru* had 15 to 20 students and only so much was taught at a time as the pupil could easily learn. Whatever was taught, was learnt by the student on the same day. Unless the first lesson was fully learnt no further lesson was given. Sometimes elder students were required to teach younger students. The 'Bell Lancaster System' or the 'Monitorial System' or the 'Madras System' was copied by the Britishers from this country. The teacher taught elder students at a fixed time of the day, and then the elder taught the younger ones at some other time. It was possible, as the number of students and the number of subjects were less. In this way there was an apprenticeship.

## Nalanda

Our information regarding *Nalanda* comes from the Chinese pilgrim, *Yuan Chwang*, who toured India from 673 to 687 A.D. He stayed at *Nalanda* for ten years. He copied sacred Buddhist works. According to him, the place was known as *Dharmaganj*. The University had three big buildings known as *Ratnasagar*, *Ratnadandi* and *Ratnaranjak*. Out of these, the middle one was a nine-storeyed building. The library was housed in it. In all there were eight halls and 300 apartments. Messing was common. In every courtyard there was a well. Rooms were either single-seated or double-seated. Every student has a stone, known as the *chabutra*, to sleep in. In every room there was a place for keeping lamps and books. There was great rush for admission. Not more than three out of ten succeeded in getting admission. Even then, there were 10,000 students and 1,000 teachers and it continued for more than eight or nine centuries, beginning from the 2nd century A.D. The institution was financed out of grants in the shape of lands. There were as many as 200 villages endowed by the Gupta kings for the maintenance of the University. Since it was a Buddhist institution, the head was a monk, and the teachers were *bhikkus*. Strangely enough, the study of Sanskrit was compulsory.

## Students From Abroad

To Indian Universities came students from far off lands like China, Tibet, Java, Sumatra, Korea, Greece, Iran and Arabia to quench their thirst for learning. They stayed in the Universities for more than ten years and specialized in logic, medicine and astronomy. It is quite obvious that the Indian Universities had a high standard; that was why students from foreign lands were attracted, even when there were no facilities for travelling. The standard of these Universities can be judged from the stay of the famous doctor *Jeevak* (who attended on Emperors and whose fee was a figure of not less than eight digits) at *Taxila* for seven years specialising in medicine. Even after his long stay, when he left the University, he thought that he was lacking in adequate

The Vedic Period: At this stage society was very simple. Idol worship was unknown. Men and women had equal rights. The caste system had not taken shape. Practically, every one was his own teacher, his own warrior, his own farmer and agriculturist.

The Upanisadic Period: During this period gradually, society began to be divided into groups, and this grouping started with the *Vedas*. Round about 500 B.C. we began formulating the rules of writing. The *Vedas* were small in the beginning and the people did not practise idol worship.

The Dharmasastric Period: This period saw a good deal of activity in respect of art, literature, mathematics and dramatics. Sanskrit had become a classical language. The language of popular communication was *Prakrit*. The caste system was rigid. Women did not enjoy the same freedom as before.

The Puranic Period: Really speaking, this period is the period of the Buddhists so far as education is concerned. Universities of *Nalanda* and *Vikramashila* were Buddhist institutions. Their language was *Pali*. Institutional education began for the first time in the *Puranic* period.

## The Guru & Pupil

Thus in brief, our modern institutions can be compared with the schools of ancient India. Any student who earnestly desired to be educated was never disappointed. Teachers too did not hide deliberately any technical knowledge from their students.

*Sukracharya*, the preceptor of the *Daityas*, taught to his bitterest enemy's son, *Kacha*, the art of reviving the dead. *Drona*, the famous archer, could not hide whatever he knew of the art of archery from *Dhristadyumna*, in spite of the fact that he knew that this disciple would kill him one day.

The *guru* and the pupil lived together. They had great affection for each other; rather their love was just like the love of father and son. The students used to live in the teacher's house.

(Continued from previous col.)

or even the spring peeper known for its loud birdlike chirp or peep.

For that reason the swamp tree frog does not climb as easily. He is more confined to the ground and the water plants, ferns and general growth of swampy regions.

But, of course, like all the members of his family, he leaves the water and returns to the shade of the shrubbery and undergrowth as soon as the females are through depositing their eggs.

## A Week In Water

The wood frog, though considerably larger, is still a little fawn-coloured fellow that hides behind a black mask.

This is the frog that makes the frog pond sound like a duck pond by his explosive cluckings.

But he doesn't care for the water, and about a week is all he can tolerate before going back to the woodlands.

As we approach him he is likely to crouch. He isn't difficult to catch, but at first he is very lively and is likely to slip through your fingers.

As he dries from being held in your hand, he seems to lose his fear and settles down quite contented.

If we sprinkle him with water he quickly becomes as lively as ever. A dry skin is fatal to any frog, toad or salamander.

## Greek Legend

Of all the frogs the spring peeper, the little hyla with the cross on his back, appears to be the best known, at least the most talked about.

In size he is about the same as the swamp tree frog, perhaps an inch in length.

His name comes from a Greek legend. He was the fair-haired youth who accompanied Hercules on the Argonautic expedition.

While on the Mysian coast he went to get an urn of water and, as he stooped over, the water nymphs became so infatuated with his comeliness they drew him into the spring.

Later, as Hercules was tramping through the bog hunting for Hylas, he heard a voice from the water.

It was that of Hylas and he has been making the marshes and damp boggy places ring with his voice ever since.



## A MIDDLE

### U.S.A. STEPS IN

IN

By PRE

AT the main door of the Office in Amman an a—first formed and trained way and unapologetically s for arms

"Never mind", said a gentl man near by in perfect English "he is only doing his duty". Th search, I was informed, was routine precaution against sabo age to which every visito to a strategic installation mu submit. I would not sa that I enjoyed being suspect ed of carrying time-bombs hand-grenades, though this wa my only unpleasant experie during my brief stay in Jordan which has been under marti law for a whole year since th coup terminating Egyptian in fluence in the country. Arme soldiery are everywhere in th streets, and their special power give them authority over th civil police. They do not nomally interfere with the peopl and seem to devote a major par of their patrolling duties to look ing at attractive shop windows.

Jordan is a delightful countr and, to me, nostalgically remin iscent of parts of the North West Frontier Province. If no thing else will put you at you ease, the extensive use of English—a heritage of the Bri tish connexion—will. At the lovely little airport in Amman the police sergeant who look ed through my passport burst into fluent Queen's English on seeing that his Arabic did not make an adequate impact on my dull mind. After congratulating him on his knowledge of the English language I asked him if every one in Jordan also played cric ket. "Oh no", he corrected me "not everyone".

#### EASTER PILGRIMS

In welcome contrast to the military look of the capital, the town was crowded with Chris tian pilgrims from all over the world on their way to visit the Jordanian part of Jerusalem for Easter. One of the largest organ ized groups had come from the Philippines, each member—old and young—sporting a badge on his chest: "Pilgrim from the Philippines". In the dining room of my hotel visiting priests said grace before every meal, and for a day or two the place assumed a unique tranquillity. Hundreds of faces shone with the expectation of seeing the Holy land, now in such close proxim ity to what many regarded as an unfriendly State. Not far from where they sat, Israeli and Syrian troops had been killing one an other only a day or two ago.

No single Arab State has suffered more from the partition of Palestine than Jordan, which has 600,000 of the 900,000 Arab refugees on its soil. Despite con tinued U.N. assistance, thousands of them still live in miserable conditions, acting as a constant reminder to the people of Jordan of the unwelcome creation of Israel. The problem also accentuates Jordan's suspicious and angry attitude to her neigh bour. A more cheerful side of the overall picture, however, is that the induction of the Pales tine refugee has brought many sturdy technicians to Jordan and, incidentally, increased the coun try's population to 1.5 million!

Compared with the general re action in Baghdad, the people of Amman are, on the whole, rather pleased with the federation with Iraq, although King Hussein has mentionable status under the new arrangement. But here, as in Iraq, the birth of the Federa tion was not marked by any visible enthusiasm. There were no street processions, no slogans, no public demonstrations worth the name.



# A MIDDLE EAST DIARY-IV

## U.S.A. STEPS INTO THE "VACUUM" IN JORDAN

By PREM BHATIA

AMMAN.

AT the main door of the General Post and Telegraph Office in Amman an armed soldier of the Arab Legion—first formed and trained by "Glubb Pasha"—barred my way and unapologetically squeezed my pockets in a search for arms.

"Never mind", said a gentleman near by in perfect English, "he is only doing his duty". The search, I was informed, was a routine precaution against sabotage to which every visitor to a strategic installation must submit. I would not say that I enjoyed being suspected of carrying time-bombs or hand-grenades, though this was my only unpleasant experience during my brief stay in Jordan, which has been under martial law for a whole year since the coup terminating Egyptian influence in the country. Armed soldiery are everywhere in the streets, and their special powers give them authority over the civil police. They do not normally interfere with the people and seem to devote a major part of their patrolling duties to looking at attractive shop windows.

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Compared with the general reaction in Baghdad, the people of Amman are, on the whole, rather pleased with the federation with Iraq, although King Hussein has mentionable status under the new arrangement. But here, as in Iraq, the birth of the Federation was not marked by any visible enthusiasm. There were no street processions, no slogans, no public demonstrations worth the name. Even nearly two months after the act of federation there are no portraits of King Faisal to be seen anywhere. The only pictures displayed are those of King Hussein. In a barber's saloon I saw a group photograph of King Saud, President Nasser, ex-President

Kuwatly of Syria and King Hussein, but that was only a relic of past friendship among the four Heads of State.

"President Nasser", King Hussein told me during an interview he granted me at the Palace, "does not like me, and I must say I don't care for him either." This was clearly an understatement of their current relations, which have become increasingly bitter over the past year. When I saw President Nasser in Cairo a few weeks ago he spoke unhappily about the daily attacks made on him by Amman Radio; but the complaint is mutual, for King Hussein is also unsparingly criticized by Cairo. When I approached the appropriate authorities for an interview with the King, the official concerned said: "Yes; you had better see him for yourself. Cairo has been saying all sorts of nasty things about his mental condition".

Regardless of what his enemies say about him, I found King Hussein a forceful but an extremely pleasant young man. He was categorical in his assertion that "Communist agents" had tried to oust him from his position until he decided to act. Whether the "agents" were "Communist" or otherwise, the fact is that a year ago he nearly lost his throne under pressure from Egypt. When he decided to act—with the assured support of the USA—he conducted himself boldly, and today such of his former Ministers and Commanders as were suspected of trying to undermine his authority are not in Jordan, wherever else they may be.

With the expulsion of "Glubb Pasha" in 1956 and the subsequent withdrawal of Britain's financial support—which represented the entire £14 million of the Army budget out of a total Government expenditure of £25 million a year—Jordan could not, in any case, survive without external assistance. It was then faced with a choice between Egypt and another Western or pro-Western friend. At that time the Americans, knowing that Jordan had already become sharply anti-British, stepped in, and, as is now common knowledge, helped King Hussein to make up his mind. In the past year American financial support for Jordan has amounted to nearly £15 million, which has at least helped to pay the Army.

### "BUDGETARY SUPPORT"

"Budgetary support"—as the aid is euphemistically described in Western circles—will now come to Jordan from Iraq under the Federation treaty, as Iraq will pay 80% of the federal expenditure. This will cover almost entirely the cost of the Jordanian Army and a substantial portion of the expenditure on foreign affairs, communications and one or two other common items. No wonder Jordan is pleased with the Federation, and the Iraqis not so pleased. Meanwhile, American help is likely to continue in the form of financial aid on a project basis. One such project is an irrigation canal, preparatory work of which has already begun. The Americans have also set up schools and hospitals.

The pattern of Western interest in the Federation is now fairly clear. While Britain will maintain her close connexion with Iraq, the USA will fill the "vacuum" in Jordan. Both seem to be devoted to the objective of supporting the Federation, although they know that sensitive nationalism in either Iraq or Jordan will not tolerate anything but unobtrusive assistance and

# A MIDDLE EAST DIARY-IV

(Continued from page 6 column 5) interest. But the assistance and interest are there for anyone to see.

King Hussein spoke to me enthusiastically of the interest taken by his father—Amir Talal—and his grandfather—the late King Abdullah—in Arab liberation and unity. Egypt is not prepared, however, to credit either of the present monarch's ancestors with any attempts for Arab unity or independence, and Cairo Radio daily lampoons King Abdullah as a "British stooge" and an "opium smuggler". These stigmas are probably responsible for Jordan's known opposition to joining the Baghdad Pact, and I know it for a fact that Jordan has tried unsuccessfully to persuade Iraq to leave the Pact.

Invariably, in every Arab country I have visited during my present tour of the Middle East, the popular reactions to President Nasser have been in the forefront of my inquiry. In Amman, too, the Egyptian leader is a public hero, though fewer people are prepared to admit this fact than in Cairo. But the Jordanian is essentially an honest person and once you have his confidence he will tell you what a great man President Nasser is. "Why do you like him?" I asked several people in Amman. "Because he is a real man", was a frequent reply, which has significance in the context of the general political awakening and self-respect which the Egyptian President seems to have inspired among fellow Arabs. But here, as in Iraq, the people are in no mood to revolt against their Government, and Cairo makes a grave error of judgment if it thinks otherwise.

Western diplomats and Middle East "specialists" who think, on the other hand, that all will be well now that Jordan has federated with Iraq, and will be financially aided are equally wrong. The appeal of President Nasser is deep and widespread. No single leader in the Arab world has ever had such a following or been loved so much.

(To be continued)

(Continued on page 7 column 8)







# INDIANS IN THE PERSIAN GULF STATES

## A PLEA FOR MORE INTEREST IN A NEGLECTED AREA

From Our West Asian Correspondent

**T**HE connexions between the Persian Gulf and India are both very ancient and very modern. A Danish archaeological expedition, excavating the many thousand tumuli found on Bahrain, has produced clear evidence of the island being a link between the civilizations of Sumer and of the Indus valley.

Seals, strangely similar to those found at Mohenjodaro, have been discovered and it is hoped that, if and when inscriptions come to light, they may help in the definite deciphering of the Indus valley script. So much for the past.

The father of the pleasant and helpful young man who is the Public Relations Officer of the Government of Bahrain resides in Bombay; his brothers have been educated there and speak English and Hindi but no Arabic. He, in Bahrain, is engaged to the daughter of a man from U.P., who has settled there, and the young lady speaks English and Arabic but no Hindi.

This is typical of the numerous close personal links between India, and Bombay in particular, and the merchant communities of Bahrain, Kuwait and the rest of the Gulf. Little, however, is being done to strengthen these ancient trading ties. The Gulf is a natural market for India: it is near by, it now has money to spend, and it is rapidly developing, yet the volume of trade to and from India is nowhere near what it should be and a tremendous market is being neglected.

### NO CEMENT

To take only one commodity: cement. With enormous building projects all over the Gulf the demand for cement is phenomenal, and exceeds the supply. All building work in Dubai, on the Trucial Coast, had to stop recently for lack of cement. Most of the cement now used comes from such countries as Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. With the much shorter sea voyage from Indian ports, Indian cement is bound to be competitive, but it is nowhere to be found on the market in the Gulf.

There are at least two reasons for India's commercial weakness in the Gulf area: a lack of export initiative on the part of the Indian producer, who seems satisfied with a safe home market; and the reluctance of importers in the Gulf to deal with Indian business firms because of the somewhat devious commercial practices of some of them. More than one local merchant in Bahrain and Kuwait spoke bitterly of the indifference and dishonesty of manufacturers in India with whom they had persistently tried to do business. They have now abandoned all hope of any sort of working arrangement.

The Gulf is a market not only for utilitarian products like cement or machinery. Over the entire area there are now large numbers of people, both local and foreign, with money to spend and not much opportunity to do so. Consequently, luxury goods and, in particular, Indian handicrafts would definitely find big sales in Dhahran, Bahrain and Kuwait. With a not unusual lack of imagination, the local Indian shops do not stock any Indian products.

### TOURISTS

Among the many strange practices found in the Gulf is that in the summer most well-to-do merchants now flee even from their air-conditioned homes and offices to the cool delights of Switzerland. The families of many foreign employees of the oil companies do the same thing but these go to Lebanon or Istanbul, which are nearer. Here then, is a good market for the Indian tourist trade, which, happily, is just beginning to enter the field.

A suggestion made some years ago that Indian airlines should offer these people a package-visit to Kashmir produced no results, and this is now going to be done by a foreign airline. In practically every sphere of commercial activity India is letting opportunities slip in the Persian Gulf. One result of the old

tion between the Gulf and India is the presence there of fairly large Indian communities. Some of the merchants are now Old Gulf Hands, having been established there for two generations. More recently, of course, the development of the oilfields has given employment to many Indians in the intermediate range of jobs and as domestic helps. The Governments of the Gulf States also employ many Indians and nursing in the State hospitals is almost entirely done by Indian girls. Business men are prosperous, and company and Government employees earn exceedingly good salaries. So it is a contented community that one finds in Kuwait and Bahrain.

### IN THE WAY

In Kuwait, just over 1,000 of the oil company's 8,000 employees are Indians, and there are 4,000 Indians in the State altogether. Bahrain has about 2,000 Indian residents in all with 500 of them working for the oil company out of a total of 8,500.

From this it will be seen that in the oil companies at least, and in the particular grades for which Indians are especially recruited, they tend to bulk rather large. Thus they have a near monopoly, with Pakistanis, of clerical and accounting work. This is unfortunate, for when a young educated Bahraini or Kuwaiti seeks employment or rises in the scale, the people he bumps into and tries to supplant are Indians. It is not without significance that President Nasser asked the Kuwaiti representative to the Arab Oil Conference, held in Cairo last year what number of Indians and Pakistanis were working in the company.

The Gulf Arab is, by tradition a shrewd and skilful business man and in this sphere, too, his competitors are not big British firms but medium-sized Indian traders. Only recently the Bahrain Chamber of Commerce raised objections to a successful, if somewhat previous Christmas sale of one of the leading Indian business houses.

### EXCLUSIVENESS

The Indian communities are well behaved and, as always, industrious and thrifty. But, as in most parts of the world, Indians tend to keep to themselves and do not mix with the local inhabitants as much as they should. Of course, the observance of purdah by Arab women is a considerable social handicap.

This isolation has its advantages, however, for it means that Indians keep out of local politics and in Bahrain, at least, this has won them the approval of the Sheikh, who prefers the company to employ Indians rather than politically involved Arabs.

The people of Bahrain and Kuwait admit that Indian employees are necessary for the time being, and they appreciate and respect their sobriety and conscientiousness. While there is some questioning of their present rather favourable position, and some fear that they may be used to block the advancement of the growing Gulf middle-class, there is as yet no actual pressure being brought to bear on Indian communities.

This, however, could very rapidly develop if there was any suspicion that the Indians would try to hang on to Government or company employment. If this is to be avoided, and it certainly should be, then when the time comes for the local people to take over, the Indian must be ready and willing to go.

The Indian communities have one legitimate grouse against the Indian Government—the absence of any diplomatic or consular representative in the area. The present arrangement, by which officials from the Embassy in Baghdad make brief, hurried

visits to Kuwait and Bahrain every six months or so, is clearly unsatisfactory, and commercial work is especially neglected.

For two years now the Indian Government has been trying to put a Vice-Consul or Trade Agent into Kuwait, where Pakistan has had a Vice-Consulate, now being wound up for reasons of economy. The matter, I was told, is still "under consideration".

The reason given for this inordinate delay is that the Sheikh is not anxious to permit any new foreign missions, for that would mean letting in representatives of Iraq and the UAR with a definite increase in political activity. If this is the main and real reason—and there must be others—a direct approach to the Sheikh should convince him of India's bona fides and special position.

### SMUGGLING

In the recent past the Persian Gulf has probably been best known to the Indian public, and certainly to the Indian Customs, as the main transit point for the smuggling of gold into India. The little foundries in the back streets of Kuwait which expertly fashioned the bullion into bars of convenient size and shape did a roaring business, and the drain on India's foreign exchange was estimated at Rs 40-50 crores a year, facilitated by the fact that Indian rupees were the currency of the Gulf. Since the introduction of a new special Gulf currency the outflow is now said to be, without any great certainty however, down to Rs 2 or 3 crores.

What is not clear yet is whether this desirable state of affairs is the result of currency reform or of increased vigilance by the Pakistan and Indian Customs, and the cession of Gwadar, a smuggler's haunt, to Pakistan by the Muscat Government.

The Persian Gulf is India's front yard. As the major source of India's fuel needs India has an absolutely vital stake in it. Whether it likes it and knows it or not India is deeply involved in the future of the Gulf. Great commercial possibilities and the Indian communities provide other compelling reasons for a much more active interest by India in this area.

(This concludes a series of three articles on the Persian Gulf States)



# THE YOUNG DJILAS

Land Without Justice. By Milovan Djilas. (Methuen, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

"THE unbroken existence of man on this minute planet, in the fearful infinity of the cosmos, can find glory only in the character and might of the human spirit. . . Some are for the useful, some for the beautiful. I placed myself on the side of beauty." One would not expect a man capable of voicing such views to remain long satisfied with Communism. Nor has he. So long as it was a question of removing the old injustices, Milovan Djilas campaigned fiercely for Communism; but once he saw that it had only replaced the old ruling class by a new one, he was not the sort of man who could be kept quiet by a high rank in the new order. This book (which was written, together with "The New Class", before his imprisonment) helps to explain why.

Although sub-titled "An Autobiography of his Youth", it says surprisingly little about him personally but presents a vivid picture of Montenegro, land of crags and heroes, torn by family feuds and in perpetual war against the Turks, revolt against Austria or rebellion against justice. He tells us how, in his own family as in many others in this little mountain realm now absorbed in Yugoslavia, scarcely a male member for generations past attained the natural term of life and died peacefully. They were proud, turbulent people, boastful in success, vindictive in defeat, and often brutal when in power: above all, individualists.

Whatever he may be as a politician, M Djilas is brilliant as a writer. He makes this wild tale of the mountains come vividly to life. Particularly skilful is he in description of character. The later chapters, concerning his education, descend from the mountains to the plains and are composed largely of descriptions of his school teachers. Few writers could make such a catalogue interesting, but he does; and in doing so he builds up, bit by bit, a picture of the little provincial town trying to spread culture among the rough peasantry around. The descriptions also make one understand how the author became a crusader for Communism while still a schoolboy, but how the rebellious, individualistic spirit of him and his kind is now turned against the new order.

## WITH THE NEEDLE

Anchor Manual of Needlework. (Batsford, 63s.)

Lovers of beautiful needlework need look no further than the instructive and beautifully produced Anchor Manual. All the different types of embroidery, knitting and lace making are included, with illustrations of designs and patterns some of the samplers are works of art.

## EXPLOSIVES

Unexploded Bomb. By A. L. Hartley. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 21s.)

As a study in coldblooded heroism Major Hartley's book on bomb disposal can hardly be matched. The author himself has been engaged in this dangerous, demanding work for many years, and is able to write from vast experience in the war years and after, when grim reminders of Luftwaffe visits were still being (literally) stumbled upon in odd and unexpected places. Bomb disposal expertise was very dearly bought. In time however the Royal Engineers branch charged with the task grew into a highly specialized unit, with knowledge steadily acquired, often the very hard way, and as steadily imparted to those who would come after.

The value of their wartime work might be better appreciated if more thought were given to the adverse effect on production that unexploded bombs exerted. The book is filled with accounts (very modestly told) of supreme courage, resource and sense of duty. For those of a scientific turn of mind the discussion of technical details relating to bomb and mine manufacture, performance and immobilization should be of great interest.



## HELP FOR ASSAM

THE Centre will surely give serious consideration to the proposals by the Assam Government in its memorandum submitted to the Union Minister for Economic and Defence Co-ordination. It is possible that the proposals originated from a desire on the Chaliha Cabinet's part to assure the people of the State that the present emergency had its silver lining and could be turned into a means for accelerating the industrialization of Assam but in its present form the memorandum

does have the full element of national urgency. As the memorandum argues, the vulnerability of the Eastern Zone to external aggression having been demonstrated, Assam and its contiguous areas have to be economically and strategically developed so as to serve as a strong operational base for defence.

It rightly attaches the maximum priority to transport but may have asked for more than can be accomplished rapidly by urging the construction of two more bridges across the Brahmaputra as well as an additional broad gauge railway to Assam. A limitation on the broad gauge to Siliguri is placed by the unbridged Ganga at Farakka and some have argued that extension eastward may not increase transport capacity as much as double tracking on the metre gauge from Kataraah to Fakiragram. Double tracking is, however, expensive and Mr Krishnamachari has indicated that the broad gauge is favoured; one suggestion is that it will link Siliguri and Jogighopa. Westward of Kataraah the metre gauge is double tracked to the northern bridgehead of the Rajendra Pul to which point the broad gauge comes across the Ganga freely without its capacity being constricted by the laborious and slow marshalling the ferry at Kherjuria involves. Eastward of Fakiragram there are two metre gauge lines to the Brahmaputra. Instead of new bridges over the Brahmaputra, it should be easier to link the road ferry point of Jogighopa-Bongaigaon on the main line by railway.

While it is possible to be circumspect in regard to the demand for an additional grant of Rs 9 crores for flood control, the need for the Centre to help the early completion of the Umiyam and Namrup power projects through financial assistance amounting to Rs 10 crores is obvious. The portion of the memorandum which can be implemented quickest relates to small industries being geared to defence so that the available transport capacity can be better used. More than a dozen small items needed in large numbers for defence purposes are listed as Assam's potential manufactures and should be made soon. The funds involved would not be prohibitive and time spent in discussing them should be considered a greater waste.

## UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

### GET £162M. FROM U.K.

LONDON, Jan 7.—British families may spend more on keeping a pet dog or cat than an average man might earn in underdeveloped countries of the world, reports Reuter.

Using this comparison, based on official Government statistics, before an audience of school-children in London last week, Mr Edward du Cann, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, said he was proud of what the British Government was doing in the way of aid to underdeveloped countries.

Speaking in support of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, he said vigorous action was needed both by governments and private individuals in this field.

Britain had doubled her contribution over the last three to four years, and last year spent £162 million.

Mr du Cann said that considering all kinds of Government aid and private investment, the United Kingdom in 1961 spent 1.32% of its gross national product on aid to underdeveloped countries. He compared this favourably with the U.S. contribution of 0.97% of its gross national product and West Germany's 1.17%.

### 'ARITHMETICAL ERROR'

But a shock in another direction was administered this week by Professor Colin Clark, Director of the Oxford Agricultural Economic Research Unit. He told a group of agricultural students at Loughborough, Leicestershire, that a generally accepted figure that "two-thirds of the world is hungry" as "just an arithmetical error".

He explained that the error arose in 1950 when Lord Boyd-Orr, formerly Director-General of Food and Agriculture Organization, "mixed up two columns in a table of figures".

Professor Clark said a lot of the organization's officials, well knowing the figure was not true, "had a vested interest in letting it continue to circulate".

He went on: "The figure for the number of people who did not have sufficient calories is probably about 15% of the world's population, about 450 million people. The fact that 15% of the population may be undernourished was, of course, pretty serious."

Professor Clark made the point that it was very difficult to reach the hungry. He claimed that FAO was meeting "great difficulties" in giving away \$100 million worth of food.

"If some people seemed to think that all the farm surplus could be transmitted throughout the world by the U.S. Treasury, the fact is that nothing like that is going to happen," he concluded.

## DEHLAVI ARRIVES IN LONDON

### TALKS ON KASHMIR WITH U.K. OFFICIALS

LONDON, Jan 7.—Mr S. K. Dehlavi, Pakistan's Foreign Secretary, arrived here yesterday from Rome for a week's visit to London, reports Reuter.

Mr Dehlavi said in an interview at the airport that the object of his visit to London was to meet officials of the British Government and to "explain any doubts about our attitude to the Sino-Indian border conflict."

He said he would discuss this in context with the Kashmir problem and the way in which Britain could realistically and materially assist in the solution of this problem.

An AFP report from Karachi says the Commerce Minister, Mr Waheed-uz-Zaman, will soon undertake an extensive tour of South-East Asian countries to explain Pakistan's stand on the Kashmir issue and the Sino-Indian border conflict.

The Information Minister, Mr Fazlul Quader Chowdhury, will also visit many African countries for this purpose.

## ZAFRULLAH INVITED TO MOSCOW

KARACHI, Jan 7.—Sir Mohammad Zafrullah Khan, Pakistan's permanent representative to the U.N., has been invited by the Soviet Government to visit Moscow, according to a Pakistani news agency report, says AP. The date of his visit has not been announced.







## EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

THE National Employment and Training Service comprising the employment exchanges was transferred to State Governments for administrative purposes in 1956; with a Directorate-General under the Union Ministry of Labour for providing Central guidance, it has expanded considerably in size during these six years but not perhaps sufficiently in the quality of its service. There were only 136 employment exchanges at the beginning of the second Plan when the Shiva Rao Committee suggested that they should be given over to the States; now they have multiplied to 342 (besides the employment bureaux at university centres). There were nearly 22 lakh applicants on their live registers (at the end of September); of these one-third were in West Bengal and U.P. Two-thirds of this total number have been classified as persons without professional or vocational training or experience and, except in Orissa and Punjab, this proportion seems to reflect the position in every State. Yet, the number of persons under training schemes (at the end of September) was only 43,555 or just 3%; West Bengal had 21 and U.P. 15 institutions for imparting some kind of training as against 50 in Maharashtra, 47 in Madras and 32 in Punjab. This deficiency in the two States appears to have been made up to some extent by training larger numbers in each institution; but as the registered unemployed constitute a manpower reserve which can be readily tapped during the emergency for semi-skilled workers, the need for intensification of the training schemes is obvious.

With over 12,000 employers using the exchanges for their recruitment since legislation was enacted in 1959 for compulsory notification of vacancies, the Employment Service is in a position to claim that nearly two-thirds of the notified vacancies are filled by persons registered with and placed by the exchanges. Thus it performs a very useful rôle as a clearing house of information, though efficiency even in this respect varies from area to area. The training schemes are mainly related to engineering, as the deficiency of trained workers is greatest in this branch, but it should not be difficult to extend such facilities for other occupations also. The organization has also undertaken other activities like collection of information about trends in the employment market and vocational guidance. It is difficult to judge the impact that these have made on the unemployed but the Directorate-General feels that these studies have proved to be of great value in understanding the different facets of unemployment. Coverage of the entire public sector was relatively easy but data from 152 areas now available in respect of the private sector will provide useful indicators of the employment trends provided publication is not delayed, as at present, by nine months. Close co-ordination may be needed in future with the Ministry of Community Development in the proposed organization of defence labour banks and the village volunteer force through panchayats. With an imaginative approach, the Employment Service has an opportunity now to play an effective rôle and contribute to the defence effort.

## Thrillers, Vips, Cretans, Others

Gideon's March. By J. J. Marric (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.)  
Requiem for a Schoolgirl. By Ivan T. Ross (Heinemann, 15s.)  
The Moon-Spinners. By Mary Stewart (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.)

Zelda. By Carter Brown. (Signet, 35c.)

The Exotic. By Carter Brown. (Signet, 35c.)

THE indefatigable John Creasey, writing for some curious reason under the unattractive pseudonym of J. J. Marric, has added a new and excellent story to his Gideon series which, with this, has now eight novels. Mr Creasey takes us behind the scenes to an intimate and possibly accurate vision of what happens in a Police Headquarters when a host of V.I.P.s arrives in a capital city for a Summit meeting. On this occasion the capital is London and among the visitors are the Presidents of the United States and of France. Unfortunately, there are other visitors, some planning to pick the pockets of the crowds watching the inevitable procession, others planning to burgle houses which will be deserted on such an auspicious occasion and, in particular two fanatics who are dedicated to the task of assassinating the Presidents. Gideon handles this complex situation with his normal competence and the great men return home uninjured.

Crime stories about schoolgirls are becoming popular, apparently because in America at least schoolgirls are addicted to crime. Mr Ross's "Requiem for a Schoolgirl" is an excellent example of this new genre except that the very attractive heroine dies far too soon, on page 18. But the fascinating Laurie who is driven by the most sinister circumstances to suicide, lives on in spirit throughout the whole book, which gives some astonishing facts about the adolescent vices of an advanced civilization, the

"B girls", the drug addicts and the older men who exploit the young as an important source of income.

The latest Mary Stewart is again set in Greece (Crete, this time) but after a very few pages is hardly a mystery, and over 256 in smallish type has to work hard to be a suspense story. Some readers will enjoy the descriptions of landscape, people and other miscellaneous "fine writing". Dissenters—noting, for instance, that the characters are mere stereotypes—may deplore a familiar process by which first-class writers of thrillers turn into second-class novelists.

The racy style of Carter Brown makes his stories interesting even when the plot is not worth much. A sprinkling of beautiful girls, a manly sleuth, and a few out of the mill characters seem to be the basic ingredients, to add spice to which he throws in a couple of murders. In "Zelda" we have a beautiful actress who has a blackmail scheme in mind; but one of her victims, an ex-husband, is not quite as cooperative as she wishes. The fun starts as his head gets bashed in with a whisky bottle. "The Exotic" figures one of Brown's popular heroes—Lieut. Al Wheeler of the L.A. Police Force. The story opens with a man with two bullet holes in his head being delivered in a cab to the sheriff's office. The identity of the murderer seems obvious till we find we have been led up the wrong track. Wheeler in both senses cracks his way to the solution.







DELHI, JANUARY 15, 1963

### NON-ALIGNED EFFORT

THE leaders from Ceylon, Ghana and the United Arab Republic have left, or are leaving, after their labours in New Delhi with apparent satisfaction. Appreciation of their efforts has been expressed in the Indian capital. The six delegations that assembled in Colombo last month repeatedly emphasized that their rôle in helping a solution of what they called the "border dispute" between India and China was a limited one. Limited, then, must also be the result; and if New Delhi now has a clearer picture of Chinese intentions, and more precise information on the yet officially unpublished Colombo proposals, this is to be counted something of a gain. Before India commits herself one way or the other, it may be necessary to know more about the content of China's "positive response" to the Colombo proposals. Here, too, the six may help.

Parliament will almost certainly insist next week on knowing how "close" the Colombo proposals come to the Indian stand. It was officially stated on Sunday that "by and large" they accept the principle that the latest Chinese aggression must be undone before talks may begin. This "by and large" will need to be explained too. The decision to refer the proposals to Parliament was not dictated only by democratic correctness. The Chinese and the Colombo countries will do well to see in it the Government of India's respect for Parliament's mood which expressed itself with unmistakable vigour and determination during the last session. The desire for peace with honour is as strong as ever; but Parliament will no more trust India's dignity and self-respect to China's, or anybody else's, deceitful verbiage. When drawing up the balance-sheet of its gains and losses in the Himalayas, Peking may yet find that its total forfeiture of Indian trust and confidence outweighs all other results of its demonstration of strength against India.

If the non-aligned countries' chief aim was to save non-alignment, they must have noticed with satisfaction that in New Delhi there has been no change in that policy. What has changed, and this is as important for the Colombo Powers to note, is that this country now knows the real enemy of Asian non-alignment—China, which today threatens India but may tomorrow look in other directions. It will be some time before India and China resume their dialogue; it may be years before the real issue, concerning the border between the two countries, is resolved. What needs wider realization, in the six countries that lent their good offices to help India and China talk again, is the true nature of Chinese ambitions. Parliament will in its wisdom pronounce on the Colombo proposals after studying all the data

it is not revolutionaries like Patrice Lumumba alone who are victims. Mr Olympio was a genuinely popular leader; but his political methods were not soft. Mr Nicholas Grunitzky (of Polish origin, as Mr Olympio was of Portuguese), leader of the opposing Parti Togolais du Progre, found himself safer in exile in neighbouring Dahomey; and after every attempted assassination arrests were many and possibly not very discriminate. The truth is that Mr Olympio, a man of extraordinary administrative ability, had little time for demagogues and fools; and even his admirers conceded that, in practice, his Government had become virtually a one-man affair. His was, and is, not the only such Government in Africa; and his patriotism was not less real because it showed itself more in work than in ebullient oratory. For the economic advancement of his small and poor country he sought, and received, aid from Britain, France and the USA—as so many others do. But it earned him a reputation of being "pro-West"; and this can in Africa today be a fatal acquisition. Whether Mr Grunitzky can form a stable Government and how long he will be tolerated by the non-commissioned officers of the Army—a change from the coup-loving colonels elsewhere—are questions that will be answered in the coming days and weeks.

need to improve her defences and Parliament will doubtless make that clear to the Government.

### TOGO COUP

ON October 20 last at Lome President Sylvanus Olympio was elected life leader of his ruling party, Parti de l'Unité Togolaise. On Sunday, January 13, he was dead, his body riddled with bullets outside the U.S. Embassy. As there had been attempts on his life in May and December, 1961, and again in January, 1962, Sunday's assassination cannot be called a total surprise. President Olympio ascribed previous attempts on his life to external machinations; but and it may well be that the President had enemies also within the country who needed little inspiration from abroad. In too many newly independent African countries assassination is almost a respectable form of political activity; an

### LEPERS NO LONGER

THE Mission to Lepers—famed for its work in India, Pakistan, Burma, Nepal and Ceylon—is considering the possibility of a change in its title. It is part of the modern outlook on the treatment of leprosy to remove the word "leper" from the world's vocabulary. "Leper" bears the stigma of outcast, incurable, infective, untouchable; "leprosy patient" has entirely different connotations, properly borne out by the statistics showing the high percentage recorded of improvement, if not complete cure, in cases under treatment. (And it must be remembered that patients arriving at the Mission hospitals are usually in an advanced stage of the disease.)

Many sufferers from leprosy are still "lepers" in every sense; the Mission's annual report contains many examples of how people affected are abandoned by family and friends. It is part of the educational aspect of a great humanitarian work to lift the clouds of shame and misery which have descended through history on men, women and children unfortunate enough to fall victim to leprosy. In the mouths of the charitable as well as of the scientists, the word leper should go out of our daily talk.



admired American efficiency and genius for organization; and on May 1, 1897, was born the Ramakrishna Mission. In its 65 years of existence, this organization has probably alleviated more human suffering and spread more education than any comparable body in this period. This great organization is sustained by Sri Ramakrishna's faith—"religion is not for empty bellies"—supplemented by Swami Vivekananda's: "If you want to find God, serve man."

It is not at all unnatural that politicians and publicists should seek to derive patriotic inspiration from Swamiji's sayings in the national emergency. And who could be more stirring? He said:

This is not the time with us to weep, even in joy; we have

had weeping enough; no more is this the time for us to be soft. This softness has been with us till we have become like masses of cotton... what our country now wants are muscles of iron and nerves of steel, gigantic will— which nothing can resist... faith, faith, faith in ourselves...

None can resist her (India) and... any more; never is she going to sleep any more; no outward powers can hold her back any more, for the infinite giant is rising to her feet.

Swami Vivekananda travelled widely in the West. Rolland says: "His prolonged contact with the West made him feel more deeply the personality of India". And even as his universal religion embraced the universe his India excluded no part of the country of which not many inches were strangers to his restless feet. The Himalayas he loved; he called Rameswaram the Varanasi of the South, the Rome of the Ramayana. The whole country can still hear his call: "Arise! Awake!" The country's response will not do Swami Vivekananda full honour until it has produced what he wanted: "A thousand Vivekanandas", meaning men of courage, determination and, above all else, character and absolute personal integrity like himself. How many short of a thousand is India today? The question has been answered by every Indian exception.



DELHI, JANUARY 20, 1963

## SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

"WHAT does it matter? I have done enough for fifteen hundred years." Thus Swami Vivekananda, when some close associates of his had expressed concern over his declining health. The anxiety proved only too true, within months. And, when the end came, he was not forty yet. As the world, and not this country alone, celebrates the birth centenary of Swami Vivekananda, and attempts are made better to appreciate the true significance of the somewhat sudden appearance of Swamiji on the Indian scene, even 1,500 years does not seem a long time during which the world, changing more rapidly now than ever before, may enrich itself by harking back to what he did and said and looking forward to the world he dreamed of and strove for. All the year-old celebrations will be in vain if they do not start with the premise, harsh yet inescapable, that, while fully conscious of the illimitable possibilities of the human mind, he never forgot man's many imperfections.

Harshness of speech was an essential component of this kindest of souls; and on the deficiencies of his countrymen in his time (as he would be today) he was always brutally frank. Not for him the easy comfort of chanting of a glorious past and cursing all and sundry for present ills. "It is we," he said, "who are responsible for all our degradation." He did not mind calling his countrymen, whom nobody loved more dearly, "a nation of dyspeptics." Of the Hindu society of the day he was severely critical for its indifference towards the poor and the low. Such savings, which could be quoted almost indefinitely, are a measure not only of the torpor into which much of Indian society had fallen, nor only of the fierce indignation Swamiji was capable of, but also of another aspect of this country's development: la trahison des clercs had not yet begun; and it was still not imperative to feed the nation with pleasing half-truths in order to climb to eminence through that most seductive of sirens, "popularity".

Passivity he hated; and when he found it all around him, he became a worshipper of manliness, energy, virility, sometimes to the extent of (just to drive it home, as in generalizations quoted earlier) approving aspects of Napoleon or Ghengiz Khan. Reading them only in cold print, Romain Rolland, heard in Swami Vivekananda's orations cadences of Beethoven and Handel. "Energy personified" is how Rolland describes Swamiji; "His preeminent characteristic was kingliness". And to what purpose was this seemingly inexhaustible energy expended? "I will have nothing to do with the nonsense of politics," he said. The two paths prescribed in the scriptures—meditation and pursuit of knowledge—he had trodden; but it is the third path, worship through work, which had the greatest attraction for him. In 1893 he had addressed the Parliament of Religions

## THE POLARIS-FOR-SKYBOLT DECISION

## U.S. ACTION THOUGHT POLITICALLY, NOT TECHNICALLY, INSPIRED

By OUR AERONAUTICAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN the historians come to record the story of the twentieth century, they will certainly comment on the rapid rise, and equally swift decline, of the aeroplane as a military weapon.

They will probably remark on the significance of the agreement in Nassau, between the President of the USA and the Prime Minister of Britain. One refers, of course, to the American decision to abandon the development of Skybolt air-to-ground nuclear missile—and the offer, to Britain, of the submarine-mounted Polaris missile.

Britain accepted that offer—but not, one imagines, with any particular enthusiasm. Skybolt had a very special place in Britain's armoury. Not only was it to have been, from the mid sixties onwards, her main nuclear deterrent but the very keystone of her policy to maintain independent status as a nuclear Power. One mentions this fact because there are many who believe that American action in respect of Skybolt was politically, rather than technically, inspired. In other words, America considers that independent nuclear allies in NATO are an embarrassment rather than a help when it comes to doing a deal with Russia.

## AWKWARD PROBLEM

Whilst the Skybolt issue may appear, at first sight, solely to concern the USA and Britain—and to a lesser extent, the other NATO Powers—there is, I suggest, a great deal more involved. However, since America's action certainly poses an extremely awkward political and military problem for Britain, I shall deal, primarily, with that aspect of the matter. Politically, of course, Britain's Conservative Government is under fire from both the Opposition and its own back-benchers—and the latter, at this stage, are likely to prove the most difficult.

Already, indeed, the Government has had to make certain concessions. Britain's present stand-off bomb—Blue Steel—is to be developed, according to the latest information, to provide some alternative, from 1965 onwards, to the missing Skybolt, and thus to prolong the effective life of the Vulcans and Victors of Britain's V-bomber force. Now Blue Steel, in its present edition, has a maximum range of about 150 miles. To make it an effective weapon during the late nineteen sixties, that range must be increased to something like 500 to 750 miles. With ramjet in place of present rocket propulsion, such ranges are said to be attainable. Finance is, obviously, the limiting factor. A figure of £100 million has been mentioned as the very minimum required for the purpose.

Whether or not the Blue Steel project will be actively pursued is anybody's guess. The Conservative back-benchers will undoubtedly do their best to see that present assurances are fulfilled. The fact remains, one suggests, that such a course makes little sense. At best, Blue Steel is unlikely to be a very effective weapon. On the other hand, for a maritime nation whose naval power has been steadily dwindling, the sub-

regard to the enormous cost of developing, in parallel, both Blue Steel and the means of delivering Polaris—a fleet, no less, of atomic submarines—it will have to be the one or the other. Logic, one suggests, will prevail and Polaris will be the ultimate choice.

Whilst the problems confronting the British Government are more immediate and, obviously, more serious, the effect of the American decision on their own aircraft industry will not be negligible. Nor, one gathers, is the U.S. Air Force particularly happy about the abandonment of Skybolt. The fact is, however, that the USA, with a relatively far greater distance between their territory and Russian bases, can, unlike Western Europe, rely on statically-based missiles. For Britain and the other NATO countries missiles, above all else, must be mobile. Hence, of course, the great advantage of Polaris.

In other words, American security does not depend on Skybolt. She has a variety of alternatives. There is, for example, Minuteman, an intercontinental ballistic missile which, statically based and fired from underground, has a range of 5,500 nautical miles. There is a mobile medium-range missile under current development with a range of 2,000 nautical miles and, not of least importance, there is, of course Polaris. Whilst the "Skybolt lobby" in Congress will undoubtedly put up considerable resistance, it is thought that such concessions as they can wring from the President will be of a minor nature.

The agreement reached at Nassau marks, one suggests, an important turning point in weapon development. It is a decision to abandon, probably for all time, what has hitherto commonly been regarded as one of the principal means of delivering the deterrent. We do not know, in this respect, what Russian policies currently may be. Past evidence shows, however, that Russian military thinking usually runs about three years behind that of the West. It seems probable, therefore, that the Russians, in due course, will follow suit. If this premise is sound the conclusion is that, so far as nuclear warfare is concerned, the manned bomber is now all but obsolete.

## A LOST ROLE

The grounds for suggesting that other offensive military aircraft are also on the way out must, obviously, be far less firm. Reason nevertheless does seem to point to such a conclusion. The fighter, for example, loses most of its original purpose—the interception and destruction of the bomber. There remain tactical strike and reconnaissance aircraft of various kinds. These, doubtless, continue to have a purpose—particularly in conventional warfare. The development and perfection of ground-to-air missiles, however, continues relentlessly. These will rapidly multiply and reach

THE WESTERN MANUFACTURER

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**The Statesman**

Vol. No. CXXXVI

DELHI, JANUARY

**DISENGAGEMENT**

THE debates in London on the Colombo proposals indicated the broad outlines of a somewhat reluctant agreement for the six-nation plan to consolidate the cease-fire along the India-China border and to pull out armed forces on either side. In the context of recent events, deep suspicion of Chinese intentions was only natural, and the reservations expressed in Marshal Chen's speech and Mr. Chou's reply to the communication to the United Nations were clear that there can be no agreement between officials of the two countries until Peking agrees to accept the proposals fully. Since the September aggression on a large scale, India has been on its undoing by China. Any talks could be held only on the chief merit of the Colombo proposals is that they provide a basis for the fulfilment of the demand without placing the aggressor at an advantage. They do not require the Chinese demand for a complete withdrawal of their forces in our own territory, that for complete demilitarization of Indian civilian posts in the border area to be withdrawn by Chinese within 100 kilometres in the Western sector. Chinese reservation of the principle of joint administration in this area creates a problem for the Colombo proposals. This is a substantive issue, and the disengagement plan cannot be varied without details.

While Indian opinion is naturally averse to the part of an agreed plan for control over Indian territory, the demilitarized zone proposed in the joint conference will not contain any armed forces.



national units (what in India is known by the hideous phrase "fissiparous tendencies") the news of an additional unit joining a federation ought to be good tidings. But the announcement that Aden is to be joined with the Federation of Emirates of South Arabia has not been generally welcomed even though this means that Aden passes from colonial to semi-independent status. Indeed it is news that may presage trouble for the British Government and the Federation. This is so because the wishes of the people of Aden have not been consulted either through referendum or election; and this has not been done because of the well-founded suspicion that any such consultation would produce a majority against the merger of politically advanced Aden with the backward tribal rulers of the petty principalities. There has already been strong and violent opposition to this move from the well-organized labour movement in Aden, as well as from Parliament and part of the Press in Britain.

The British Government's motives are unconcealed—the small "troublesome" colony is being tacked on to the larger "reliable" Federation to make the area "safe" for the British military bases located there. These are the largest of Britain's defence installations overseas and the generals and air marshals have declared them vital, undeterred by earlier experience of "vital" bases later proving quite unessential, as at Suez and in Cyprus, and despite the obvious fact that bases cannot be operated effectively amidst a hostile local population. The political motivations are as self-contradictory as the military. While Aden does not wish to join the Federation of Emirates, it is now at least prepared to consider favourably joining another larger unit, the new Republic of Yemen. But Britain has not yet recognized the republican government, partly because the Emirates fear it is a dangerous example: one of the Emirates has even given active assistance to the royalist forces trying to overthrow the Sana'a Government.

The British Government hopes that the Aden merger will organize these antagonistic forces into a neat quadrilateral. The merger, it says, will please the Emirs and make them better disposed towards accepting eventual British recognition of republican Yemen, which ought to please the latter. But since these events are taking place in an atmosphere already poisoned with suspicion and hostility, Britain is more likely to get the worst of both worlds: the merger now will, in Yemeni eyes, rob the future recognition of any value and for the Emirs that recognition will make the merger seem temporary and of little value. When this is linked with Britain's recent decision to resume diplomatic relations with Saudi Arabia, currently engaged in a tussle with the UAR, the impression is given once again that she is going back to the old ways with old

essen at condition of tion of the position on September 8 for starting preliminary talks: much less will it affect the merits of the boundary issues or their permanent solution which the six Powers have not in any way attempted. That the Chinese will have to withdraw even behind the international boundary on the southern side of the Western sector is some compensation for their being west of the September 8 line in some places. As Mr Nehru pointed out, Chinese military concentration can be removed from this area, assuming Peking implements the plan honestly; but unlike the cease-fire imposed unilaterally by China, accompanied by threats for possible breaches by India, the Colombo plan of disengagement will have the advantage of the continued good offices of the sponsoring Powers for interpretation of details and perhaps also supervision of the terms of its fulfilment if necessary.

The main difference between India's stand and the Colombo proposals relates to the Thagla Ridge (covered by the Dhole post) and Longju both of which are left to the two countries to settle; in view of the sharp differences between them over the principle of watersheds and co-ordinates fixed in the McMahon Line, the six Powers were naturally unable to do more particularly as their object was not to go into merits. The Chinese Government's cease-fire statement of November 21 challengingly wanted the world, especially the Asian-African section, to see clearly who was peace-loving and who bellicose and inimical to the common interests. The tests have now been prescribed by those whose bona fides Peking apparently does not doubt; India's acceptance will give further proof of her adherence to the policy of peaceful settlement of all international disputes. This involves no relaxation of our defence efforts nor renewal of trust in Peking's words which are not accompanied by proof through deeds.

#### IN ADEN NOW

In a world in which there is a deplorable tendency towards smaller and smaller

fashioned princes against the reformist and republican element in modern Arab nationalism. No short-term reliance on military bases can counterbalance this long-term political loss.

## The Statesman

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DELHI, JANUARY 25, 1963

### DISENGAGEMENT PLAN

THE debates in Parliament on the Colombo proposals have indicated the broad, even if somewhat reluctant, support for the six-nation plan to consolidate the cease-fire on the India-China border and follow it with disengagement of the armed forces on either side. In the context of recent events, deep suspicion of Chinese intentions was only natural; and the reservations expressed in Marshal Chen Yi's recent speech and Mr Chou En-lai's communication to the mediating nations may strengthen them. But Mr Nehru made it clear that there can be no talks between officials of the two countries until Peking accepts the proposals fully. Since large-scale aggression started last September India has insisted on its undoing by China before any talks could be held; the chief merit of the Colombo proposals is that they provide a basis for the fulfilment of this demand without placing the aggressor at an advantage. They do not recognize the Chinese demand for a reciprocal withdrawal by Indian forces in our own territory nor that for complete exclusion of Indian civilian posts in the demilitarized area to be created by Chinese withdrawal by 20 kilometres in the Western sector. Chinese reservations on the principle of joint control in this area creates uncertainty for the Colombo proposals but this is a substantive part of the disengagement plan which cannot be varied except on details.

While Indian opinion is naturally averse to sharing, as part of an agreed plan, civilian control over Indian territory in the demilitarized area, the proposed joint control of the area will not contravene the



# The Statesman

Vol. No. CXXVI 2711

DELHI, FEBRUARY 9.

## AFRO-ASIA

EVEN before the delegation walked out, the distribution of the Moshi r of the Afro-Asian Com to any solution of "border dispute" with never looked like bei even Colombo's part matter may later be have been periphera marginal. All these effor ever, stem from a ser abstractly laudable, of India may be said to begetter. Arising out common experience European domination, persists, in face of mu trary evidence, that th some, invisible but not intangible, bonds am diverse peoples of A Africa. So assiduously concept been nurt recent years that wi shock is the reaction v instance, China invad and, after that, there ly few signs of a unit Asian condemnation o sion. The disillu sometimes reaches the wondering whether th really was much in among these peoples the experience of colonialism, surely a quantity as a unifier.

The yearning for A unity may or may n very strong historical spite of some evi Indian architecture nesia, some Arabs i and Indian trading the African coast, suc in that distant past r been rather tenuous because of the land separating the differ and the absence o transport. Indeed, it argued that repea when polite, Indian on the debt some cou to ancient Indian cu religion has, if anyt an irritant, inhibit friendship.



ing" India's stand on the Sino-Indian conflict. India rightly values her Afro-Asian friends. If the issue ever went to the United Nations, which does not seem likely at the moment, wooing votes in the General Assembly would be justifiable on very practical grounds. It should not, however, be forgotten that, on the China issue at least, India already has at least two, possibly three, supporters in the Security Council; it is not thus strictly necessary to pay an unending price for support elsewhere, support that is not accompanied by material aid. Most Afro-Asian countries have so much to do for themselves, with so little at their disposal, that it is not fair to expect too much from them; and India does not.

India very rightly adheres to her policy of non-alignment, if only because it is by no means obvious that any great bloc seriously wants India's alignment at this moment. Much of recent discussion on non-alignment, by those for as well as against it, has been academic, born of a sense of isolation not wholly warranted by recent events. At Belgrade and elsewhere the complaint against India lately has been not that she was not sufficiently non-aligned but that she was not completely aligned with Afro-Asia, which has its share and more of extremists and shibbolethmongers. India's early recognition of the dangers of nationalism, which accounts for most of Europe's ills, was the basic inspiration of Panchsheel. It may well be that continentalism is, beyond a certain point, as dubious a virtue as nationalism.

### THREE PEAKS

A LARGE-SCALE United States expedition to the Himalaya is bound at any time to create keen interest in mountaineering circles. When the declared object is to assault the three giant peaks of Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse, making use of thorough and scientific planning, news of the progress of the expedition will be awaited keenly all over the world. Present plans involve the establishment of a base camp by March 25 and the first assault on Everest by May 1; this is what in current parlance would be termed a crash programme, doubtless justified by planning in brilliant logistical detail.

What, of course, cannot be planned is the weather and it is the weather which has defeated many gallant climbers on Everest including the Indian team last year. That is also, of course, what keeps the interest alive in these yearly attempts on the peak by parties from many nations. Modern science, applied with sufficient disregard for expense, could under favourable climatic conditions doubtless help any youngish man of above-average fitness and enthusiasm to the summit of Everest where Hillary and Tenzing first stood a decade ago. Neither science nor money, however, can yet still the great winds that roam across the roof of the world.

Early in May the weather conditions should in fact be fair and Mr Dyhrenfurth and his team will carry with them the good wishes of all

that the quest for a common future for Afro-Asia will be helped by less talk of a common past. If there are sufficient common interests in the present—there certainly are some—there would be much to be said for continuing efforts in search of common Afro-Asian viewpoints, if not policies. If Europe after centuries of strife is now seeking a unified political and economic entity, the Afro-Asian attempt is not something to be scoffed at. The time Europe has taken to begin the effort and the hurdles it has yet to cross to achieve unity are sobering reminders of the difficulties confronting the Afro-Asian attempt, begun quite early after the countries' emergence from European rule.

Afro-Asia is a large area, far larger than most people realize. Not everyone may remember that Africa alone is as big as the USA. Western Europe, India and China put together. Asia, less compact and more difficult to define, is so diverse and enormous that some observers, not necessarily unsympathetic, have concluded in despair: there is no such thing. It required a vast and wildly optimistic imagination to think at all of the two continents getting closer, this after achieving some internal cohesion in each unit (itself a considerable undertaking still baffling both). Against this background the task seems daunting and the prospect of attainment far distant. The onset of disillusionment may not be premature but its extent seems exaggerated in view of the tremendous, inherent built-in odds against Afro-Asianism. Inclusion of Latin America, suggested at Moshi, would make the proposition even more unmanageable.

It would be nice if the whole world rose in support of India in her moment of travail. If every country had the courage to call Chinese aggression by its proper name. The time may have come to ask how rewarding it is to go about the world, at considerable expense of scarce foreign exchange, "sell-

mountaineering men and women. If, however, the weather comes once again to the defence of the world's highest mountain and the peak remains unscaled this summer, there will be some who will feel not altogether regretful that even the combination of science and skill cannot always guarantee success. The same is probably also true of the search for the yeti, a sideline for the present expedition. Once a yeti is actually seen or captured, one of the few romantic mysteries left in this workaday world will have disappeared.

### SANDYS TO VISIT. EAST AFRICA

LONDON, Feb 8.—Mr Duncan Sandys is due to leave on Wednesday on a tour of East Africa, including Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, reports UNI-DPA.

In Kenya, the Commonwealth Secretary will meet Ministers in order to settle, as far as possible, outstanding issues so that the drafting of the new constitution can progress.

### NOW & AGAIN

They're Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace.

Christopher Robin went down with Alice ....

SINCE we were very young there have been many changes in Britain, and the spell of phenomenal winter weather lately altered even that centuries-old ceremony. While the Welsh Guards stood to attention on their parade ground with their band of 58 ready to march off to Buckingham Palace for the Changing of the Guard, the bandmaster raised his baton for the first crashing chord.

A thin whine ensued. The Band Sergeant strode into the ranks to utter terrible sergeantly oaths, and found that the valves of thirty cornets, French horns and euphoniums were blocked with ice. After ten minutes of instrument-defreezing round a furnace in the guard-room the musicians fell in once more for

## The Statesman

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DELHI, FEBRUARY 9, 1963

### AFRO-ASIA

Even before the Indian delegation walked out, the contribution of the Moshi meeting of the Afro-Asian Conference to any solution of India's "border dispute" with China never looked like being big; even Colombo's part in the matter may later be seen to have been peripheral and marginal. All these efforts, however, stem from a sentiment, abstractly laudable, of which India may be said to be the begetter. Arising out of the common experience of long European domination, a notion persists, in face of much contrary evidence, that there are some, invisible but not wholly intangible, bonds among the diverse peoples of Asia and Africa. So assiduously has this concept been nurtured in recent years that widespread shock is the reaction when, for instance, China invades India and, after that, there are sadly few signs of a united Afro-Asian condemnation of aggression. The disillusionment sometimes reaches the point of wondering whether there ever really was much in common among these peoples—besides the experience of European colonialism, surely a vanishing quantity as a unifier.

The yearning for Afro-Asian unity may or may not have a very strong historical basis. In spite of some evidence of Indian architecture in Indonesia, some Arabs in Kerala and Indian trading boats on the African coast, such contacts in that distant past must have been rather tenuous, if only because of the land and seas separating the different areas and the absence of efficient transport. Indeed, it has been argued that repeated, even when polite, Indian insistence on the debt some countries owe to ancient Indian culture and religion has, if anything, been an irritant, inhibiting greater friendship. It may well be



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DELHI, JANUARY 4, 1963

## ART AND SOCIALISM

ABSTRACT art has at least one claim to distinction: it arouses hostility among the most odd assorted people. The latest to proclaim his abhorrence is Mr. Khrushchev, sharing an outlook of vigorous contempt with Prince Philip; earlier this century Royal Academicians found themselves at one with Hitler in denouncing what both termed "depravity in painting". In the Soviet Union and other East European countries experimental art and music have refused to die despite the edicts of political leaders, most of whom are unquestionably "squares". Official frowns have varied in severity. Bulgaria has been the most consistently puritan, producing no modern art worth the name. East Germany has been almost as bleak. The experimental Czech artist and equally adventurous stage and film actors have been so difficult to hold in hand that a little abstract art is even permitted in mural decorations at Prague airport. Similarly, in Poland, Rumania and Hungary the young, and the younger-minded among the elderly, are given reasonably free rein.

Hungary has, surprisingly, tightened up on art while relaxing towards the quiescent politically unorthodox. Mr. Kadar, in his recent report to the eighth party congress, announced an uncompromising struggle against "bourgeois vestiges" and "petty bourgeois views infiltrating from the capitalist world". Socialist literature and "art of socialist realism" are to be promoted. This pronouncement was a shift in emphasis from the "guiding principles" published a few months before the congress which promised "scope to other well-intentioned and not hostile artistic activities". It is probable that publication of these "principles" released tendencies unpalatable to the Hungarian party which decided to draw the boundaries of artistic licence more clearly. "Artists," then said Mr. Kadar, "should know that socialism is the ideology of the masses and he who appeals to the masses must find the way to the thoughts and feelings of the labouring millions. Works of art must live up to their noble mission: to help the education of the Socialist man".

Perhaps young artists in the Soviet Union do not read the political columns of their newspapers. At any rate they ignored the colder socialist wind blowing over art in neighbouring Hungary. Or perhaps they were misleadingly encouraged by Moscow's relaxation of restrictions on Soviet writers who, during the past year, have been permitted to mention such hitherto forbidden subjects as anti-Semitism and Stalinist prison camps. So a group of young artists planned to exhibit their abstract paintings in Moscow's Youth Hostel late in November. In fact, the show was never held; it was "transferred to an unspecified date in December". Scarcely more fortunate were members of the Experimental Studio of Painting and Graphic Art, some 400 in number. Their

DELHI, JANUARY 28, 1963

## STEEL CONTROL

As one of the survivals of the last war, steel control has been gradually adapted to post-war conditions and expansion of productive capacity under two Plans, but it is obviously outmoded after the recent changes in the structure of the industry. A fresh look at the problem has been overdue and in its preliminary report now released to elicit comment, the Raj Committee has shown much practical wisdom in discussing the various aspects. In particular, it has taken note of the distortions caused by the present system of placing indents for production and pricing. It is not possible to determine how the demand for the several types of products will vary if market forces are allowed to determine their relative importance (except for priority uses), but there is much substance in the committee's scheme for streamlining the processing of indents and fixing of priorities. Its wish for "an administrative machinery that is sufficiently insulated from pressures within and outside the Government" will be echoed even by those generally sceptical of success in such matters. In the context of the Government's price-fixing policy which is often at variance with the Tariff Commission's formulae, the Raj Committee has daringly suggested the grant of retention prices to cover replacement costs and maintain appropriate differentials for all products. This is, however, timely since with the need to make the public sector units viable, the Government will have a special interest in accepting the committee's proposals.

A free market in steel for all transactions subsequent to the first sale by the main producers can serve the purpose of indicating the pattern of demand for each product. At present supplies of several categories of steel seem adequate to prevent steep price increases after decontrol but the experiment needs careful phasing. Reliance on Government stocks to control the market assumes some flexibility in operation and it may not be always practicable to hold stocks of all varieties in sufficient quantities in the main consuming centres. Nor will profiteering by the Government on items in short supply look proper; excise duties to mop up undue margins represent a better way if revenue does not eventually become the primary object. Steel as the raw material in a developing economy has a special character for pricing purposes; while the committee is right in holding that priority should not automatically imply price preference also, a system of rebates as proposed may prove elaborate and time-consuming. The suggestions for plant specialization, "bulking" of small consumer orders and reduction in the number of sections which each plant has to roll will promote economies of large-scale production and they deserve to be carried out quickly.

exhibition, produced by the post-war Soviet generation and the first of recognizably modern art in Moscow, was permitted to open but a visit from Mr. Khrushchev proved almost fatal. He denounced the artists and their paintings as "pathological" and suggested, pungently if not originally, that some of the paintings might have been achieved by the tail of a donkey. The artists' explanation of their works was described by Tass as "incomprehensible babbling demonstrating the spiritual poverty of the authors of the works". The Soviet Academy of Arts was put under new management. Liberal elements were removed from its directorate and a painter of the "socialist realism" school installed as president. Both he and Pravda have since sharply attacked abstract art.

The new wave of anti-

Stalinist literature has assisted Mr. Khrushchev but no one has yet discovered how to paint a de-Stalinizing picture and that probably explains a lot. It will be interesting to see how tolerant authority in Moscow will be of Shostakovich's latest symphony based on poems by Yevtushenko, including "Babi Yar" which criticizes Soviet anti-Semitism. The symphony just performed for the first time in Moscow is Shostakovich's thirteenth. It would be altogether too bourgeois to suggest that this might be unlucky for him.



of geological theory was not

About 10 years ago Wegener's theory began to receive support from the study of the magnetism of rocks. Just as the navigator obtains his position with the compass so the geophysicist, obtaining readings of the ancient magnetic field of the earth through its fossilized remnants still in the rocks, determines the position of the poles relative to the continents at different periods of the geological past. By this means it was found that the latitudes of North America and Europe had in Permo-Carboniferous times been much lower than at present. It has also been possible to confirm this by showing that the orientations of sand dunes in fossil deserts in Great Britain and the western USA are consistent with the trade winds expected in these latitudes at those times. Wegener's theory of continental drift has therefore received support from a remarkable source of new information about the earth.

Opposition came at different times from both geologists and

explain continental drift by supposing that the slow motions taking place in the seemingly solid interior of the earth arise from radioactive heat. These explanations bear profoundly on views of the evolution of the earth and in particular seem more favourable to the idea that it formed as a cold agglomeration of iron and stony objects like the meteorites rather than as a molten sphere, which solidified on cooling.

We see, therefore, that the correct interpretation of the geological evidence of palaeoclimates is of vital consequence to speculations concerning the evolution of the earth as a whole, as well as to that of the oceans and continents. Further, there appears to be evidence of general changes of the earth's temperature, the explanation of which is of concern to the meteorologist. For this reason there is to be welcomed the development, to be discussed at the meeting, of a direct method of determining the temperature of the ancient seas, through the oxygen isotopes contained in certain fossil shells.

—From *The Times*, London.

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# ANCIENT CLIMATES OF THE EARTH

## CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE IS VITAL

By PROFESSOR S. K. RUNCORN,

Professor of Physics, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne

THERE is now assembled at King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, one of the most distinguished gatherings of earth scientists ever to meet in Britain. Their object is to take up again a subject of great importance to geology, geophysics and meteorology—that of determining the ancient climates of the earth.

The first step in palaeoclimatology was taken when early geologists recognized the signs left by the glaciers of the recent Ice Ages: moraines of unsorted stones so different from the layered deposits, laid down by rivers and oceans, which constitute the main record of the geological past. The successive advances and retreats of the polar ice masses over Northern Europe and America, now known from measurements of radioactivity to have begun one million years ago, had been thoroughly studied by the middle of the last century.

In 1854, at the Geological Society in London, Ramsey, a young English geologist, reported evidence of a glaciation in the much older rocks of Permian age in the Midlands. Shortly after, Blandford went out to join the Geological Survey in India and discovered in the Talcir coalfield, to his amazement "in so hot a country", signs of moraine-like deposits called tillites. These were in strata of Permian age, suggesting that India had been glaciated 250 million years ago. Shortly afterwards discoveries of glaciations of similar age were made in Australia, South America, and South Africa. Yet it was known that in the same geological period in Europe and North America material typical of a hot, arid climate was being deposited: the climate of the world was not then uniformly cold. To explain this it had been imagined that the pole had wandered over the earth's surface, in which case glaciations in what are now equatorial latitudes would be expected.

### CONTINENTS ADRIFT

But 50 years ago Alfred Wegener, a German meteorologist, put forward the bolder hypothesis of continental drift. Wegener's argument was that the four southern continents now cover a whole hemisphere and they could not all have been in high altitude in Permian-Carboniferous times: he therefore supposed that they were then much closer together. Anyone can see from a globe that the South American and African coastlines could be fitted together very well and Wegener took this to mean that these continents had once been joined. Further, from similarities of their fauna and flora he argued that Australia and India had also been part of this original continent called Gondwanaland, which had once been near to the south pole and after Permian times had broken up into the now separated continents. This occurrence was so comparatively recent—the earth's age is 4,600 million years—that Wegener's theory was received in the most sophisticated geological circles with scepticism. To explain why it occurred involved such a con-

geophysicists. The interpretation of geological data is subject to many pitfalls. For example, there have been discovered other mechanisms which can produce debris, which possibly could be mistaken for glacial tillite. Mud flows in deserts or submarine avalanche-like streams, called turbidity currents, can, like glaciers, carry along huge blocks of rock, which can groove the underlying rocks, and, when the flow slackens, fall out as an unsorted deposit of clay and irregular blocks of rock, similar to glacial till. In fact Ramsey's original discovery was so explained.

### REVIEW EXPECTED

Similarly it had once been confidently thought that the red sandstone, so remarkably exposed in the canyons of the western USA or in Devon, originated in arid conditions. However, the formation of the red haematite pigment found in these beds proceeds at present most readily in the tropics, where the red, laterite soils are produced by weathering. It was thought also that the abundant coals of the Carboniferous age of Great Britain and North America and those of the same age in the southern hemisphere originated in the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. But a study of their palaeobotany suggests that those of the southern hemisphere formed in colder climates.

Another interesting phenomenon which will be discussed is the distribution of corals. Their present growth is restricted to low latitudes, but in the early Palaeozoic era corals are distributed with equal frequency between the southern USA, Greenland and Europe. This is also regarded by some scientists as further evidence for movement of the continents relative to the poles.

Some of the objections of geophysicists to the theory of continental drift arose from the fact that most of the information about the interior of the earth was derived from the study of earthquake waves. These did not reveal the flow within the earth's mantle by which continental drift must have occurred. Recent work on the structure of solids makes flow in the earth's interior more probable.

### BIG DISPLACEMENTS

There now exists geophysical evidence, in addition to that of rock magnetism, to suggest that displacements of the continental blocks over thousands of miles have taken place. Surveys of the ocean floor off the western coast of North America show faults, and a simple matching of geophysical data indicates that the two sides have moved a considerable horizontal distance relative to one another.

Efforts are now being made to



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# China's own Naxalbaris

Mao, who sees in Naxalbari the beginning of an India-wide revolt, forgets there are several Naxalbaris in his country which pose a serious threat to his leadership, reports the "Sunday Standard" staff correspondent from Hong Kong.

COMMENTING on the Naxalbari trouble, Mao By B. K. Tiwari

use-tung through his propaganda agencies, has said, "A peal of spring thunder has crashed over the land of India," and that the "spark" would soon spread throughout the country to "liberate" the people from the "oppression of the reactionary rule."

Mao's prediction is almost similar to that of the proverbial astrologer who claimed to know everybody's fate except his own. The astrologer, as the story goes, was widely respected in his village for his age and past services. Infatuated by his "popularity," he decided to foresee the future of his people and neighbour.

One day, while walking back from his temple, he was intensely gazing at stars. Suddenly, he shouted, "Wonderful... The future is very bright..."

He had hardly completed his sentence when he fell into a well never to come back. The poet-astrologer, plumb the depth of the future, could not see the well just a step ahead of him.

## Spring thunder

Mao and his followers are convinced that the Naxalbari trouble, "lit by the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung," will flare up into "raging flames that will inevitably set the whole country ablaze" and "crumble the throne of the Indian reactionary rule in the tempest of revolution in which hundreds of millions of peasants will take part."

Mao's prediction, like that of the poor astrologer, may or may not be true. As he says, the Indian Government might need some "corrective surgery." But while he seems so much concerned over India's future he fails to realise that ever since he launched his "Great Cultural Revolution," already several "Naxalbaris" are exploding like the Chinese fire crackers under his own feet.

In India, the Naxalbari trouble is inspired by a handful of Peking's stooges to achieve their own end in the name of land reforms. In China, the uprising is spontaneous. The Chinese, tightly chained for over a decade by Mao's ideology, want freedom of movement, speech and action. They do not want to be treated like animals.

Thus, it is the Maoists who are in danger of being engulfed in the "peal of spring thunder" which, if not controlled, may create several Telenganas and Naxalbaris at the same time and balkanise the country, which the founder of New China had so laboriously united.

India has dealt effectively with Telengana and will be able to tackle Naxalbari too, without wasting the lives of many soldiers.

## Revisionist

It was about 15 months ago that the first "spark" against Maoism became visible in China. It began with Chou En-lai's announcement of the Cultural Revolution on May 1, last year, and intensified with the unceremonious ouster of the Mayor of Peking, Peng Chen, who had opposed the new venture on the ground that the country now needed stabilisation and not another revolution.

Peng had the backing of President Liu Shao-chi who said that human beings could not be turned into machine, and that they should be given a chance to have a say in the government.

be much effective because of the conflicting orders from above and the people's opposition to the army's intervention.

Now, the army also seems to be divided, as is apparent from the latest trouble in China's industrial hub of Wuhan the capital of the strategic province of Hupeh, where the rebellion was led by Chen Tsai tao, said to be a staunch Maoist.

In fact, the Central authority, was against interfering with Hupeh. It appears some uncertain authority in Peking asked the staunch Maoists, Hsieh Fu-chih and Wang Li, to return to the capital via Wuhan and study the trouble there created by what they called the Liuists.

The two Maoists had gone to Yunnan to settle yet another dispute between the two rival factions. The moment Hsieh and Wang landed in Wuhan they were held as hostages and released only when Chou personally came there to intervene.

It is said the rebels detained the two leaders because they had accused the rebels of being anti-Maoists.

However, Wuhan continued to give pinpricks to Peking. When the situation got out of hand, Lin rushed his paratroopers, army and navy to restore law and order. This had a counter-effect. Bloody clashes took place. Several hundred persons were killed and injured.

The industries came to a standstill. Peking has claimed that the situation there had returned to normal, but Sinologists doubt it.

The Wuhan trouble has made clear the extent of the army commanders' defiance of the Central authority. This is also apparent from the Lin-convened conference of military commanders. Only four out of 13 military district commanders cared to go to Peking.

## Unpleasantness

Wuhan is not the only trouble spot with which Peking had to deal. Earlier almost similar troubles erupted in Tibet, Inner Mongolia Sinkiang and Tsinghai. The situation there is reported far from normal.

On July 3 Radio Huhhot charged, in a revealing broadcast, that "the top power-holders" in Inner Mongolia — meaning primarily Ulanfu, a Mongol, who was First Secretary of the party's Regional Committee, and his supporters and representatives — had set themselves "against Chairman Mao and the Party Centre by openly advocating independence of nationalities."



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## POETRY

**New Poems, 1962.** Edited by Patricia Beer, Ted Hughes and Vernon Scannell. (Hutchinson, 21s.)

**Water, Rock and Sand.** By Peter Levi, S. J. (André Deutsch, 12s 6d.)

**Selected Poems.** By Gregory Corso. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s 6d.)

**A Flight of Swans.** By Rabindranath Tagore. (John Murray, 10s 6d.)

The editors of "New Poems, 1962" read through some four thousand poems—some of them several times—before they decided on their final selection. A third of the contributors are virtually unknown, and we fear that some of them will continue to be unknown, for the 1962 selection is undistinguished; the poems generally reach a fair level of competence, but there is little that is striking or memorable. Among the less-known writers Michael Baldwin makes an impression by his drastic epigrams, and the German W. G. Niemöller has a moving and significant poem on "Little Girl in an Institution".

Father Levi of the Society of Jesus and Gregory Corso do not appear in "New Poems". Perhaps theirs were among the four thousand which the editors turned down. But Father Levi, whose book appears without the imprimatur, must be a very unusual Jesuit. All his work is subtle and concrete. An earlier collection was a Poetry Book Society Choice and it is rather surprising that this new little volume did not achieve the same distinction.

Gregory Corso has been described as a leader of the "Beat Generation" and his vigorous, dramatic and highly original writing certainly has nothing "square" about it. Perhaps it is not fair to quote one little poem as a sample. It is headed "Direction Sign in London Zoo" with an arrow pointing to the left.

"Giant Panda  
Lions  
Humming Birds  
Ladies".

A new edition of Tagore's "A Flight of Swans", translated by Aurobindo Bose, which first appeared in 1955, is very welcome, especially when it is as well produced as this is. This little collection (there are only 160 pages) contains some of the Poet's most characteristic work and will appeal specially to the young.

## EARLY AUSTRALIA

**An Australian Story.** By Maie Casey. (Michael Joseph, 25s.)

Lady Casey's book, "a mixture of record and memory", is a personal picture of the momentous years 1837-1907. She tells the story of four generations of her many-sided and talented family as they settled into their new Australian environment. Perhaps the early part of her book is too concerned with genealogy; but, later, there emerges a delightful picture of the Australian way of life.

## MR. NASH AGAIN

**You Can't Get There From Here.** By Ogden Nash. (Dent London, and Macmillan, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)

In a new collection of humorous verse by the incomparable Ogden Nash the poems are delightfully illustrated by Maurice Sendak—an innovation in Nash collections. As always there is an incredible variety of subjects from the Squid to the Sweet bread, and it needs Mr Nash to think out titles like "Come on In the Senility is Fine," "All's Bright in Tin Pan Alley"; and "The Greeks Had a Word for it, why Speak English?"

## Of The British

(Secker & Warburg, London, 25s.)  
Robert Graves. (Cassell, London, 21s.)

under way. Self-perpetuating atomic energy is bound to solve the power problem, in the not too distant future. Nor are things too bad socially. The British do not have a high rate of alcoholism as in France—despite their special brews of beer that can blow a soft hat through a cement ceiling—or of suicide, as in Sweden. They are thought frivolous by Continentals, but in their love of cricket it may well be they remind themselves of the "greener England" that has had to give way to the Black Towns of the industrial Midlands.

They make as many political mistakes as others, no doubt, but sometimes learn from them, and are not vindictive—contrary to the opinions of some diplomats who perhaps take the popular dailies too seriously. And they have freed more people, it cannot too often be repeated, than any other race has enslaved. Drew Middleton sees no signs of decadence, and only the malicious will be displeased. His book is shrewd, highly factual, and stimulating.

ner or which was in the Eton curriculum." Britain will always be America's most reliable ally, and her condition, therefore, deserves the most serious attention; this is Middleton's thesis for his countrymen. As Benjamin Franklin said, "either we hang together, or hang separately."

What are the gloomier features today? An inability, natural enough, to adjust to a lesser position in world affairs; also an inability to realise just how critical the British economy could become, and a reluctance to give up hard-won comforts to support it. The danger of becoming a "nation of spectators"—staying at home to watch television, instead of going to the pub. (Prohibitionists, please note!) A continuance of snobbery, despite socialism: the new middle class are avid for ponies and make a fetish of show-jumping. Then there is the national characteristic of self-righteousness, which others call hypocrisy—and which Middleton thinks has been "passed on" to Indians! As a journalist, while greatly admiring the serious papers—the Times, Manchester Guardian, Observer, Telegraph etc—he is sharply critical of the popular dailies and quotes the rhyme of the 'thirties:

"You cannot hope to bribe or twist, thank God, the British Journalist.  
But seeing what the man will do unbribed, there's no occasion to."

Yet he blames the proprietors rather than the journalists. And on the credit side the serious papers and weeklies do have a sizable circulation.

Nevertheless the British, with their "mild, knobby faces", as George Orwell described them, remain independent, self-reliant, and not discouraged that their way of life can no longer be exported. The economy on a long-term view is sound. Five new steel plants have been started in 1957, and the plan for twenty nuclear power stations is well

The celebrated autobiography of Robert Graves, a descendant of the German historian von Ranke (a fact which has given him a lot of trouble in two world wars, as well as at school) was first published in 1929. The title signifies, not the end of the gay 'twenties, but the end of Graves's prolonged war hanging over and his departure from England to settle in Majorca after an accumulation of troubles including "being grilled by the police on an unjust suspicion of attempted murder". The greater part concerns his experiences in the trenches with the Royal Welch Fusiliers, but there are also long passages about schooldays in (then) Philistine Charterhouse, climbing with George Mallory, T. E. Lawrence at post-war Oxford, the poems on Boar's Hill, and an interlude at the Royal Egyptian University at Cairo. Graves is one of the most determinedly professional of living writers, and has always thought of himself first and foremost as a poet, though it may be some of his best work is in his historical novels. In many places he has revised both the style and content of his autobiography, and he has added an amusing brief epilogue in which he thankfully records that since 1929 his life has been placid and uneventful.



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# The Statesman

Vol. No. CXXXVII 271534

DELHI, JULY 7, 1964

## KING'S MEN OR KAIRON'S

In spite of himself, Mr Kairon might well have done a service to the country; an important result of the caprices he practised is the request now made by the senior officers in Punjab. They have jointly asked for clearer rules regarding their conditions of service, so that they might be less at the mercy of a political manipulator. They would have been heard with more respect today if their own record had been better. The scruples they now express seemed quite inactive when for years they stood mutely by or even connived as Mr Kairon bent the best among them to his will or else broke them or drove them out. Far too many of them, lacking the ballast of character and a true understanding of their functions, oscillated between two rôles equally unworthy of them. Either they pandered to Mr Kairon's whims, declining even to point out, as they must, the consequences of his actions; or else they tried to arrogate to themselves the power and responsibility which in a democracy must finally rest with the political leadership. But their request, though belated, is important. It must be fully examined if Mr Kairon is to remain an isolated phenomenon, not the forerunner of a breed of "bosses". The kind of tactics he used can be forestalled, and a proper distinction preserved in the eyes of everyone between the Government's policies and personal wishes of the boss or of his minions. But a precondition is adequate vigilance by the final authorities at New Delhi whose responsibility is complete for what goes on in the country regardless of the limitations placed upon it by the Constitution. By political or administrative means they must reach out to the source of infection when the symptoms multiply. But several of these were glossed over in Punjab: among them suicides by a Superintendent of Police and a Superintending Engineer, both in circumstances dark with suspicion; the arrests of a Commissioner and an SP; the reversion or replacement of numerous senior officers; the virtual "packing" of the Public Service Commission; the rapid escalation of men who belonged to no cadre, who were not responsive to any discipline of service, who were dependent upon and therefore nourished Mr Kairon's love of power. These latter became the means by which normal methods of governance were circumvented and rein given to dangerous ambitions.

Central vigilance over the vastly ramified administrations in States might seem impracticable, but in fact is not. It is only a few key points that need to be supervised. Properly protected they can protect the rest; equally, properly trained in their due rôle in a democracy they can train the rest. Unless they are tainted by their own weaknesses or allowed to be winged by political sniping, the purity of the administration can be well preserved; clear proof of this also is in Punjab's ordeal under Mr Kairon. His power became unbridled only after he had taken care of the senior-most officers, of whom some were broken in by terror, some by temptation; some found their weaknesses uncannily spotted and exploited with cynicism, some were relegated to positions of irrelevance. The method in all cases was limitless use of his discretionary powers, actual or invented, which a timely check by the Centre would have curbed. As important therefore as punishing the guilty—a task which must be performed with firmness—is the twin task of studying and eradicating the system under which guilt breeds and honesty suffers. The Centre's responsibility has only begun, not ended, with the publication of the Das report and the termination of Mr Kairon's misrule. The change of Government in Punjab is welcome. But far more welcome is the chance which these events have offered of dis-







Forever Free. By Joy Adamson.  
(Collins & Harvill Press,  
25s.)

Cats in Camera. By Jan  
Styczinski. (Deutsch, Lon-  
don, Rupa, Calcutta, 15s.)

Park Avenue Vet. By Louis J.  
Camuti and Lloyd Alex-  
ander. (Deutsch, London,  
Rupa, Calcutta, 18s 6d.)

All lovers of Elsa, the famous lioness, will reach eagerly for Mrs Adamson's third book, "Forever Free". After Elsa's death, most movingly described early in the book, the Adamsons are engaged in trying to find a home for Elsa's three cubs, now a year old. Hemmed in by the red tape of local officialdom, they eventually succeed in their object, but are forced to trap the cubs and move them on a hazardous journey of some 700 miles to the game reserve at Serengeti Park in Tanganyika. Here again the authorities make difficulties and will not allow the Adamsons to remain in the reserve long enough to satisfy themselves that the cubs have settled happily and are able to hunt for their own food. All the more distressing is the fact that Jospah, undoubtedly the leader of the three, with many of his mother's endearing characteris-  
tic, is suffering from an arrow wound in his thigh. The photo-  
graphs, not only of the lions but of other wild life in the African bush, are magnificent.

A wonderful collection of cat photographs was first published in Poland. In a delightful preface Mr Baverley Nichols stresses the international language, for whatever the politics of a country cats are the same the world over. These photographs are truly enchanting; whether it is a lonely alley cat or a regal Persian at ease, they are all completely relaxed. Indeed, the charm of these photographs lies in the many off-guard camera shots of these unselfconscious pussies.

Animal lovers especially will enjoy the amusing anecdotes of a fashionable American vet. who numbers the pets of many stage and screen stars among his patients. Dr Camuti's first love is cats, and he describes the many personalities that he has attended with great affection. His modesty cannot conceal the obvious skill that lies behind his treatment; indeed all the other animals that he writes about, from a monkey to a pigeon with a psychological fixation, come alive.



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## Punjab & Other Indian Themes

- The Fall of the Kingdom of the Punjab.** By Khushwant Singh. (Orient Longmans, Rs 4.50.)
- Women in Manu and his Seven Commentators.** By R. M. Das. (K. M. Agarwal, Arrah, Bihar, Rs 20.)
- Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak.** By N. G. Jog. (Publications Division, Rs 2.)
- India's Struggle for Freedom, Select Documents and Sources, Vol. 1.** By Jagdish Saran Sharma. (S. Chand, Delhi, Rs 45.)
- Ruttie Jinnah.** By Kanji Dwarkadas. (Available from Bhatkal Books International, 35C, Tardeo Rd., Bombay, Rs 3.)
- Facets of Indian Culture.** By R. Srinivasan. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs. 2.)
- The Unity of India.** By Rajendra Prasad. (Publications Division, Re 1.)
- Gandhian Thought.** By U. N. Dhebar. (Kurukshetra University Press, Re 1.)
- My Philosophy of Life.** By M. K. Gandhi. (India Book House, Rs 2.50.)
- The Art of Living.** By M. K. Gandhi. (The same, Rs 2.)

THE Kingdom of the Punjab written account. It keeps this lasted only the lifetime of its founder. From the moment of Ranjit Singh's death it began to disintegrate owing to the treachery and intrigues of his descendants and their partisans. It was inevitable that British India with its self-renewing stability should eventually triumph over so unstable an edifice. It is really brilliant the way Mr Khushwant Singh brings the whole story to life and makes the various characters stand out as real people. It has to be remembered, however, that in such an atmosphere of crime and suspicion his estimates of character are in some cases mere opinion. For instance, he represents the Chief Minister, Dyan Singh Dogra, as an element of loyalty and stability, whereas others have seen in him a murderous intriguer. On the other hand, Dyan Singh's brother, Gulab Singh, who is represented in one book by K. M. Panikkar as a model of knightly chivalry, comes out here as a double-crossing scoundrel. In the final struggle with the English the courage and endurance of the Sikh troops is shown to be equalled only by the treachery and perfidy of their leaders.

Dr Das goes into the subject of the status of women with great erudition in his doctoral thesis. He does not agree that the Manusmriti shows different strata corresponding to earlier and later practice. Rather he holds that apparent inconsistencies are due to Manu's method of first making a statement and then drawing out its applications and exceptions. He shows, however, how the later commentators used the art of interpretation to adopt Manu's pronouncements to the changed circumstances of their age.

The life of Tilak in the Publications Division series is a well-

known account. It keeps this side of hagiography, although inclined to view controversial matters such as the disputes with Gokhale from the Tilak angle. I also goes a little too far in clearing Tilak of the charge of opposition to social reform. Nevertheless, as good clear narrative, it ranks high among Tilak's biographies.

The historian studying India's freedom struggle is faced rather with a plethora than a dearth of source material. Dr Sharma has done useful work in assembling, editing and indexing material bearing not only on the purely political issues but on social, economic and other aspects also. Society lady, Indian nationalist, psychic dabbler, married Jinnah in 1918 at the age of 18, separated from him ten years later, died a few months after this in circumstances which, as told here, suggest suicide—so much one gathers from a little book. But it is hardly a biography and certainly not, as the subtitle affirms, "The Story of a Great Friendship."

The collected articles by Prof Srinivasan on "Facets of Indian Culture" deal primarily with music, although other forms of art are not neglected. What distinguishes them is that they treat all forms of art as emanations of the basic Hindu spirit set forth in the sastras and exemplified in the epics.

"The Unity of India" is a compilation of 28 speeches by Dr Rajendra Prasad on cultural topics such as music, Sanskrit, Tamil culture and the use of Hindi. "Gandhian Thought" is a series of three lectures delivered at Kurukshetra University. "My Philosophy of Life" and "The Art of Living" (both of which have been noticed already on this page) are the usual type of compilation from the writings of Gandhiji.



## Fiction: The

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Publishers, Calcutta.

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The Elephant. By S.

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## Fiction: The New Eric Ambler

**The Light of Day.** By Eric Ambler. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 18s.)  
**The Heartless Light.** By Gerald Green. (Longmans, 18s.)  
**The Elephant.** By Slawomir Mrozek. (Macdonald, 13s 6d.)  
**A New Life.** By Bernard Malamud. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.)  
**The House of the Bird of Paradise.** By Brigid Knight. (Hutchinson, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 18s.)  
**The Fly in the Ointment.** By Hamilton Johnston. (Macmillan, London, and Calcutta, 18s.)  
**The Edge of the Alphabet.** By Janet Frame. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**Late Have I Loved Thee.** By Ethel Mannin. (Arrow, 3s 6d.)

**S**HAME on Mr Ambler for flirts, where old Dutch customs keeping his public waiting and society are depicted in an so long for a new novel! He Eastern setting so utterly different from that of their origin.

He makes handsome amends however with his latest, and proves himself again a masterly writer of sophisticated thrillers. In a Turkish setting, the story deals with the sundry misadventures of Anglo-Egyptian Arthur Abdel Simpson ("British to the core" but unhappily passportless). An amusing character in a rather pitiable way and with a flair for becoming involved in awkward situations, he gets himself caught up with crooks planning something obscurely sinister, and—obliged to become their agent because he had already been caught in the act of robbery himself and had signed a statement to that effect—finds himself in some very dangerous spots indeed. But leave it to Simpson to wriggle out of trouble: he saves his skin by dint of some crafty thinking. A well-constructed tale, seasoned with crisp dialogue.

Mr Green's novel is apparently inspired by the Lindbergh kidnapping case. He writes with a keen eye on dramatic effect, and produces a tale which is remarkable for its emotional appeal while it also demonstrates the heartless competition that can develop among reporters, interviewers, police and the common or garden variety of publicity-hunters all out to do themselves a spot of good. As a condemnation of the well-known American taste for ruthless sensationalism this is powerful stuff.

Mr Mrozek's short stories are of a high class. Cynical, humorous and tender in turn, he offers an animated picture of life in Poland as he sees it.

Mr Malamud's latest novel tells the story of a drunkard who crosses the American continent to create a new life for himself leaving the ruin of his past behind. He tries to use situations and relationships which would formerly have failed him as successes in his attempt to recreate himself, but always he is the victim of circumstance, and he learns that man can rule his own destiny only up to a point. Humorous and compassionate, "A New Life" is a novel that is both thoughtful and moving.

Miss Brigid Knight concerns herself once again with Dutch history in a novel that is set in the 17th century Dutch East Indies. The Dutch, having enslaved the local inhabitants, live in splendour on the profits of the nutmeg harvest. Simon van Armstal and his wife Christina realize however the problems of the natives and realize that a revolt is brewing. Against the background of this lovely tropical isle whose peace is suddenly shattered by a volcanic eruption a little part of colonial history is portrayed and a love affair flowers and dies in a tale of human con-

An old man living alone and reminiscing on his past life ponders over his mistakes and wrong turnings until they become an obsession. Suddenly he is given the opportunity of reclaiming a young boy who burgles his house and in so doing regaining his own self respect. The old man has a great need to love and be loved; so has the young Teddy boy; but it seems that he is too far gone in his mistrust of his fellow human beings, there have been too many flies in the ointment, and though the reader may believe that the old man regains his humanity, he has a right to be sceptical of the boy's redemption.

"The Edge of the Alphabet" is a book that is both abstruse and weird, the edge of the alphabet being the incommunicable region of the mind that is full of dreams, silence, and subconscious desires. The characters all seem slightly unbalanced: Toby, who dreams of his dead mother and of a book that he will one day write, meets Zoe on a ship; she broods on her failure to be a success. The third character, Pat, a London bus driver, strives to order the lives of this odd couple into some sort of pattern, yet they elude him. This is written with compassion and insight, but the blurb on the cover exaggerates in calling Janet Frame "a writer of genius".

Miss Mannin's novel, available now in a cheap edition, is a story of the conversion to Roman Catholicism of a young novelist who later becomes a Jesuit priest. A perceptive and delicate study of spiritual struggle.

Canning as a young man, by Richmond

## RATIONALISTS

**Letters from a Traveller.** By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. (Collins, 25s.)

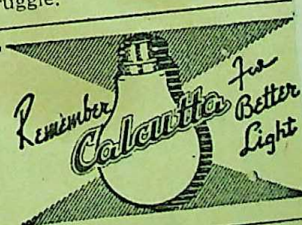
**Passion and Society.** By Denis de Rougemont. (Faber, 10s. 6d.)

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, who died in 1955, could claim on his mother's side collateral relationship with Voltaire, on his father's side, with Pascal. He was a great paleontologist, a great traveller and above all a great man, almost (but for his dubious orthodoxy) a saint.

Teilhard has always, however, been the centre of controversy. A Jesuit, he was not allowed to publish his works during his lifetime and even now that they are appearing and are being eagerly read throughout the world, there are critics who refuse to accept him. One speaks of his work as "nonsense, tricked out by a variety of tedious metaphysical conceits" and criticises the "tipsy euphoric prose-poetry which is one of the more tiresome manifestations of the French spirit". But readers of "The Phenomenon of Man" and of this latest volume of letters will be more likely to agree with Sir Julian Huxley when he says that Teilhard's ideas are exerting a powerful influence on thought, especially in France, and are beginning to bring almost a rapprochement between biologists, theologians and philosophers.

Denis de Rougemont's "Passion and Society" was first published in 1940, revised sixteen years later and now appears very conveniently in a Faber paper-covered edition. Although the author has added to the original work and made some modifications, his central purpose, which was to describe the inescapable conflict in the West between passion and marriage, remains. "If our civilization is to endure, it will have to carry through a great revolution. It will have to recognize that marriage, upon which its social structure stands, is more serious than the love which it cultivates, and that marriage cannot be founded on a fine ardour."

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## CHANGING ASIA & AFRICA

**Next Step in Village India.** By Baljit Singh. (Asia Publishing House, Calcutta, Rs 9.50.)  
**Sahajpur, West Bengal.** By J. P. Bhattacharjee and Associates. (Visva-Bharati, Rs 5.)  
**Indian Anthropology in Action.** Edited by L. P. Vidyarthi. (Ranchi University, Rs 8.)  
**Sierra Leone 1400-1787.** By Peter Kup. (Cambridge University Press, 21s.)  
**The Light Continent.** By U. R. Ehrenfels. (Asia, Rs 14.)  
**Pul Eliya—A Village in Ceylon.** By E. R. Leach. (Cambridge, 45s.)

**India's Population.** Edited by S. N. Agarwala. (Asia, Rs 15.)  
**Rural Profiles.** Edited by D. N. Majumdar. (Ethnographic and Folk Culture Society, Lucknow, Rs 9.)

**P**ROF Baljit Singh has written a very important book on the situation today in the villages of India. His work incorporates the results of research on the impact of land reforms on group dynamics and class relations. The investigation was carried out in Uttar Pradesh under a project accepted by the Steering Committee of the Indian National Commission for Social Tensions Projects (What a name!).

Class and caste tensions in the countryside often centre on the problem of land ownership and its distribution. Changes in the pattern of land rights are reflected in social status and mobility, group formation, factions, feuds and social tensions. Certain far-reaching land reforms centering on the abolition of zamindari and rights of intermediaries have recently been introduced in the country. This is obviously the first step in a long-term programme for a satisfactory solution of the land issue. A study, therefore, of the effect of recent land legislation, particularly Zamindari abolition, on the status system in the village, changes in the social status of various castes and classes, factions, feuds and quarrels and existing social tensions provides important scientific evidence for visualizing future land policy.

Mr Bhattacharjee and his friends have, working in this case from the Agro-Economic Research Centre at Santiniketan, also written a book of considerable importance. They are not very optimistic about the results of all the development that has been in force since Independence. "A sound rehabilitation of the rural economy and society seems hardly to have yet taken place. To support this view, we have got to consider the impact on the rigid structure of the rural economy and society. There have yet been no major dents in the rural social structure. The organization of the family has not changed at all; its size has only increased. The caste structure is as strong as ever, except that its rôle in secular, State organizations like the school does not create any social barriers or discriminations. But in the field of individual or even group be-

haviour, it is still dominant. The leadership and hierarchical structure has not changed in spite of the abolition of Zemin-daries." The only redeeming feature, says Mr Bhattacharjee, is the sign of new enthusiasm noticed in the youth of the village. But this perhaps is the most important thing of all.

"Indian Anthropology in Action" is a collection of papers given at a post-graduate seminar in Ranchi University. Various speakers give a number of schemes for tribal welfare. A great deal has now been written on the subject and, no doubt, we shall have a great deal more when the report of the Dhebar Commission is published. The important thing, however, is to implement some at least of the admirable suggestions that are continually put forward.

Sierra Leone has just achieved her freedom and it is, therefore, particularly valuable to have a scholarly account of her early history from her discovery and colonization by the Portuguese to the time, towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the British landed 450 Negroes, formerly slaves in America, and sixty white prostitutes to found a settlement. Within a few years it became a British colony. Very little has yet been done on the history of this small and remote country, but Dr Kup has now produced a scholarly, if conventional, account with a mass of new detail. He discusses such questions as the old trades of the coast, the life of the forts, the clothing, the welfare and the food of the people there and inland. A more popular story of Sierra Leone, in celebration of the great change that has come over its fortune is desirable.

By contrast Dr Ehrenfels' book on Africa, which he characteristically calls "The Light Continent," is lively fresh and entertaining. Although it deserves a better format, some of the pictures are good and the text is always readable. The veteran anthropologist deals mainly with East Africa, which he visited in 1958, and his views are generally challenging and to the point. He is particularly good on dress and the stupidity of administrations which put clothes on people who do not need them.

The North Central Province of Ceylon was the focus of a major civilization which flourished between the third century B.C. and the twelfth century A.D. The area is an arid plain where habitation is possible only with the help of an elaborate irrigation system; and the existing villages use the same irrigation works as the villages of antiquity. Dr Leach gives a detailed analysis of how land is owned, used and transmitted to later generations in one of these irrigation-based communities, the village of Pul Eliya. Dr Leach's book on this somewhat obscure subject is so learned that it is almost a parody of a modern anthropological treatise. His emphasis is "on the relevance of kinship and marriage for the practices relating to land holding and land use. Unilineal descent is not a factor in the situation. Although the ethnography has an extremely narrow range the community has an ecology

which was parallel in many parts of the world; for that reason some aspects of the analysis are of general significance."

Dr Leach's book, which is obviously quite beyond criticism, is more like the report of a Community Development Committee or an Agricultural Commission.

"India's Population" contains papers read by fourteen scholars, both Indian and foreign, at a Seminar, organized by the Institute of Economic Growth, University Enclave, Delhi. It is rather unfortunate that this should have appeared just before the latest Census which is bound to put many of its statements and conclusions out of date. But the subject it treats is of first importance and the scholars who treat it are of high calibre.

"Rural Profiles," edited by the late Dr D. N. Majumdar, similarly consists of a series of papers by a number of sociologists and attempts "to assist us in understanding the importance of rural studies and also to help the planners and administrators of our country to test their policy and action therapy in the context of the rural background that often is completely ignored."







## Fiction: Character And Conduct

- The Light in the Piazza.** By Elizabeth Spencer. (Heinemann London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)
- Forest of the Night.** By Madison Jones. (Eyre & Spottiswoode 18s.)
- Break from Cover.** By Patrick Clifford. (Eyre & Spottiswoode 15s.)
- A Path to the Sea.** By Colin Murry. (Hutchinson, London, W. D Willis, Calcutta, 16s.)
- The Beach of Passionate Love.** By G. M. Glaskin. (Barrie & Rockliff, 18s.)
- This Sweet Sickness.** By Patricia Highsmith. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 16s.)
- The Miracle Maker.** By Charles C. O'Connell. (W. H. Allen London, Rupa, Calcutta, 13s 6d.)
- A Mark of Displeasure.** By Elizabeth Hely. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 16s.)

"THE Light in the Piazza" buys a stretch of waste ground, is a short, impressive novel about a young American woman who, as a result of a childhood accident, has the mind of a child of ten. Her mother takes her on holiday to Florence where she meets an Italian who falls in love with her. Speaking little English he does not realize her abnormality but, enchanted with her pretiness, proposes marriage. Her mother is torn between telling him the truth and seizing a heaven-sent opportunity for her daughter. The unusual theme is handled with honesty and understanding.

Jonathan Cannon sets off in 1802 from the civilization of Virginia to the wilds of the Tennessee frontier with a volume of Rousseau in his pack and his head full of visions of a clean new world. His disillusionment is rapid and painful. The Indians he encounters are treacherous and brutal, the white men corrupt and vicious, and his disillusionment is complete when he is sentenced to death by a drunken judge for a crime he never committed. His only solace is in Judith Gray, one-time wife of a notorious bandit who becomes his mistress and is, in the end, destroyed by the evil in Jonathan himself. There is a nightmare quality about "Forest of the Night" and the background of awesome forests and stinking swamps is an ideal backdrop to Mr Jones' weird and unruly characters.

The hero of Mr Clifford's novel is Simon Mortwill, a man whose dream of one day being "different" is still, at the age of forty, unrealized. Instead of being the successful Bohemian and author of a book on the history of modern painting he is bound hand and foot to the Safeguard Insurance Company, his suburban flat and his carping in-laws. A gold pencil in recognition of his 25 years' service with the firm, an umbrella from his wife, and the prospect of becoming manager and living in a larger but also suburban house culminate in his "Break from Cover." Inevitably, however, he has left it too late and his dream ends not with a bang but with a whimper.

"A Path to the Sea" is a moving story of an intense and passionate love affair between a young man in his twenties and a woman ten years his senior. He is reading History at a small provincial university. She is the wife of his professor, an erudite, kindly man with a single minded interest in archæology. The background and the characters are deftly drawn; in particular the portrait of the professor's daughter, a bookish little girl of great charm. Mr Murry proves again his perception when dealing with human relationships, though this time he is not quite so convincing.

George Gransden, a middle aged Singapore business man about to retire from the East, plans a final sentimental journey to Kelantan, a small State on the East coast of Malaya. Reluctantly, he takes with him a brash young north-countryman, Harry Lee. Lee is a shrewd business man with an eye to making a fortune out of Kelantan's fishing industry. He is also bent on marrying Zaraniah,

bribes a seedy ex-boxer to testify that he has seen a vision there and is all set to run a second Lourdes on a strictly commercial basis. The local priest who for years has despaired of bringing religion to his godless parish takes it as a sign from God. He, and others, in all innocence become involved in this sordid project with surprising results. A good story with an unexpected ending.

Grace Logan is a widow of 62, outwardly a woman of vitality and charm but secretly nursing a resentment. The cause of this resentment is her cousin Janice who, with her two adopted teenage children, lives with her. Janice is gauche, well meaning but irritating and Grace longs to have the house to herself whatever the cost. The characters, the clash of personalities and the tensions are beautifully done and Miss Hely unfolds her story without putting a foot wrong.

a Malayan girl living there, whom he had known in London. Zaraniah is of royal blood and betrothed to a man she loves. Lee pursues her with a pigheadedness which can only lead him to disaster. The climax comes with the ancient festival of Pujá Pantai on "The Beach of Passionate Love." The drums throb, the sacrificial bullock is pushed out to sea to appease the Gods and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions as to Lee's fate. Mr Glaskin is an impressive writer. The colour, warmth and langorous charm of the Malayan background is captured to perfection.

Miss Highsmith's new thriller is chilling to a degree. It is a horrifying story of a man's madness. David Kelsey, a brilliant young scientist is obsessed by his love for Annabelle who is married to a harmless, colourless individual and lives a humdrum life with which she is quite content—a fact which David refuses to accept. Annabelle's husband is murdered and after his death she re-marries an equally nondescript type. Kelsey's obsession grows and Miss Highsmith's portrait of her haunted, schizophrenic hero is brilliantly done. "The Miracle Maker" of Mr O'Connell's novel is Randy Freeman, a slick opportunist. He





Ife Head (A Doctor's Nigeria).

### A L'ANGLAISE

English Cooking. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (W. H. Allen, London and Rupa, Calcutta, 25s.)

There have been many cooks who have become best selling authors but it is a great change to find a cookery book written by a renowned writer. It is the author's view that England has some of the finest materials in the world for cooking and it is on account of their quality that these ingredients should be cooked in such simple ways. The English are not as a people particularly gastronomically minded but, after reading some of the fascinating recipes included in this book, even those who do not know the difference between prunes and pruniers will wish to try some of these dishes.



## TOUGH STUFF

**The Gaslight Murders.** By James Edward Holroyd. (George Allen and Unwin, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 21s.)

**Diamonds Unlimited.** By P. H. E. Burgess. (John Long, 21s.)

Mr Holroyd makes a good job of his reconstruction of London's Sydney Street affair of December 1910, when armed Russian anarchists held out in a house in the East End so tenaciously that the police were obliged to ask for military aid. Apart from the political aspect of the matter, it was also a memorable occasion, in that this was Britain's first experience of foreign gangsters. This historical essay is obviously the result of patient research, and the author tells his story with great dramatic effect.

The record is distinguished not only for its meticulous attention to detail but for the fact that it recalls to mind the name of Steinnie Morrison, a very controversial figure indeed. Was he in fact guilty of the murder of the Russian Jew, Leon Beron, whose body was found on Clapham Common two days before the Sydney Street siege, the cheeks disfigured with knife-marks in the shape of the letter "S"? Was Beron an informer? That is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered: in any case Morrison was sentenced to death for the crime, was reprieved, and ended his days in Parkhurst Prison with half his sentence served.

There are some good photographs, one of which shows the Home Secretary, Mr Churchill, as he then was, surveying the operations in Sydney Street: he was to come in for a deal of criticism for allegedly placing himself in command of the troops. He answered these charges in his characteristically decided fashion.

Chief Inspector Burgess retired from the CID in 1951 in order to take up the post of Chief Security Officer, to the Williamson Diamond Mine in Tanganika, one of the world's richest. Williamson, a brilliant geologist, put tremendous difficulties in the way of his security officers. The amount of diamond smuggling that went on was considerable. The methods used to break up this smuggling racket are of great interest; but the book also shows how international is diamond smuggling and how it is tied up with outbreaks of violence in all parts of the world.

## WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

**The Word Game Book.** By William and Mary Morris. (Stanley Paul, 10s 6d.)

Hundreds of intriguing word games with which to while away a journey require no material or at the most a pencil and paper. "Hands across the Sea" is an amusing game to test your knowledge of the so-called common language of Britain and the United States.

## BOOK REVIEWS



## WHAT'S NEW IN AFRICA?

**Agony of the Congo.** By Ritchie Calder (Gollancz, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 16s.)

**Congo.** By M. M. Hennessy. (Pall Mall, 12s 6d.)

**Nigeria: Newest Nation.** By Lois Mitchison. (The same, 12s 6d.)

**A Doctor's Nigeria.** By Robert Collis. (Secker and Warburg, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

**White to Move?** By Paul Foster (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.)

THE more one reads of Africa, the less one seems to know about that confounded continent which keeps pressing itself upon the world's attention. It is hardly the fault of the authors. What better guide, for instance, than Mr Calder, who went to the Congo on a WHO assignment, although his book is an entirely personal effort? He does indeed refer to the complex politics of the Congo; Belgium comes in for some pretty frank remarks; but Mr Calder's chief contribution is that he reminds us of the other Congo—the Congo in which men and women die by the thousand because the doctors (all Belgian) have fled and there isn't enough food to go round. He gives a detailed account of the least publicized aspect of the U.N. presence in the Congo: the World Health Organization's effort to salvage a part of the health service, left as a wreck by the Belgians on the morrow of the mutiny by the Force Publique. We should indeed recognize these human problems of afflicted Congo; but does Mr Calder seriously believe that anything much can be done about health and hospitals before the political mess has been sorted out?

Mr Hennessy is a bold man; he thinks he knows the answer to the Congo problem. After a sketchy, and not very well written, account of how Leopold II seized the Congo and ruled it (fairly brutally), Mr Hennessy gives his assessment of the various Congolese leaders. It is not his fault that the best known of them, Lumumba, has since been liquidated; it is quite impossible to write anything about Africa which will not be out of date by the time it is out of the press; but Mr Hennessy oversimplifies everything when he comes up with such snap judgments as that Mobutu is a brave man, or that Lumumba's remaining in power would have been a disaster from the point of view of the West. His naiveté is again apparent when he wants a "benign autocracy" for the Congo. Who is to provide it, and who judges benignity?

It is too early to call the Nigerians a nation; and Miss Mitchison acknowledges it in her lively, pleasant book. Politics were not her primary interest; and the best parts of her small book deals with Nigerian women. They have fewer rights than men, but don't seem to care. Education will change all that before long; but at this point there is no denying the "uncomplicated friendliness" of the Nigerians. (Miss Mitchison had earlier discovered extremely complicated relationships in Asia.) Is there really no complication, or has the author merely failed to discover it? Some other visitors found the Ibo and Yoruba intellectuals highly clever, and complicated.

Dr Collis was head of the Paediatric Department of the University College of Ibadan for

18 months; but he travelled extensively throughout Nigeria and the French Cameroons. He is observant and saw much beyond hospitals and colleges; he met Germans, Austrians and all sorts. But his is a big, rambling book containing much personal and domestic trivia of little interest to the reader. There is little doubt that Dr Collis found Africa an exciting experience. But why write a book on it, and that at such length?

Mr Foster takes us to East Africa and teaches us one useful phrase: Bitakaramire. It means, I expect we'll lose this one too. Mr Foster views the disappearance of empires with a touch of regret; but his explanation for the phenomenon is more than odd. Perhaps inevitably, for he sees Africa through Plato and the Bible. From the former he borrows the phrase "power and perception" and then lays down that Africa wants education because it wants power while what it needs is perception. This perception, Mr Foster thinks, cannot come from the British as long as their system of education produces only "gentlemen." Apart from Europe's loss of nerve, the Church of England too is responsible for the passing of empires. It is not explained why the Belgians have not done much better in the Congo, where Roman Catholic missionaries always outnumbered doctors or teachers. Another reason for the liquidation of European empires in Africa Mr Foster does not mention: it is the writing of such books as Mr Foster's.



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Turkana Warrior (White To Move?).

## ON THE BALL

Soccer from the Shoulder. By Tommy Docherty. (Stanley Paul, 15s.)

When Tommy Docherty, a kid from the back streets of Glasgow, blindly signed a junior professional form, pushed in front of him, he little knew that he had set himself on a trail that was to lead him to playing soccer for Celtic, Preston North End, Arsenal and Scotland. That, in short, is his story but this book is unlike the biographies of well known sportsmen one usually reads. Docherty belonged to a school tough enough to be under the care of a manager "so strict on discipline as to make a Guards Regimental Sergeant-Major look like a baby-sitter." He is a man with a reputation for playing the game tough and this quality is well reflected in his ability to tackle soccer's complicated problems and offer constructive suggestions.

Toughness and modesty do not normally mix but Docherty has so skilfully blended these traits that, while being commendably forthright about the weaknesses of English and Scottish soccer, he says as little as possible about himself. He has great admiration for Tom Finney whom he considers greater even than Stanley Matthews. He has many interesting things to say about referees, captains and managers and, despite opposition, is strongly in favour of Sunday football.

## THE CLASH OF CULTURES

The World We Saw. By K. M. Munshi. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, Rs 2.)

A Visit to the Soviet Union. By Diwan Chaman Lall. (New Publications, Delhi, Rs 12.50)

The Concept of Man. Edited by S. Radhakrishnan and P. T. Raju. (Allen and Unwin, London, Allen Publishers, Calcutta, 42s.)

The Political Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo. By V. P. Varma. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay, Rs 18.50.)

Great Philosophers. By Thomas and Thomas. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay Rs 2.)

Levels of Knowing and Existence. By Harry L. Weinberg. (Hodder and Stoughton, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 21s.)

Realism and Imagination. By Joseph Chiari. (Barrie and Rockliff, 30s.)

The World Mr Munshi saw was not that of the ordinary tourist. In Japan it was such as to convince him that the courtesy and self-discipline of the Japanese way of life still survive beneath the superficial Americanization. In the USA it was largely a world of great universities and law institutes, which rightly won his admiration; though perhaps too much of it was lunch and dinner parties to which he was invited. Despite the individualism of American life, he was able to compare the discipline and organization of the universities favourably with that in India. What impressed him most in Europe was the tussle between Communism and Moral Rearmament for the allegiance of the Ruhr workers, with the victory of the latter. This is a thoughtful book, concerned rather with cultural values than sightseeing. Running through it is the author's conviction that India, like Japan, can retain its own culture and does not need to become either American or Russian.

Mr Chaman Lall, on the other hand, saw what he was shown. He went to the Soviet Union with an Indian Parliamentary group in 1955 and has written a conscientious travel diary interspersed with handouts about economic, political and industrial conditions. So many experienced writers have entered this field that it requires some temerity for the novice to put forward his contribution.

"The Concept of Man" is a symposium on comparative philosophy, separate scholars treating the theme from the standpoint of Greek, Jewish, Chinese and Hindu thought. Prof Raju has contributed the chapter on Hindu thought as well as an introductory chapter and a final chapter summing up and comparing the others. Prof Radhakrishnan's contribution is confined to a four-page preface and his name on the cover, without even the qualifying phrase "edited by" which appears only inside on the title-page. Doubtless this will increase sales.

Although known mainly as a spiritual philosopher, Sri Aurobindo had much to say also about past history, present social and political conditions and a future millenium. He was opposed to democracy because it produces plutocracy, and to socialism because it produces totalitarianism, but hoped for a happier world through the descent of the supramental. Dr Varma has produced a solid tome on his views, based on an exhaustive study of his books, articles and speeches.

The accounts of the philosophers in the next book combines the story of their life and character with the briefest glimpse at their teaching.

might be attractive to the general reader if the authors did not write down to their public, as though they were children.

Semantics is rapidly encroaching on the older branches of thought, with its claim that problems fade out if correctly phrased. Prof. Weinberg is an enthusiast who claims to find in general semantics a key to philosophy, ethics, aesthetics, psychology and even religion. There is certainly plenty of common sense in his book, but how far it is a new system and how far merely renaming what we know already is more doubtful.

The next writer argues intellectually against intellectualism in art and literature. Also against the "slice of life" variety of realism. He rightly contends that it is not possible to portray objective existence but only the impression it makes on us. This should not be theorised over but transmuted into form by the imagination. He takes only the art and literature of Western Europe into consideration, and this from a viewpoint conformable with Catholic dogma.



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## Fiction: Two Views Of India

**The Journey Homeward.** By Gerald Hanley. (Collins, 18s.)  
**The Wound of Spring.** By S. Menon Marath. (Dobson, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**David at Noon.** By Mario Prodan. (Hutchinson, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**The Sparta Medallion.** By H. L. Lawrence. (Macdonald, 12s 6d.)  
**Beyond all Telling.** By Margaret Harrison. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 11s 6d.)  
**The Bells of Rome.** By Goran Stenius. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.)  
**The Day of Sacrifice.** By Fereidoun Esfandiary. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**World Without Dreams.** By Rodney Garland. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 15s.)

**B**ETWEEN two novels about India comparison is inevitable. There is much difference between their themes and treatment, but from the distance post Mr Marath canters away.

To take Mr Hanley first, the more accomplished writer of the two. His "Journey Homeward" is about a mountainous India State, obviously Kashmir, its mainly apathetic citizens and the freezing winds of change that blow from India in 1947. He treats his characters like a psycho-analyst or rather like an American writer. He portrays the conflict of a Westernized Maharaja with progressive forces represented by Hassan, the people's leader, and Hari Lal, the shrewd Indian mind. His preoccupation with them is so keen that he seems to be at a loss about what to do with them in the end. A deus ex machina, nothing less than an earthquake, comes to his rescue and we are left with the dipsomaniac Maharani and a successful failure of a missionary, Miss Bullen, consoling each other with hate of God, hatred being better than indifference.

Mr Marath has made a fine debut and we hope there is more than this first novel in his life. His "Wound of Spring" is about the disintegration of a Nayar family in Malabar. He has evoked the rigidity of a matriarchical set up and the seeds of disruption that lay within. The unending bickerings and quarrel of the women, the inability of the seniors to understand what Gandhi and the Congress were about in the '20s and their impact on Unni, the younger son. Unni flees from domestic tensions to those outside and is seriously injured by communalists. He is rescued by an untouchable and falls in love with her, thus splitting his family and, finally, pays with his life. His mother makes a moving gesture to the poor girl. Authenticity is the keynote of Mr Marath's novel, which captures a milieu and also, in English, the idiom of Malabar.

Signor Prodan's novel is set in a village in Italy towards the end of the last war. It is, however, no saga of bombs and bloodshed. It tells the story of David Stanley, a young Englishman and of his love for Gabriella whom he met when his regiment was billeted there. For most of the villagers the coming of the British was of small importance and life went on as it did under the Germans. The small boy, Gigi, stole with precision and charm; the voluptuous Anna prostituted herself for food and Paolo continued quietly with his sculpture. But for Paolo's daughter, Gabriella,

it meant a great deal and in Signor Prodan's skilful hands their love story is unfolded with great charm and delicacy against a background of poverty and distant gunfire.

"The Sparta Medallion" is ingenious and well-written. Reed, a young English geologist, survives an air crash in the Peruvian jungles and arrives in Lima. He has with him a brief case mistakenly taken from another passenger which contains a collection of papers and a small medallion embossed with the head of a Spartan boy. It seems innocent enough but through it Reed discovers a horrifying conspiracy that could pervert the whole future of Western civilization.

Kirtsie Lynne goes to a small village in the Mendips to look after a little boy while his mother, Gail Bracken, is away. She imagines it to be a temporary job but discovers that Gail has gone off with another man and has no intention of returning. The story follows the expected pattern.

"The Bells of Rome" is a novel devoted entirely to the Roman Catholic religion and, it will undoubtedly appeal most to those of this faith. It tells the story of Thomas Cinellius, a Finn who comes to Rome as an art historian. Mr Stenius writes beautifully but for all that his material is much too drawn out.

Fereidoun Esfandiary is an Iranian and his novel is set in present day Teheran. The hero, if he can be called that, is KiaNoush, an idle, introspective man of thirty-three who considers his father a tyrant because he taunts him for his laziness. Though totally disinterested in politics, he is asked by his father to help him avert a plot to assassinate the Minister of the Interior. KiaNoush undertakes the mission but lacks sufficient determination to accomplish it.

"World Without Dreams" is a rather dreary novel about prostitution. The prostitutes vary from the young and voluptuous to the old hands whose bloom has definitely been rubbed off. Without exception they are all in it for the financial gain and Mr Garland does not believe in the "tart with a heart," but provides some neat character drawing.

### RETURN TICKET

**From Raft to Raft.** By Bengt Danielsson. (Allen and Unwin, London. Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 21s.)

In the story of the French expedition to Tahiti Nui, and their fantastic raft voyages from Tahiti to Chile and back to Polynasia, the leader, Eric de Bisschop, wanted to prove a theory contrary to that of the Kon-Tiki expedition, in that he was convinced that in pre-historic times men had sailed from Tahiti to Chile and Peru. The reader will judge.



instrumental in engineering the escape of a large number of British Servicemen whom at great risk he hid in his home. Personally he suffered unspeakable anxiety and tribulation—including a fearful 24 hours in a mediaeval "bottle cell," shaped like a man and large enough to contain one human being, short enough not to permit him to stand upright and narrow enough to restrain him from lying down; it tapered at the top so that the face was never more than two inches from the walls that encased the prisoner's head. Eventually sentenced to death by the Cestapo, Mr Caskie was saved by the fearless intercession of a German pastor. A memorable book, brightened recurrently by the author's spiritual strength and faith that his endeavours had divine approbation.

An autobiography relies almost entirely on the author's ability to present her facts in an interesting way for every one knows what the story is going to be—childhood and growing up. Gladys Brook has this ability and her memories of a New York girlhood are vividly and delightfully recalled. Her father was a kind, hard-working ear nose and throat specialist. Her mother an idealist and something of an invalid. Visits to her maternal grandmother, holidays in France and a trip to England to stay in an "exclusive" Edwardian country house are among the highlights of a happy childhood presented with a complete lack of ostentation or false sentimentality.

### CRICKET

**Cricket Bouquet.** By A. A. Thomson. (Museum Press, London, 18s.)

The elegance which readers have come to expect of all that Mr Thomson writes on cricket is once again evident in his latest—perhaps best—production. This is a delightful series of essays based on an intriguing proposition: that the qualities associated with particular counties of England tend to be reflected in the individual characters of their cricketers. Mr Thomson develops this theme with skill and perception. In the course of the study almost every great name that English cricket has known appears, from the earliest days of the game to the present. They are all there—Hornby and Barlow, Fry and Ranji, the Graces, Jessop and the Fosters, Hirst, Rhodes and Barnes, and down through the years to the giants of our own time. And what delightful vignettes go with each!

as a matter of temperament, some men being more inclined to one and some to the other. He does not say whether polyandry is also to be accepted as a matter of temperament.

### HOT ROCKS

**A Calabash of Diamonds.** By Margaret Lane. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

A roughly drawn map and a first hand account of an unsuccessful search for "A Calabash of Diamonds" had been in the Lanes' hands for some years. It was, however, not until 1958 that they decided to go and look for the treasure buried about 70 years ago in the grave of an African chief in Mozambique. The territory they had to go through was wild, unmapped and difficult. The whole venture had to be conducted in secrecy and one of their worst worries was how to smuggle the diamonds out if they found them. They bought a second hand Land Rover and a lorry and accompanied by their nephew and a Rhodesian policeman who had been wished on them, set off on their expedition—ostensibly an innocent safari. The frustrations and dilemmas, and the final outcome of this chancy adventure are described with intelligence and humour.



# BOOK REVIEWS



## RETROSPECT

**Memories of a Doctor in War and Peace.** By Isabel Hutton. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

**Touch Wood.** By Duncan Hamilton. (Barrie and Rockliff, 25s.)

**One Man's World.** By Lionel Leslie. (Pall Mall Press, 16s 6d.)

**The Tartan Pimpernel.** By Donald Caskie. (Collins, 2s 6d.)

**Gramercy Park.** By Gladys Brooks. (J. M. Dent, 18s.)

Many in this subcontinent will remember with affection Lady Hutton, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Hutton, a pre-Independence GOC, Western Independent District, India, for her devoted work as Director of the Indian Red Cross Welfare Service. Her book, published after her death in January 1960, is a remarkable autobiography of a remarkable woman. Lady Hutton broke in on the medical world when society not only in her native Edinburgh but elsewhere in the British Isles generally took the view that a woman's due and proper function was domestic chores and dutiful child-bearing, but this young woman was made of sterner stuff; ignoring the conventions, she qualified as a doctor. Thus began a career which, from parochial beginnings, was to take her to far places and strange adventures. She was one of the first volunteers to join the Scottish Women's Hospitals which did magnificent work during World War I in France and Salonika. She and her fellow-workers shared almost every tribulation of the troops, asking no favours and certainly receiving few. Then she accompanied the Serbian Army in its advance in 1918, and later served with the White Army in the Crimea: of those days of terrible suffering she writes with a passionate intensity.

If the criterion is an unending tally of narrow escapes from death, well chosen indeed is the title of Mr Hamilton's book. He is one of the few still alive of the crack motor racing drivers of the immediate post-World War II years. He was always a worthy foe, to be reckoned with particularly because of his brash and unorthodox approach to a dangerous chore. He writes, though, with a pleasant modesty and much wry humour, and shows himself ever a generous loser. His earlier years in the RAF were filled with adventure and almost incredible good luck. Brisk, witty and thoughtful in turn, he offers us a work which will fascinate the mechanical-minded as much as it will attract every stay-at-home.

Captain Leslie, a first cousin of Sir Winston Churchill, offers an autobiography which seems little more than patchwork. He has apparently knocked around a lot and seen plenty, and one might have thought that from these experiences he might have produced at least some enjoyable light reading. The story of his childhood on an Irish estate and of his school and Sandhurst days is not unpleasing, but the record of his life in Paris and Chelsea before (says the blurb) "he came to find his true vocation" in sculpture seems a very casual piece of joinery.

Mr Caskie, Minister of the Scots Kirk in Paris in 1940, found himself impelled, more perhaps out of spiritual considerations than patriotic, ranged alongside the fighters of the French Resistance movement. He has a powerful story to tell of sacrifice and suffering, courage and cowardice. He was in-

## RELIGION

**The Psychological Attitude of Early Buddhist Philosophy.** By Lama Anagarika Govinda. (Riders, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 30s.)

**Growing up into Buddhism.** By Sramanera Jivaka. (Maha Bodhi Society, Calcutta-12, Rs 2.25.)

**The Call of the Vedas.** By A. C. Bose. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, Rs 2.)

**Gayatri.** By I. K. Taimni. (The Ananda Publishing House, Allahabad, Rs 4.)

**Discourses on the Gita.** By M. K. Gandhi. (Navajivan, Ahmedabad, 50 nP.)

**Bay Windows into Eternity.** By I. Graham Ikin. (Allen and Unwin, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta 15s.)

**Come Wind, Come Weather.** By Leslie Lyall. (Hodder and Stoughton, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 4s 6d.)

**The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan, Vol. III.** (Barrie and Rockliff, 32s 6d.)

The Lama and the Sramanera who expound Buddhism are both Westerners. The former elaborates the Buddhist conception of man's nature and potentialities with true Germanic thoroughness, illustrating his exposition with complicated diagrams. The latter, an Englishman, is remarkably successful in presenting the essentials of Buddhism in simple style for teenagers.

Western Orientalists long had a clear field in representing the Vedas as trivial in content, but Indian scholars are now beginning to hit back. Dr Bose does so more by translation than by commentary. Dividing his book into chapters on the paths of Devotion, Knowledge, Mysticism, Splendour and Action, he lists Vedic texts in illustration of each.

Dr Taimni's study of Gayatri should serve as an excellent corrective to the modern tendency to discredit religious technique and replace it by a vague piety.

Gandhi's "Discourses on the Gita" were written as letters from Yeravada Gaol in commentary on his Gujarati translation. They have the free flowing style which marks inner understanding as distinct from learning.

Miss Ikin falls in a general way within the Christian tradition, but the articles, here reproduced avoid all dogmatism. They are written with grace and understanding and can serve as an encouragement to spiritual effort, whatever path one may follow. There is insistence, however, that some path must be followed.

It is mainly the Catholic Church whose persecution in Red China has been published, but "Come Wind, Come Weather" shows that the Protestant Churches have suffered no less. The author describes in detail the cunning policy of gradual encroachments. First foreign missionaries were driven out, then Church property seized, then spiritual testimony censored, then private prayer meetings banned, and so on, all happening so gradually that many Christians did not know at what point to make a stand until it seemed too late to do so at all.

The third volume of the collected works of Hazrat Inayat Khan includes a section on education and one on marriage, apart from other items. While expressing beautiful ideals and sentiments, the author also describes monogamy or polygamy as a matter of temperament.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## PERSECUTION LTD

**The Inquisition of the Middle Ages.** By Henry Charles Lea (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.)  
**History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic.** By W. H. Prescott (Allen & Unwin, 35s.)  
**Modern China.** By David Nelson Rowe. (Eurasia, Rs 2.50.)

THREE books form part of a larger one yet to be written on the history of medieval and modern inquisition. The present trio provide a discontinuous narrative but, although further material on the Gestapo and the NKVD is needed to fill the gaps in the story, what we have here is enough to show that the inquisitor was only an exclusively medieval phenomenon.

In fact, the modern inquisitor is only adopted but in upon the techniques of our existence. research scholars paid sufficient attention.

We, at the International Academy of Indian Culture, are the first time trying to look at the languages, literatures and cords of many countries of Asia. This peep gives a glorious view and promises rich results to investigators.

In this article I will deal with a small country in the heart Indo-Chinese peninsula, the Laos. The fact that the people of Laos spell their country's name as Laos should interest us. For this name reminds us of Lavapuri (Lobpu and Ayodhya in the neighbour Thailand). There is no reason why the External Affairs Ministry, newspapers and literary men should not use the correct name.

### LAVA LANGUAGE

The written documents of Lava people are on palm leaves just as is the case in India. They have the same format as in India. Lava language is connected with the languages of Thai, Burma and the Ahoms of Assam.

The beginning of Lava script dates back to 1283 A.D. when King Rama K'angheng of Sukodaya created it. This script has the common origin of Thai and Lava alphabets. The earliest literature is replete with words of Sanskrit and Pali origin. No dictionary has so far been prepared which completely registers the ancient Lava language.

Sanskrit and Pali grammar, cognography and prosody have influenced Lava language and literature. The classical period of Lava literature was in its splendour from 1547 to 1571, the rule of Shri Jaya Jyestha in local pronunciation P'ra Jeththa).

Another name which is mentioned in connection with classical period of Lava literature is King S' Vamsa who ruled from 1616 to 1694.

Little records appear from 13th century onwards. The important script is known as Tham (Dharma). It is used in inscriptions, poetry, romance, administrative and correspondence.

The eras are as follows:

- The small Saka era began in 638 A.D.
- The great Saka era began in 78 A.D.
- The Buddha Saka era

his predecessors. And, with the passage of time, the number of victims of inquisition has risen instead of decreasing. Bernard Gui, during his service as inquisitor of Toulouse, sent 40 heretics to the stake between 1308 and 1323. Over a century later, in 1481, about 2,000 were burnt alive in Andalusia. These are impressive figures, but they seem insignificant besides statistics for our times. Between seven and nine million "kulaks" were "liquidated" in Russia in a decade.

It is true that 160,000 Jews were expelled from Spain after the edict of March 30, 1492. But what is this compared to the achievement of Eichmann and his bosses, who sent all the Jews they could find in occupied Europe to an exile from which none return? Similarly, the records of the court of de Caux, described by Gui as a "hammer of the heretics," seem as white as the books of a charitable institution when compared with the annals of the "People's Courts" of the early 1950s in China. Bernard de Caux, though he was one of the sternest of the medieval inquisitors, did not condemn a single living being to the stake and all his bloodthirsty reputation, it now appears, rests on his conviction of dead or missing men. In two years the Chinese mass courts tried and sentenced to death four million landlords and other remnants of the previous order of society. Unlike de Caux the sentence was not just nominal in their case.

In the 19th Century, most British historians used to regard the Inquisition of the Middle Ages as a purely local phenomenon and as one more example of the unpredictability of the Latin people. It now appears that it is 19th Century liberalism which is an accident of history, while rule by terror is universal. The Slav, the Nordic and the Mongol races have made terror as integral a part of their societies as did the Latins. Who knows if other races might not achieve equal success in this field? The 19th Century historians were obviously wrong but it would have been comforting had they been right.

## INTELLIGENCE (MILITARY)

**Rutland of Jutland.** By Desmond Young. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 18s.)  
**The Secret War.** By Sauche de Gramont. (André Deutsch, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 30s.)  
**Secret Service Chief.** By U. E. Baughman with Leonard Wallace Robinson. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 30s.)

MR Young's essential purpose is to examine the question of "security", which in current circumstances is beginning to be of more than ordinary importance. The day declined to give any explanation in Parliament to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, the bittered Rutland, till remains un-

## TWO LIVE

**On My Own Terms.** Seymour. (Faber, 2s.)  
**I, Said the Sparrow.** West. (Hutchinson, W. D. Willis, Calcutta)

John Seymour, who once went to India the hard way, since changed published his autobiography, his first he began to live "Fat of The Land." He it with considerable satisfaction being well aware that it is not as other men are. Certainly few writers in this generation have knocked around with zest; certainly few travellers have moved with more pleasure and under a lighter load; certainly few have less care to what the morrow will bring. I only doubt is whether the reader is not told about it all with a shade too much self-approbation.

The truth is that John Seymour has led, and is still leading, a remarkably independent and unfettered life in these days of enforced economic and social conformities. His books would, benefit, however, from allowing the reader to form his own picture of this unattached man instead of being constantly reminded of his indifference to possessions and material things. An impression is left at times—probably completely unjustified—nevertheless there of a man protesting altogether too much.

Mr West deals with his boyhood in a Derbyshire mining village. But he grew up in the '30s and '40s and was therefore an observer of significant social and economic change. The domestic conditions of those days might understandably have created bitterness in the mind of a small boy conscious of better things, but Mr West prefers to look on the social scene of his day as one understanding and anticipating future natural winds of change. He is often crude; often impatient, apparently, of the environment which he had necessarily to endure. Yet nowhere do we find him unsympathetic; indeed, he is often quietly understanding of conditions which might drive the pampered British taxpayer of 1963 to revolt.

His language is as simple and uninhibited as his own Derbyshire dialect: he sees his family upbringing, one might say, through bifocal lenses, in the sense that he can take both the short-term and long-term view. The older reader may share his ideas of times not so long ago when (Beveridge and others) having yet been heard of) people accepted life uncomplainingly. It and made the best of it. Of that era Mr West writes with a natural understanding.



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SUNDAY MAGAZINE

# LAVA (LAOS)—Raghu Vir

IN her long history India has had many friends, disciples and admirers. They form a continuous chain across our land and sea frontiers.

India is reputed to be deficient in historical sense. This reputation may or may not be true in other respects, but it is clear that we have no records in India of our foreign relations during the last 2,000 years. We have no references to the existence of any such records at any period of our history or in regard to any country of the world.

Our educational system has innumerable shortcomings. Our educators know something about the lack of facility for industrial training but they have no concept of how inadequate our entire system is in regard to our foreign relations during the centuries of our existence. Neither have our research scholars paid sufficient attention.

We, at the International Academy of Indian Culture, are for the first time trying to look into the languages, literatures and records of many countries of Asia. This peep gives a glorious view and promises rich results to investigators.

In this article I will deal with a small country in the heart of Indo-Chinese peninsula, the Laos. The fact that the people of Laos spell their country's name as LAVA should interest us. For this name reminds us of Lavapuri (Lobpuri) and Ayodhya in the neighbouring Thailand. There is no reason why the External Affairs Ministry, the newspapers and literary men should not use the correct name.

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Sanskrit and Pali grammar, lexicography and prosody have influenced LAVA language and literature. The classical period of LAVA literature was in its full splendour from 1547 to 1571 under the rule of Shri Jaya Jyestha (or in local pronunciation Pra Jaya Jettha).

Another name which is to be mentioned in connection with the classical period of LAVA history and literature is King Surya-Vamsa who ruled from 1637 to 1694.

Little records appear from the 13th century onwards. The most important script is known as the Tham (Dharma). It is a script used in inscriptions, poetry and romance, administrative records and correspondence.

The eras are as follows:

- (a) The small Saka era which began in 638 A.D.
- (b) The great Saka era which began in 78 A.D.
- (c) The Buddha Saka era which

began in 544 B.C. The year 1283 is the year when Pali scriptures were introduced from Ceylon in the kingdom of Sukhodaya. Sanskrit was replaced by Pali.

Among the inscriptions I may mention the inscription of Dan Sai. It is dated 1482 Saka, Pur-nima of the month of Ashadha, 2,103 years after the Nirvana of the Buddha. It mentions two kings—Dharmaka Raja who ruled in Chandanapuri Satanaganahuta Mahanagara ratna; and Parama-Mahacakravartisvara Vararajadhiraja who ruled in Shri Ayodhya maha-talakabhavanagara ratna.

The two kings invited leading monks from Chandanapuri and Ayodhya. The great mandarin from the city of Chandanapuri was Samridhi Maitri and from the city of Ayodhya, Vimala Satyabhakta. The two kings promised to unite their families, the Surya Vansa and the Abhaya Vansa up to the end of the Kalpa.

## INDIA'S IMPACT

With the introduction of Indian civilization the people of LAVA found a rich treasure. The classical LAVA verses follow the metrics of Indian prosody. The metre is regulated by the number of syllables and their quantity. In fact, the true classical LAVA poetry is formed of translations of Indian poems. Even LAVA folklore is peopled by the Indian pantheon. The LAVA people sing of the beauty and charm of nature and of love and its attractions. They sing when they go to the forest to cut wood, to pluck flowers, to gather bamboo and vegetables.

And the songs run something like this:

"In passing through the forest I came across swarms of birds which sing and dance, seated two by two they flirt and play." Girls and boys, singly and in groups, follow each other exchanging verses and songs. There is a contrast among young girls as against married women with children in their arms. These songs are often accompanied by a musical instrument known as K'en. Often there is a duet.

The Molam is an important genre of literature. It evokes the marvels of paradise, the powers of Indra, the cruelty of Yama, the atrocities of hell, and on the other hand the beauties of full moon the enchantment of woods and seasons.

## POPULAR TALES

Popular stories and romances are generally long, comprising 400 to about 800 palm leaves. Their length does not allow them a well rounded off structure. Love is the principal theme. Personages are painted with diverse colours. The hero is generally a brave and noble prince who fights evil and triumphs.

The powerful Indra intervenes in the course of combats in order to help the hero. There is coquetry of the divine Kannaris, the beautiful dancers of heaven. There is the violence and voracity of yakshas, the great monsters of the universe who possess the magic power of travelling through air, of assuming any form at will and of fighting with enchanted armies. The yakshas are the redoubtable enemies of the hero.

Then one comes across the kind-

hearted rishis or marudra hermits, who communicate to the hero the occult science of flying through space and of fighting victoriously. The heroine, who is beautiful and faithful, proves her affection.

We possess an important collection of LAVA stories. The majority of them are derived from Panchatantra. In fact Panchatantra stories are widely diffused throughout the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

The LAVA people have a rich literature, canonique and extra-canonique. The Jataka stories constitute the central kernel of all Buddhist literature of LAVA. These stories have been translated into LAVA language.

In extra-canonique literature gods occupy a special position. Among them, Indra is supreme. In a way, he is a kind of Providence. He is the protector of pious people. He favours the good and punishes the wicked.

Then there are stories dealing with Boddhisattva Maitreya.

Among the histories of saints, one might mention Ananda, Upagupta, Maudgalyayana. The story of Jambupati is of particular interest on account of the quality of its composition. It deals with Jambupati, the king of Uttara-pancala, the most powerful sovereign of Jambudvipa, having one hundred and eleven vassal kings under him. The work is also of great importance for the study of iconography of the Buddhist staturary.

Then there are histories of the relics of the Buddha, of his teeth, of his hair, of small pieces of his bones, of his footprints and of other objects and utensils, of the Bodhi tree in Ceylon, of Stupas in different parts of Burma, Siam and LAVA. And lastly, on the miraculous reunion of all the relics of the Buddha at the foot of the sacred Bodhi tree.

## GRAMMAR

Saddavimala is a manual of Yogacara. It embraces morals, anatomy, physiology, embryology, and grammar. The inclusion of grammar is justified as being the means for attaining a transcendental knowledge of the contents of sound among human beings and in the universe.

Grammar, prosody and lexicons may be considered as supplements of canonique literature.

Ratthasattha (rashttrasastra) or Kotmay lao is the principal source of ancient customs such as marriage, divorce, succession, slavery and so on.

Morasatra deals with horoscopes, astrology and divination. It gives indications concerning favourable and unfavourable moments for accomplishing such acts as journeys, construction of houses and marriages.

There are many books concerning niti-sastra, the art of government. The name of the most famous book is Rajasavani.

It may be mentioned here that the vast LAVA literature of the past five centuries has not yet found its devotees who would publish, translate and evaluate each and every item that forms this literature. There are only a few notices by French scholars and archaeologists. The bulk of the literature still remains unknown.



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## TWO INDIAS

The Ochre Robe. By Agehananda Bharati. (Allen and Unwin, London. Allie's Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

Forests of the Night. By Jack Denton Scott. (Robert Hale 18s.)

There are various ways of seeing India. Mr Fischer of Vienna chose to do so by tramping her roads as an ochre-robe Swami. Not that seeing India was his only aim; he also aspired to teach Hinduism to the Hindus ("For the Hindu is an Acharya, a teacher whose word with regard to the interpretation of Hinduist religious teachings must be accepted without cavil"). And this despite the fact that he has been expelled from one monastery for his views and reprimanded in another. Indeed, he tries to combine Hinduism with agnosticism and at least theoretical moral laxity. Some of his specific antipathies—the poet Kabir, Guru Nanak, Sri Aurobindo, the Bhagavad Gita, the Ramakrishna Mission, vegetarianism, austerity, and all Western followers of a Hindu Buddhist path except himself. Seems to be very much a case of "every one's out of step except our Willie". He has now, he tells us, exchanged the heat of the Indian roads for an air-conditioned office in an American university, where he finds more docile audiences.

Not only shikaris will enjoy Mr Scott's fascinating story of his hunting adventures in India. The author and his wife (a keen shot) came to this country on official invitation, and their activities were mainly in the fine shooting country of Madhya Pradesh. The book describes their hunt as "extraordinary"; this is no exaggeration, for it was extraordinary not only for the great variety of game encountered and many narrow escapes but also for the opportunity it afforded the couple for warm relationships with the people of the forests. Mr Scott, a columnist on the New York Herald Tribune, has apparently been at pains to avoid bringing the tricks of the trade to his writing; he is restrained in style and when he is occasionally dramatic the impact is the more pronounced because of his obvious desire to avoid extravagant language. His descriptions of life in lonely villages, his stories of the humble folk with whom he hunted and who tracked for him, his neat anecdotes and bright dialogues are among the ingredients of a tasty dish.

## CIVIL DEFENCE

If there has been some major change in the Government of India's attitude to the need for the introduction or practice of air raid precautions, such as blackouts and trench-digging, it would be useful if an official pronouncement was made. Nobody wants to suffer even the temporary inconveniences of blackouts if they are unnecessary; nobody wants to dig slit trenches in parks or on maidans if their only purpose is to be used as latrines. The general impression was, however, that these measures were desirable and sensible precautions even after the cease-fire on the frontier. If the Central Government now knows or thinks otherwise, the public would be greatly relieved to hear so.

According to news agency reports of a speech in Lucknow, Mr Nehru said that digging trenches and observing blackouts were not all good; indeed might be harmful. Mr Lal Bahadur Shastri is also reported to have spoken on the same lines, except that he suggested that people should join the Home Guards (an important aspect of whose work is surely connected with air raid disciplines) instead of talking of air raids and blackouts.

Mr Nehru went on, somewhat paradoxically it might seem, to advocate that fire-fighting machinery should be made more and more powerful but "we should not waste huge sums on purchasing equipment as in West Bengal". In fact, West Bengal (as has been pointed out in our news columns) has not spent huge sums on fire-fighting equipment but would it really be wasteful if it had? Surely in a congested State with heavy industrialization and vast sprawling urban Calcutta, the most up-to-date and efficient fire-fighting equipment is a sound and desirable investment, with or without a Chinese threat to speed its provisions.

Only the Centre can guide the States as to what precisely is necessary and feasible in ARP. West Bengal, very near to the front line when the Chinese suddenly thrust down to the borders of Assam, showed admirable coolness and self-discipline in preparing for what might develop. The Chinese did not use their aeroplanes but there was no information available that they were not going to; so certain minimum precautions were taken, in Calcutta as indeed they were in Delhi, and under the guidance of the Central Civil Defence Directorate. If they are no longer deemed necessary, State Governments and the people in general will be delighted to be told so through the usual channels. Of course, Mr Nehru may simply have meant that it was not desirable to concentrate too much on passive defence; and that people would be better employed in more active and positive tasks. That may well be so, but it is still up to the Government to indicate precisely what they want the people to do. Not everyone feels that the cease-fire marked the last phase of border fighting and Mr Nehru himself has put the duration of the "emergency" at five years.



struggles of a young man trying to rise above his environment is tough, frank and convincing. Ricky lives with his family (Dad is a dock labourer) in a too small house in the grimy, smog bound slums of Bethnal Green. To cut loose he needs money and a chance to join in a raid on a big store offers the only hopes of escape to a better life for himself and his girl. A chain of circumstances keeps him on the straight and narrow, though the rewards for this, as portrayed by Mr Fisher are meagre to say the least.

"Yes, Giorgio" tells of how Rose Williams, a sensible married Welsh girl, loses her head and heart to Giorgio, a self opinionated Italian professor whom she meets while on a scholarship to America. Giorgio fancies himself as the great lover and whisks her off in his convertible on a motel tour across the States. Miss Piper makes the relationship between the incongruous pair plausible and finds plenty of scope for her own particular brand of wry humour.

Two crime novels have in common plausibility, good writing and the sort of suspense which does not finally have to kick off the sockets the long arms coincidence and law. "Chain of Darkness" is in the main a

ton kept his eyes open on travels in Russia, but his heart and mind must have remained firmly closed to everything but his own parochial and ideological prejudices. He tells us, not of Russians he met as individuals, but of "the Russian" who in general is lazy, drunken, mendacious, careless, insensitive, naturally servile, and coarse of feature. "The Russians" (poor things) "are as out of touch with Western sartorial conventions as the Japanese or Persians . . . Few of them wear ties, and it is often hard to tell whether a man is a provincial minister . . . or a taxi-driver". The Russian leaders live in "pretentious houses" and rule the country from a "so-called Parliament". But probably the crowning horror for the visiting John Bull is that "bifshteks on a Russian menu too often means a form of Hamburger."

## Fiction

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## Fiction: It's All In The Family

**The House at Old Vine.** By Norah Lofts. (Hutchinson, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 21s.)  
**All the Wrong People.** By Linette Perry. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**The Last August.** By Jean Ross. (Hutchinson, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**The Violent Season.** By Robert Goulet. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 18s.)  
**Bethnal Green.** By Michael Fisher. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**Yes, Giorgio.** By Anne Piper. (Heinemann, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**Chain of Darkness.** By Kenneth Cook (Michael Joseph, 15s.)  
**Clash by Night.** By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 16s.)  
**The Burning Hills.** By Louis L'Amour (Bantam Books, 35c.)  
**Rimrock.** By Luke Short. (The same, 35c.)  
**The Lean Rider.** By Cliff Farrell. (The same, 35c.)

**A**DOPTING the not unusual and often acceptable device of breaking her story up into distinct components, Miss Lofts gives us a six-act drama covering 200 years ending with the Restoration. Perhaps the best test of her well-developed sense of continuity is the fact that each of her episodes may readily be accepted as a whole, given, of course, some inkling of what has gone before. One will feel that the atmosphere of *The House at Old Vine* conditions all that happens under its roof—the total adding up to a magnificently-presented conspectus not only of people but of things and the life that enveloped them. Cleverly Miss Lofts paints on a broad canvas whose panels take in burning at the stake, civil commotion, civil war, while all the time the reader is never separated from the notion of a family in its many branches, loyal yet sometimes fiercely divided.

A pint-sized dance-band pianist is the central character of Miss Perry's interesting if sometimes melancholy study. The author knows her entertainment world, and succeeds in producing convincing if not always pleasant studies of those who make up what its members sometimes tend egotistically to regard as something of a cosmos. She is convincing in portraiture, and succeeds well in pinpointing the tensions, anxieties and jealousies upon which the seldom-successes tend to be built. One is uncertain whether to like or dislike the under-five-foot Jimmy Victor. Many average-height readers will perhaps regard him with a mildly contemptuous amusement. Some of his associates in the story might have done better in the leading rôle.

Psychological malaise is the theme also of Miss Ross's story. Her lonely 10-year-old Lesley Stone—left to care for her father, deserted by his wife, and a small brother—makes an appealing character. The sad little family's rented holiday caravan in the Cotswolds brings them interesting experience as they enter into the life of the landlord's strangely-assorted family. Lesley seems to dominate the scene while ever conscious of her own loneliness and responsibilities surely too much for a little girl to carry. As a study of wistful, neglected childhood this will surely appeal, particularly to women readers.

"*The Violent Season*" is an explosive hymn of hate about the narrowness of a small community in the wilds of the Quebec timberland. A rosary bead factory is rented as a brothel for lumberjacks returning after their nine month tour of labour in the woods. Gradually, fanned by the misguided piety of the clergy, the pent-up fury of the women of the town breaks out in a violent and terrible holocaust. Mr Goulet pulls no punches; his vigorous, pitiless narrative sweeps along until, at the end, the reader is left not knowing whether to be repelled or fascinated. There is, however, no doubt of Mr Goulet's sincerity or of the power of his writing.

Mr Fisher's novel about the

chase story, buttressed with interesting spots on the why and how of television news coverage. Its hero, a TV journalist, rides with the hounds of law and also runs with the fox of a moronic killer; faithful to a much romanticised profession, he risks his all for the greatest scoop of all time and finds time to get involved in studio intrigues as well.

The case that TV reporting is more immediate and, by implication, more desirable than reporting for cold print is sought to be made, even if incidentally. But the kind of scoop portrayed, for all its excitement, begs the question whether it is preferable to the antics of the yellow press.

A motley crowd of convicts, in transit to prison, are caught in a nightmarish situation of being roasted alive to enable one of them to escape. Through the eyes of a first offender, whose only crime was a crime passionelle, and with the help of a fast smooth talking cockney habitual, Mr Croft-Cooke analyses the separate motives and backgrounds of the diverse characters. All, including the warders, turn out to be only human with a bright other side to their weaknesses. The dialogue comes off most splendidly.

A man-hunt is the theme of Mr L'Amour's acceptable Western, published in a cheap edition. The author is adroit at building up suspense, and the atmosphere of the story is as merciless as the arid hills in which the scene is laid. The hunted and innocent Jordan is holed-up, weak and wounded, while a posse tightens the ring about him. The quarry is as desperate as he is determined—knowing himself innocent of any crime—to fight it out to the last ounce of lead. In his hour of trial he is befriended by a Mexican girl who risks her life to enable his getaway.

Uranium—which in these days provides useful subject material for a good many writers—is to the fore in Mr Short's latest cheap edition. It's a story of a tough guy against a rich (and ruthless) syndicate. As usual, Mr Short comes up to expectations, although some may think he has written better stuff.

Plenty of gunsmoke in Mr Farrell's exciting story of a cattle drive. It's a long trail from Texas to Reno, rugged going all the way, with plenty of Apaches thrown in to add to the joys of travel. Alex Barbee just has to make it or bust, for it's only in Reno that he may expect as many dollars for his beef as he would like. There's a gang of mal hombres spread out along the trail, all inspired with the ambition to appropriate the longhorns. There's a pretty young woman in all this too, owner of a property which a shyster lawyer has his eye on. Barbee manages to protect her and look after himself as well. Kisses as the curtain falls.

### EYES A-POPPING

**Russia with Your Eyes Open.**  
By J. V. Davidson-Houston.  
(Bodley Head, 10s 6d.)

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## TWO SORTS OF FULFILMENT

**Zen Showed Me the Way.** By Sessue Hayakawa (Allen & Unwin, 21s.)

**The Chinese Bigamy of Mr David Winterlea.** Translated from the Chinese by Henry McAleavy (Allen & Unwin, 21s.)

The autobiography of Sessue Hayakawa, which has been obviously ghost-written for him by Crosswell Bowen, is a quite extraordinary document. Hayakawa, after attempting to commit hara-kiri, studied Zen and after a year reached a degree of self-mastery which enabled him to go abroad and live, apparently without losing any of his serenity or spiritual power in the practice of Zen, as a film-star in Hollywood. His most famous rôle was that of the Japanese Colonel in "The Bridge on the River Kwai" and his account of how through Zen he was able to identify himself completely with the Colonel is interesting. But probably for Hayakawa himself the most important thing was that he made up his mind, when he was quite young, that he would not continue to "live hollow and without hope" and that he realized the Buddhist doctrine that "to escape from your suffering you must hereafter cut off any cause that may bring suffering to you."

A book of a very different kind, though it comes from a rather similar cultural background, is "The Chinese Bigamy of Mr David Winterlea" which is described as a Manchu-Edwardian fantasy and has been translated from the Chinese by Mr McAleavy. It is the story of a young English school-master who, after some years in China, during which he became adept in the Chinese language, is attached to the Chinese Legation in London. This in 1903 is occupying the famous Red Hall which had been founded by the merchant-adventurer, Sir Jonathan Lockwright. In charge of this is Mr Feng the mandarin who has a succession of extraordinary scandals and in particular brings with him to England two lovely Chinese girls whom he employs as maid-servants. Mr Winterlea, after many strange adventures, manages to marry both of them together at the same time.

This book, which, according to its anonymous author, was written in 1913 and was published in Shanghai in serial form with illustrations, is a fair representative of a certain kind of literature, both tragic and comic, which at that time excited considerable interest. Uninhibited and witty, it is a charming story of a China that presumably has long since passed away.



Study for "Battle of Anghiari"

## THE ARTS

**All the Paintings of Leonardo da Vinci.** Edited by Costantino Baroni. (Middobourne, London. Rupa, Calcutta, 17s 6d.)

The pocket art book continues to appear, but is getting most damnably expensive. The present example is essentially the kind of thing the French used to do at 200 (old) francs, or after further inflation about Rs 3. Admittedly it now has also a hard cover, better paper, and three reproductions in colour. Admittedly also one of these last, of a detail of the Last Supper in Santa Maria delle Grazie, gives some idea of what this fresco really looks like, instead of being tidied up. In contrast, however, that of the Monna Lisa in the Louvre (as usual, mis-spelt Mona) vividly recalls a Player's cigarette card, period just after 1918. And the half-tone blocks are not all the superior to the cheap French product.

However, it is nice to have a Leonardo's paintings together, even if assemblage was not difficult, since the surviving oeuvre is not large. Apart from general views there are also plenty of details, mainly faces but including the painter's justly celebrated studies of flowers and fruit. There are also a few preliminary studies, which may immediately impel the reader to inquire whether the book also includes the rarely seen cartoon which Britain's Royal Academy now wants to sell to the Yanks. It does.



Cartoon "Isabella d'Este"

## POETRY & DRAMA

**In a Green Night: Poems, 1948-1960.** By Derek Walcott. (Cape, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 12s. 6d.)

**The Zoo Story, and Other Plays.** By Edward Albee. (Cape, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 18s.)

Derek Walcott is a West Indian poet with a distinguished and subtle mind. He is traditional, even anti-modern in technique, indeed his rhymes and metres and assonances sometimes remind one of Tennyson, and presents a harmonious blend of several different cultures, Caribbean and English with fragrant reminiscences of French and Spanish. He gives us sketches of people and places somewhat in the early Eliot manner, and longer poems in which the thought and construction are highly intricate, without loss of passion.

Two of Edward Albee's four plays were given their premières, in 1959 and 1960, in Berlin, and after reading them one feels that his bitter comments on Broadway, in his introduction, are fully justified. For Albee, who may be usefully associated with the "school" of Beckett and Pinter and Ionesco, is one of his country's most stimulating and original young playwrights. His dramas are sinister distortions of reality in which only a slight twist of the adjustment screw brings into sharp focus a picture of life not at all to the liking of the conformist admass. He is a propagandist who hates the American "Mom" and knows that in a capitalist society virtue is more likely to be found in ragged outcasts and failures than in flannel-suited executives, while "The Death of Bessie Smith", the most explicit of the four plays, is a savage attack on Southern racialism in the raw.



# HIST

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# HISTORY OF KERALA

**A HISTORY OF KERALA:** By K. M. Panikkar: Published by Annamalai University: Annamalai Nagar: (Price not mentioned.)

This historical study is published as the Annamalai University Historical series No. 15. The modern Kerala consisted of British Malabar, Travancore and Cochin under the British regime. The study covers the period between 1498-1801. The year 1498 is the year when Vasco Da Gama reached Calicut via Cape of Good Hope and with him came the Portuguese phase of the Kerala littoral. Then came the Dutch, a strong rival to the Portuguese power. The year 1801 sings the swan-song of the Mysorean phase under Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan. The book is divided into three sections dealing with these three different phases. The opposing power was the house of the Zamorins aided by their militia manned by the Nayar and their fleet by the Kunjali Marakkars, the redoubtable Moorish sea-fighters. It was a stirring period. In the book, the past is retold with verve and vigour. Assessments have been made in the light of vernacular records now discovered and fresh and intensive study of foreign originals. But unfortunately no individual Zamorin has stepped out from the dim pages of history. They are still the great historical anonymous. The whole of western coast of India and the Arabian sea are studded and relit. Distant echoes and the groaning cries of suffering humanity come floating across the centuries. We hear the footfalls of crowded figures, dim, lost or half-forgotten, in the corridor of time.

The name Kerala is an ancient name. There is mention of Kerala-putra in an Asokean Inscription. The original people were first subjugated by a warlike race called the Nayas so-called for their worship of Nagas (Snakes). Their origin is obscure. Though not a caste but a race, yet every kind of caste existed among them. They had various titles according to localities like Nambiar, Panikkar, Kurup etc. To them military service was compulsory and the institution of Kalaris is meant for such training and the art of fencing was specially taught. Then came sometime before 3rd century B.C. the emigrant Brahmins or Nampudiris. The Nayar remained the feudal chiefs with military training and the Nampudiris controlled the temples and exercised religious authority. Polyne Usians came via Ceylon with their canoes and coconuts and settled down as Ezhas forming a large section of the population.

The region of Kerala is cut off by mountain ranges. She was isolated during the historical times from the main developments in Peninsular India. She opened her window to distant shores across the sea. There was a vigorous maritime trade with the outside

work. Roman coins, poured in. The Arabs came, the traders from Muscat came. St. Thomas landed in 49 A.D. Pepper was the chief item of export. "Pepper may not mean much to us, but in that age it ranked with precious stones. Men risked the perils of the deep and fought and died for pepper." With the trade came the Jews, the St. Thomas Christians, the Moors, the Portuguese and other European communities. Here we have a historical cock-tail. Yet Kerala has been caste-ridden.

The Portuguese came lured by trade. The Papal Bull gave them exclusive right to all countries that might be discovered by them in Africa and India. Their King called himself "Lord of navigation, Conquest and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India." They would under this rule call every non-Portuguese ship on the sea a pirate ship and would plunder it with utmost brutality. When Vasco Da Gama reached Calicut he thought the Hindus to be backward, Christians worshipped in a Kali temple thinking the Deity to be Virgin Mary and returned next year with huge merchandise worth 60 times the cost of the expedition and with a flowing beard in addition. The dream of empire was hatched but they could not overpower the Zamorins and the fight went on for over a century till they were ousted by the Dutch. Next to Gama was ALBUQUERQUE, the founder of Goa. The Portuguese succeeded in settling up certain fortresses on the coast and the land occupation did not extend much beyond the few miles in Goa. The learned author has nailed to the counter two untruths. Vasco Da Gama did not discover the sea-route to India. He simply utilised the previous experience and information of earlier travellers. Next one is the myth of "Estado da India." "The Portu-

guese never lost India because they never possessed it: they never came anywhere near to possessing it. Theirs was merely a supremacy on the sea by adventitious circumstances. It vanished as suddenly as it arrived leaving behind the family names of some Eurasians." The Dutch came next and the rise of the Travancore State under Martanda Varma on the ruin of the Nayar power is an important historical event. The author describes it as the victory of Tamilian over Malayali culture. The Dutch left behind them only a number of ornamented tombs. The Mysorean rule under Hyder Ali and Tippu Sultan changed the seaward outlook of Kerala and brought her within the pale of Peninsular India. There was great change in landholding and taxation and in other spheres. This period wiped out the middle ages in Kerala and changed its inherited social structure. The "ancient regime" had ended and it was a new society.

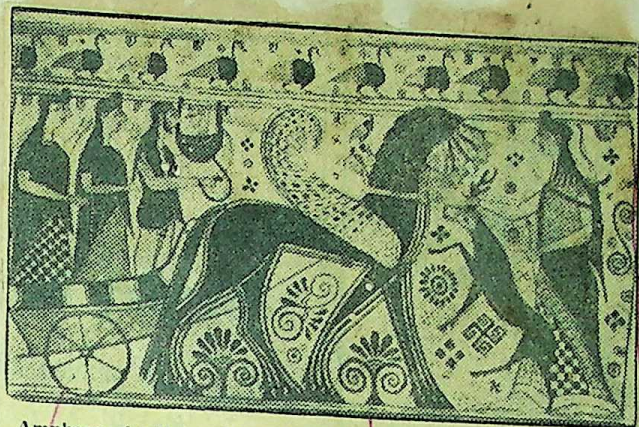
The medieval Kerala witnessed high achievements in every sphere of cultural activity in spite of continuous wars and political upheavals. A technique developed called the Manipravala style which used a generous mixture of Sanskrit with Malayalam words. This greatly aided the work of the translation of Sanskrit classics into the local dialect. The greatest figure is Thunchettu Ezuthachan whose version of the Adhyatma Ramayana is the Bible of the Kerala Hindus. It is as popular as Kamban's Ramayan in Tamil or that of Tulsi Das. Equally popular is his Mahabharata. It is an interesting point why these two epics exercised so stupendous an influence during the Middle Ages throughout India. Kathakali was brought out from the temple and even the king practised it. In the field of Mimamsa Kerala held a



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Amphora. Apollo arriving in Delos. middle 7th Century B.C.

## SIR ORACLE

Greek Art and Literature, 700-530 B.C. By T. B. L. Webster. (Methuen, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta 22s 6d.)

The late Henry Ford crudely remarked that "History is bunk". Most professional historians have since been concerned to disprove this: and, the more ancient the history, the thinner the line to be drawn between it and fiction except under the most rigorous controls. Now, however, a new generation seems to have arisen which knows not even Ford, though it has heard of Linear B. Instead of suspecting its sources it embellishes them: where Herodotus would have told one tale, and even possibly true, they tell ten.

Mr Webster begins by qualifying his statements, however inadequately "By Homer I mean the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*". O di immortales! Was there one author? Was there one poem, in either case, and if so of what canon, when established? In fact, how many questions can you beg? It comes as no surprise when this modest fellow later remarks: "It was for festivals that Homer composed his epics—the *Iliad* as I think for the Panionian festival of Poseidon on the promontory between Ephesos and Miletos, and the *Odyssey* for the festival of Apollo at Delos." Evidently the Pythia has answered her latest client less ambiguously than she did contemporaries.

The author of this incredible observation, and others, is Professor of Greek in the University of London. His views on art are as facile, and fictional, as those on literature. The poor geometer, it seems, groped at times for the third dimension. "The attitude of the Milesians encouraged detailed observation" (of which "all is water" is one of the best known, and doubtless illuminating, examples). "Well before the middle of the sixth century, however, the control of pattern had reasserted itself" How, Mr Webster, do you know?

How the late Charles Seltman would have laughed! But, like Mr Kurtz, he dead.



## IN ANTIQUE MOULD

Italian Renaissance Sculpture. By John Pope-Hennessy. (Phaidon, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 90s.)

WHAT the Phaidon Press has done for Renaissance painting in its illustrated editions of Berenson, it now bids fair to repeat for sculpture. Mr John Pope-Hennessy, earlier author of an admirable book on Italian sculpture of the Gothic period, now covers that of the early Renaissance, from the Florentine Donatello to the Veronese Tullio Lombardo. A further volume will later be devoted to the High Renaissance and Baroque.

Mr Pope-Hennessy is indeed a better Cicerone than Berenson. For his period—the turn of the century—the latter was exceptional; he made the fortune of the dealer Duveen, and played a major part in building up the great collections of the pre-1929 tycoons in the U.S.A. But his interests froze in a certain rather precious mould. His distaste for contemporary work is not a mere eccentricity; it was a kind of provincialism reflected in his aesthetic preconceptions about the Renaissance itself, and in his highly personal, therefore sometimes fallible, methods of evaluation. On the whole, to a contemporary, the illustrations in the Phaidon reprints made a greater appeal than the text.

In the present volume the two are strictly complementary. Mr Pope-Hennessy also no doubt has his preferences, perhaps his prejudices. But if so his presentation tends to discount them. In the manner of the age it is primarily (in the reviewer's opinion, also properly) historical and comparative, where his predecessor's was impressionistic. Even though considerations of

architecture, not to mention posture and other circumstances, may be more essential to evaluation of a piece of sculpture than to a painting, one is reminded how rarely Berenson referred to anything except the emotive content of a work under discussion—and how much he lost by the omission.

This is far from suggesting that Mr Pope-Hennessy, though by training a museum official, is unperceptive. Though, to the reader's gratitude, he avoids jargon about "tactile values" and other Romantic notions, evidence to the contrary is presented on almost every page: a good example is the discussion of Leonardo's studies for a Sforza monument. But he prefers to lead the reader to his own visual and intellectual comparisons, while supplying the necessary background with an almost frightening expertise.

Though the style is lucid and the prose elegant, the result does not always make for easy reading, so concentrated is the matter. Yet the result is well worth the effort, for the wealth of illustrations—though they make this a wonderful volume even considered as a picture book—becomes even more apparent when they are treated historically and comparatively. Of these illustrations there are a little over 300; roughly half are full-page and often large-scale details; almost all satisfy the exacting standards of Phaidon reproduction. This is a book to treasure.



"Effigy of Henry VII of England" by Pietro Torrigiano



"Virtue" by Antonio Rizzi



"A Prophet" by Donatello

**TIO MIO**  
My Uncle Jacinto. By Laszlo, trans. By Quigly (Cape, London). W. D. Willis, Calcutta.  
"My Uncle Jacinto" is a book of a well-known life of a boy and his broken-down matador slums of Madrid. It mates with humour.



Male head. Terracotta, nathbari, Bengal, historic?.

## PRIMITIVE A

Indian Primitive Art. Mookerjee. (Oxford and Stationery Co.)

Mr Ajit Mookerjee is true sense of the word, but not profoundly; he lectured enthusiastically, always with discretion, written much, but not accurately. The result there is sometimes a little much of him; his recent five thousand designs, people, would have been had it contained a thousandly reproduced and d

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Bhil mask. Wood, Raj. c. 1900 A.D.





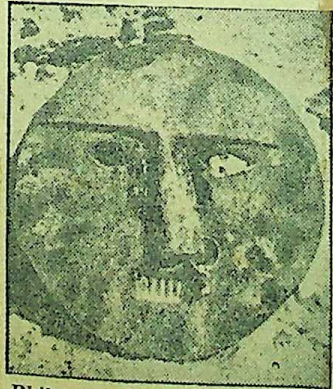
Male head. Terracotta, Raghu-nathbari, Bengal. (Pre-historic?)

## PRIMITIVE ART

Indian Primitive Art. By Ajit Mookerjee. (Oxford Book and Stationery Co. Rs. 30.)

Mr Ajit Mookerjee is, in the true sense of the word, an amateur. He has read exhaustively, but not profoundly; he has collected enthusiastically, but not always with discretion; he has written much, but not always accurately. The result is that there is sometimes a little too much of him: his recent book of five thousand designs, for example, would have been far better had it contained a thousand, properly reproduced and documented.

His new book is typical of his method. It is, in many ways, an admirable attempt to link ancient and modern primitive art in India, and it contains some lovely pieces. Only an enthusiastic amateur could have produced it. And that is the value of the amateur: a more scholarly approach would have delayed publication for many years, would have made the thing too heavy and infected it with the smell of the lamp. Mr Mookerjee is excellent so long as he writes on his own subject, for he has a deep love of art. But when he rushes into anthropology his tread is not so sure. He draws parallels which have little basis in fact: he jumps to wide conclusions on little evidence. He mixes up Tangkhul and Mao textiles; he puts Kohima and the Naga Hills in N.E.F.A.; he says the Saoras have preserved "the most attractive and primitive types of textiles in India"—in fact they do not weave at all but get their work done for



Bhil mask. Wood, Rajasthan, c. 1900 A.D.

them by a parasitic Harijan caste; he declares that the Adivasis have, throughout history, "never remained an isolated phenomenon" and have influenced the social and religious pattern of the country, a statement for which there is little evidence. The cult of the totem has not, as he claims, "considerably influenced the arts and crafts" of the tribal people. It would be interesting if it had, but it is just not true.

For his anthropology Mr Mookerjee tends to generalize from his experience of one or two tribes: there are only, for example, four pictures of people—they are all from Bastar, they are all of girls, and in three of the pictures the girls have very little on. Now we all like pictures of girls, especially if they are pin-up girls, but to present these pictures as typical of tribal India today is to misrepresent the facts. The Marias and Murias, whom Mr Mookerjee exclusively illustrates, are two small tribal groups, most attractive groups, but small, and cannot possibly be taken as representative. We may wish they were, but in fact they are not.

But we must not leave Mr Mookerjee on a note of criticism. He has produced a beautiful and interesting book, admirably printed, which is a real treasure and, though the price is high, lovers of the by-ways of art should save up their naye paise until they can afford to buy it.





Kore. Acropolis Museum.  
Archaic (6th Century B. C.)

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## BOOK REVIEWS

### VIOLET-CROWNED ATHENS

**Athens.** Text by Rex Warner, photos by Martin Hürlimann. (Thames and Hudson, London, and Orient Longmans, Calcutta, 25s.)

**The Acropolis.** Text by Gerhard Rodenwald, photos by Walter Hege. (Blackwell, Oxford, and Macmillan, Calcutta, 42s.)

**Wine in the Ancient World.** By Charles Seltman. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.)

OF two books on Athens, the better is also the cheaper. Mr Warner is not merely steeped in the classical background, as previous work has amply demonstrated, but has precisely the right touch for a job of this kind, which is primarily to lay, without too much detail, an intelligent foundation for appreciation of the photos. If he has a fault, it is somewhat cursory treatment of the Byzantine and later periods; this is echoed in the photos, which give exteriors of two churches and a monastery built only one art work, whereas the Byzantine Museum at Athens is almost as exciting as the National. But the classical greatness of the city could hardly be better summed up in such compass.

Mr Hürlimann's photos are, as always, a delight. The quality of his colour can be judged from the contrast between the white Pentelic marble at Sunion and the golden tints of the Parthenon, or the superb frontispiece of the Peplos Koré. His black and white ranges from a fine view down into the crowded Plakka, through enchanting vistas such as that between the columns of the Erechtheum, to excellent detail of ornament or sculpture. Selection is throughout intelligent: even the examples from the Hellenistic and Roman periods have unaccustomed merit, though of two white-figure vases one at least might have ceded to black or red (there is, however, a fine geometrical example). Two reproductions—the other Acropolis Koré and the "Critius Boy."

The second book, on the other hand, is by no means devoid of merit. Mr Rodenwald gives much additional information—for instance about the elaborate trompe l'oeil employed by the architects of the Parthenon—though he overlays it with rather too much Teutonic philosophizing. The greater number of plates permits fascinating details, particularly from the west frieze (one reproduced here) which fortunately escaped the looting of Lord Elgin. While Mr Hürlimann's matt surface gives a rather better idea of what the Parthenon really looks like than do Mr Hege's glossy plates, the latter is excellent on the Propylaea and provides other felicities, for instance oblique views of the Caryatids. Both books adopt the ugly Romanization "Odeum" for Odeon.

What song the Sirens sang may not be beyond all conjecture; but what wine tasted like even before phylloxera, let alone two thousand years ago, seems a problem rivaling that in complexity. Bottles being unknown, it could only mature in cask or amphora, so that the bouquet of a modern Kampa Cave seems unlikely. Probably most was roughish stuff such as is now turned into retsina—an ideal drink, however, in a hot climate. The late Dr Seltman is therefore mainly concerned to tell how wine was made, marketed and drunk. But this alone provides material for a quite fascinating book, unfortunately the author's last, which among other things brings brilliantly to life such a banquet as Socrates attended. As usual, Dr Seltman also provides plates chosen with discrimination from most unusual sources.

### FAST MOVERS

**The Brockbank Omnibus.** By Russell Brockbank. (Perpetua Books, 21s.)

Readers of Punch will need no introduction to the cartoons of Russell Brockbank. The majority are based on speed, the speed of motor cars and aircraft that really do move fast and the wishful speed of those week-end drivers who never stray from the centre of the road. Mr Brockbank's humour is such that it is rarely necessary for him to put a caption to his cartoons, and that repetition does not detract from the enjoyment that they give.



Kore. Acropolis Museum.  
Archaic (6th Century B. C.)



"Critius Boy", Early Classical  
(c.490-80 B.C.)



Youth, Parthenon West Frieze  
(5th Century B. C.)



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## ✓ FRONTIERS

**Tibet Disappears.** By Chanakya Sen. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay, Rs 19.25.)  
**India Meets China in Nepal.** By Girilal Jain. (The same, Rs 12.)

Two books by distinguished journalists provide an indispensable background for a proper understanding of the Indo-Chinese crisis. Mr Chanakya Sen has given us a documentary history of Tibet's international status, the great rebellion and its aftermath. After a thirty-page introduction to put the reader in the picture, he devotes the rest of the book to a fascinating medley of documents—the text of treaties, notes exchanged between India and China, memoranda, statements to the Press, debates in Parliament—and introduces each chapter with a useful editorial note. This is a most valuable work, but it is almost criminal, in a book of this kind, to omit an index.

Mr Girilal Jain's book is less fully documented but it does at least have an index. It is an interesting, controversial and hard-hitting account of how Communism in China and Parliamentary Democracy in India have met and conflicted in Nepal, for it is here that India meets China not only strategically but also as a competitor in political and economic influence. The security and stability of both India and Nepal are inextricably bound together and a proper understanding of recent developments in Nepal, so often misunderstood or ignored, is thus of great importance.

## ✓ MUSIC

**The Unashamed Accompanist.**  
 By Gerald Moore. (Methuen, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 10s. 6d.)

The accompanist is, alas, too often taken for granted. Mr Moore, himself a professional accompanist, mainly for the B.B.C., does much towards raising this humble member of the musical world to his rightful dignity. He touches on the variety of work of the accompanist, the importance of the pianist listening to himself, the necessity of balance of tone between accompanist and soloist, and matters of a more technical nature. The great part is concerned with the solo singer and accompanist, but two chapters deal with the accompanying of a solo instrumentalist. What might otherwise have been a prosaic book is made interesting and pleasant reading by flashes of humour.



## The Prophet Examined

**The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky, 1921-29.** By Isaac Deutscher. (Oxford University Press, 38s.)

**T**ROTSKY'S case against the orthodox Bolsheviks always arrived on the scene late. For a classic instance of how this was worked, see Silone's contribution to "The God That Failed". Yet one need hardly assume that presentation of this volume for review months after it was discussed in England is attributable to malice. Accident accounts for more odd things than the politically-minded suppose.

The first and most obvious thing to be remembered about Trotsky is that he was a nasty man. For quite dubious reasons, based on fraudulent Germanic philosophy, he was quite as happy to shoot dissentients as were any of his contemporaries from Lenin downwards. That he also shot a lot more in the equally sacred Germanic cause of "efficiency" has been remembered in his favour by one kind of political moron; not, however, that almost anybody can achieve some sort of efficiency through the trigger, yet that Trotsky's brand did not avert Brest-Litovsk. When he came up against an even nastier man, the late Joseph Stalin, his total inefficiency has been more lastingly remembered to his credit by another kind of moron. Because the hangman also died (admittedly rather messily) his expostulations against the fellow who took murder a little more seriously than he are to be considered seriously.

Mr Isaac Deutscher has long conducted a love affair with this ignoble shade. Had he merely regarded Trotsky as a historical phenomenon, the one who first from the inside blew the gaff on the Soviet Government, and later blew it on the equal mess of theoretical Marxism (though even that with serious modifications), there could be no complaint. Had he even merely protested against the Communist failure to rehabilitate Trotsky after the 20th Congress (adopted, in short, the line that there comes a time when dog should regurgitate dog), then no criticism either. But his opinion seems to be that this erratic and discredited murderer is a "man of ideas", affording, heaven help us, a contribution to the century's thought which it should do other than try pretty rapidly to forget.

The details of how one crook, during the squalid manoeuvres of the 1920s, did down another crook, would, presented deadpan (as by Mr E. H. Carr, for instance), no doubt be of service to historians, or even politicians, gloriously gullible as most of these repeatedly are to repeated historical confidence tricks. Mr Deutscher does not so present them. He disclaims any idea of rehabilitating Trotsky, and professes to show him, so to speak, "warts and all". The trouble is that what most people would regard as warts, Mr Deutscher presents as thoughts. In the whole proceeding he finds a theme of high tragedy. Yet, divorced from the height of this great argument, is it really any more tragic than a falling out of razor-boys in the Mile End Road, or of rival goondas in Howrah?

## CULTURES

**Dublin Phoenix.** By Olivia Robertson. (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 18s.)

**The Village by the Stones.** Wilfrid Robertson. (Phoenix House, London, Black House, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)

**Josef Herman: Drawing.** (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)

**The Cycle of American Literature.** By Robert E. Spiller. (New American Library, New York, and India Book House, Calcutta, 50c.)

**The Negro in American Culture.** By Margaret Just Butcher. (The same, 50c.)

**Ariel.** By André Mauriac. (Jaico, Calcutta, Rs 2.)

**Dictionary of Spanish Literature.** By Maxim Newman. (Peter Owen, London, and Rupa, Calcutta, 45s.)

The effigy of the Phoenix rising from its ashes in Phoenix Park has been chosen by Olivia Robertson for the title of a new book about Dublin. She is obviously a great admirer of Dublin and she transmits her enthusiasm through her descriptions of the history, architecture and people. She describes members of the IRA, now respectable Irish citizens, the Universities and Churches, rivers, Liffey and Dodder, the playgrounds of Dublin, beaches and the beautiful surrounding countryside. As for Dubliners themselves she takes special interest in the welfare of the poor in their tenements, their many children who are as yet served by any State services.

Ten sketches illustrate the history of the village of "Grest" in Oxfordshire, whose name derived from the Great Stone or prehistoric cromlechs near Human sacrifices used, to the place there when the Druids held sway, but the Romans brought a civilising influence a thousand years later John Miller persuaded the Abbot of Winchcombe to build a church using earlier Saxon materials. William Langland visits the alehouse, on his travels through the country, and reads part of his fierce reformist poem "Ploverman". Elizabeth I inevitably spends a night in the mansions of later Puritans come to destruction, two highwaymen are tracked down and captured, the first locomotive arrives in the last sketch, a German der unloads its bombs and puts an end to the old mill. This history without tears, and minds one of B.B.C. school broadcasts.

The work of Josef Herman, Polish refugee who settled in Britain in 1940, quickly achieved recognition at a time when his type of expressionism was in official, as well as popular demand. (One thinks, for instance, of Ardizzone and his low "war artists.") From Herman lived in a Welsh village for ten years, and most of the reproductions in this volume of miners and farm labourers at work. Some of his figures suggest the brooding, sinister characters of Edward Burne-Jones's private world; a nude shows influence of Matisse. A man's paper would have been more appropriate to a style which is present is somewhat out of fashion.



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Early American writers struggled to escape from European influences—mainly Eighteenth Century "Augustan" England—and forge a distinctly native tradition. In this Melville, Whitman and Mark Twain were notably successful, and belong to world literature; Poe, despite his stature, is not in the "main stream" because he held to European forms and subjects. The conflict has continued. In the 20th Century both Faulkner and Hemingway, for example, are confidently "American"—in fact where Hemingway is concerned the trend has been reversed and it is now European writers who are borrowing from across the Atlantic. On the other hand Henry James and T. S. Eliot have chosen to return to the older continent in their lives as well as their works. And since World War I there have always been writers who have gone to Paris to complete their education, and stayed on as expatriates. Professor Spiller's account of these and other trends is informative, if a little academic.

The second Mentor book is a detailed study compiled from materials left by the Negro philosopher Alain Leroy Locke. One of the differences between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin racial attitudes is that whereas the latter favours the growth of a mulatto "buffer group," the former does not. The Anglo-Saxon attitude has had one good result—it has promoted racial unity among the American negroes, so that the educated élite have not become divorced from the masses.

Spirituals are the best-known expression of the slaves on the cotton plantations: the "blues" expressed migraine, but jazz and rag-time an undefeated exuberance. As for minstrel shows, these were both a vent for Southern guilt, and, for negroes, otherwise defenceless, "an appeal and an appeasement." Today, when integration has been declared as the goal, negroes are taking part in every sphere of culture. It is indeed high time for a people who, as Booker T. Washington said, "were the only element of the American population which came by special invitation, passage paid."

Maurois' life of Shelley, the angelic rebel—though his life was not always conventionally "angelic"—became an immediate best-seller and minor classic when first published before the war. Byron, Allegra, Harriet Westbrook, Mary Shelley, the faithful Hogg and the adventurous Trelawney are all vividly painted in this most romantic of biographies.

The dictionary is primarily intended for American students, which explains the price, but the general reader also can profitably browse through it, and by anyone with some French or Latin the language of the Iberian peninsula is readily picked up. The book makes it clear that Spanish literature is just as rich and varied as the literatures of the other Romance languages.





Indian Voyage to Java (Borobudur).

## SCIENCE

**Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You.** By Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp. (Heinemann, London, and Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 18s.)

**Exploring the Rocks.** By Christopher Trent. (Phoenix House, London, and Blackie, Calcutta, 9s 6d.)

Two authors are concerned principally with the peacetime hazards of radiation. Human beings possess no sensory organ to alert them to its presence even when lethal; smaller doses do not make themselves felt till years or even generations have passed. This unseen and unsensed nature of radiation makes it a real weapon of terror. In the future, atomic accidents and disposal of the enormous amounts of reactor wastes are bound to create problems. A nuclear train wreck is not a pretty thing to contemplate.

But the misuse of X-rays and fluoroscopes by the medical profession since the beginning of this century is likely to do the greatest harm. Though rules for protection against radiation injury were laid down as early as 1896, a report from the U.S.A. in 1956 says: "General practitioners do not know themselves... what exposures they were using; it might be for 10r for a good operator or 200r for a careless one." The use of X-rays for routine check-ups, treatment of skin diseases, diseases of the thyroid gland, benign tumours, and the irradiation of pregnant women in particular, the authors establish, is bound to increase the chances of future generations developing cancer, leukemia, bone disturbances and affect their ability to produce healthy offspring. It is well-known that increasing radiation by any means will increase the mutation rate, and all geneticists are agreed this means much more harm than good.

In an introduction to geology for young people, most of the examples are taken from the rocks of Britain, but it should interest children with inquiring minds anywhere. Most of the questions likely to strike the young geologist have been answered and he is taught how to carry out geological detection on everyday expeditions into the countryside.

# TAMIL BRA

While a separate section contains special occasions

MY attention was drawn by Vidwan S. Raju of the Erode Sengunthar High School to the existence of inscriptions in a cave in the village of Arichalur, about 2 miles from Erode on the Erode-Kangayam bus route. The inscriptions are found in a low natural cavern on the eastern side of Nallamalai Range about two miles from the village of Arichalur. The credit for noticing the inscriptions first goes to Vidwan S. Raju who immediately brought their existence to the notice of the public and Mr. C. Subramaniam (former Madras Minister) requesting the latter to arrange for the decipherment and interpretation of the inscriptions. Though the existence of the inscriptions has been known to a number of people, their actual decipherment has not yet been forthcoming and has been puzzling. In January 1962 this was brought to my notice and I am furnishing below my decipherment of the writing and interpretation of the inscriptions.

Like the Jaina Rock-beds of Sittannavasal caves near Pudukkottai and the cave-beds of Khandagiri and Udayagiri near Bhuvaneshwar Orissa, the Arichalur range in Kongu Nadu presents natural caverns, one of which, being low, at a natural slope such as is indicated for beds. In the natural cavern are seen some incomplete bed-like carvings (figure 1). At the end of one of the beds, is what appears to be a complete inscription in two lines in Brahmi characters of about 200 A.D. and in ancient Tamil language. Such is also the case with the early inscriptions in the Sittannavasal caves of



Fig. 1: Inscribed rock-beds in

near Siddhas near Pudukkottai. Previously the Arichalur natural cavern with its sloping beds was commonly used by Jain ascetics to naturally resort to such cave for completing their tapas.



MADRAS, SUNDAY, MAY 20, 1962.

# TAMIL INSCRIPTIONS IN BRAHMI SCRIPT

While a separate script for Tamil existed from ancient times, on certain special occasions the language was written in Brahmi.

By T. N. Ramachandran

MY attention was drawn by Vidwan S. Raju of the Erode Sengunthar High School to the existence of inscriptions in a cave in the village of Arichalur, about 2 miles from Erode on the Erode-Kangayam bus route. The inscriptions are found in a low natural cavern on the eastern side of Nallamalai Range about two miles from the village of Arichalur. The credit for noticing the inscriptions first goes to Vidwan S. Raju who immediately brought their existence to the notice of the public and Mr. C. Subramaniam (former Madras Minister) requesting the latter to arrange for the decipherment and interpretation of the inscriptions. Though the existence of the inscriptions has been known to a number of people, their actual decipherment has not yet been forthcoming and has been puzzling. In January 1962 this was brought to my notice and I am furnishing below my decipherment of the writing and interpretation of the inscriptions.

Like the Jaina Rock-beds of Sittannaval caves near Pudukkottai and the cave-beds of Khandagiri and Udayagiri near Bhuvaneshwar Orissa, the Arichalur range in Kongu Nadu presents natural caverns, one of which, being low, is a natural slope such as is intended for beds. In the natural cavern are seen some incomplete bed-like carvings (figure 1). At the head of one of the beds, is what appears to be a complete inscription in two lines in Brahmi characters of about 200 A.D. and in archaic Tamil language. Such is also the case with the early inscriptions in the Sittannaval caves of

Among the Jainas is a special austerity called 'Sallekhana', the performance of which requires the performer to repair to caves and far off places and die by slow starvation.

The performers used rocky slopes as their beds. At Sittannaval we notice that these beds were properly carved and inscribed. In the cavern at Arichalur there is a complete inscription in two lines at the head of one of the beds, the script being Brahmi and language early archaic Tamil. It reads thus:

எழுத்தும் புணர்த்தான் மணிய (ம்)  
வண்ணக்கண் ஆதன் சாத்தன்  
(figure 2)

The inscription would appear to refer to the ascetic-inhabitant of the cavern who was called ஆதன் சாத்தன் who in his life was a painter, an accountant and also a teacher.

On either side of the bed which this ascetic ஆதன் சாத்தன் was probably using before he attained Moksha, are two inscriptions about a few feet away. Both are in Brahmi script and read as

கந்தித்தி நுதைத்தைத  
தித்தி துதுதுது  
ததி தாதைத்தைத  
ததித்தை ததித்தை  
திதாநாதைத

The meaning is obvious. The letters refer to the Adavu language of Nattuvanars while teaching danceposes to their students. Their loca-

ing an accountant, an artist (painter) and a teacher.

In the light of this interpretation, "ezuthum punarthan" may mean "one who taught music by letters", i.e. notation. As though to corroborate it, we get the repetition of the letters ததை and so on, as in adavu language. On the



Fig. 2: Tamil inscription in Brahmi script in a cavern

same analogy, the term 'Vannakkan' when matters or persons of importance were the subject matter.

Yet another interesting piece of information gleaned from the inscription is that, though this is one of the cases where Tamil language is rendered in Brahmi Script, the occurrence of the alveolar ௪ (ha) which is special to Tamil, in elut-tum, speaks for the existence of a separate script for Tamil from ancient times. The Tamil sound la not occurring in any of the known languages always rendered in Brahmi, it has evidently been copied in the inscription under discussion from the then flourishing Tamil script. We are happy to note that the letter ௪ has been strictly conservative and has not changed a whit even to-day.

On palaeographical grounds, the inscriptions have to be assigned to a date round about 200-250 A.D.

The term "Saththan", on comparison with names like "Seethalai Saththanar" would at once recall that, instead of a mere name, it indicated an office, viz. that of a teacher (cf. Sansk: Sastha=one who teaches). "Adan" may be compared to classical expressions like "Cheral Adan" meaning a chief. Similarly ௪, in the Sittannaval inscriptions

சாவுந ஈதன் would mean a small chieftain. By inference "Adan" would just indicate the head, such as the headmaster etc., as opposed to a small master. The term "Punarthan" clearly brings to our mind the arduous task of the teacher in forcing into the pupils knowledge.

எழுத்தும் brings out forcibly that it was not the ordinary vowels and consonants but specific words such as a musical notation, examples of which have been left on the very rock that records the name of the master.

Modern lovers of music and dance are familiar with the adavu terminology that the nattuvanars sing as accompaniments to bhara-tha natyam. The words found on the present rock inscription of 2-3rd centuries A.D. would show that we have been very conservative and the particular choice of words has not changed a bit. The letter "tha, thai" would lend force to the Tamilian nomenclature of the

ancient dance of South India. It is also significant that the words adopted in the inscription have a specific indication and force as, for instance, எழுத்து for the three Rs and the present case for the notation vocabulary of music-dance. மணிய for accounts, with stress on the word மணி, standing for the lowest denomination and வண்ணக்கண் for the technique of "oviyam" or painting, with a stress on Varna meaning composition, combination and ochre.

We have not changed a bit today from what the classical writers of Tamil literature meant by these words.

The adoption of Brahmi script to bring out Tamil language and ideas would acquaint us with the way that early South Indian society took easily to the script that was universally read and understood

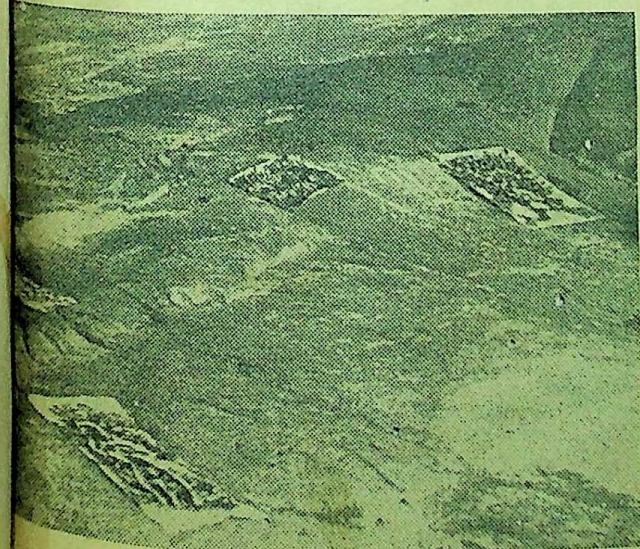


Fig. 1: Inscribed rock-beds in a natural cavern, Arichalur.

Siddhas near Pudukkottai. Previously the Arichalur natural cavern with its sloping beds was particularly used by Jain ascetics who naturally resort to such cave for completing their tapas.

tion at a distance from the main bed is not clear. This does not however rule out the suggestion that the ascetic-inhabitant of this cavern who spent his last days here was also a Natyacharya besides be-

MANTRI SAHEB

By Jomton



"They have published Mantri-Saheb's cartoon on the new cabinet...."



MR. KARAME

MO

B

MR Rachid Karame who arrives in leader of a truly non-aligned movement, nevertheless, given the Chinese invasion.

Because of its small geographical location and delicate balance of forces in internal politics Lebanon must be non-aligned both in world affairs. In policy is one of double non-alignment for it is non-aligned between the aligned and the unaligned.

But this does not mean Lebanon is indifferent to the world and wrong. Because it is Karame, who was then a Foreign Minister, sent a message of sympathy and support to the Indian Government before Mr Nehru sent his appeal to the Government of the world. Lebanon can be numbered in the select company of Malaya and Cyprus as the three Afro-Asian States sided spontaneously with the United Nations against the Chinese aggression.

Mr Karame has political blood. His father, Abdel Karame, was one of the Arab nationalist fighters at first, Ottoman and then French imperial rule. He entered politics when he became Prime Minister the first time two years ago. Thus at 42 he is already a political veteran and at present Prime Minister for the third time. The attempt by ex-President Chamoun to commit Lebanon to the Western bloc provoked widespread insurrection of which Mr Karame was leader of the armed opposition in the northern sector of Lebanon. His home town of Tripoli was the scene of the heaviest fighting during that tragic episode in Lebanese history.

Since then Mr Karame has been one of the foremost successful exponents, along



# MR. KARAME: EXPONENT OF MODERATION

By G. H. JANSEN

**M**R Rachid Karame, the Prime Minister of Lebanon who arrives in New Delhi today, is not only the leader of a truly non-aligned country but one that has, nevertheless, given firm support to India against the Chinese invasion.

Because of its small size, its geographical location and delicate balance of forces in its internal politics Lebanon cannot but be non-aligned both in Arab and in world affairs. In fact its policy is one of double non-alignment for it is non-aligned even against the aligned and the non-aligned.

But this does not mean that Lebanon is indifferent to right and wrong. Because it is not Mr Karame, who was then acting as Foreign Minister, sent a cordial message of sympathy and support to the Indian Government even before Mr Nehru sent his letter of appeal to the Governments of the world. Lebanon can thus be numbered in the select company of Malaya and Cyprus as one of the three Afro-Asian States that sided spontaneously with India against the Chinese aggression.

Mr Karame has politics in his blood. His father, Abdel Hamid Karame, was one of the leading Arab nationalist fighters against, first, Ottoman and then later French imperial rule. The son entered politics when he was 30 and became Prime Minister for the first time two years later. Thus at 42 he is already a political veteran and at present is Prime Minister for the third time. The attempt by ex-President Chamoun to commit Lebanon to the Western bloc provoked the widespread insurrection of 1958 in which Mr Karame was the leader of the armed opposition in the northern sector of Lebanon. His home town of Tripoli was the scene of the heaviest fighting during that tragic episode in Lebanese history.

Since then Mr Karame has been one of the foremost and successful exponents, along with

the wise and statesmanlike President Chehab, of that policy of conciliation, of poise, and of moderation to which Lebanon must adhere at home and abroad. He is helped in this by the fact that he is himself a restrained and unfurled personality.

Mr Karame is trilingual in Arabic, French and English; the last of which he speaks slowly but adequately is rather a rare accomplishment in Lebanese politicians who do not usually go beyond French. The Prime Minister is also his country's most eligible bachelor.

Two very important political factors link India with Lebanon. In the vast area between India and the western shore of Asia on the Mediterranean Sea, Lebanon is the only other Parliamentary democracy with an enviable and unique record for preserving civil liberties. Secondly, though in its own distinctive fashion, Lebanon like India believes in trying to keep politics free from the influence of communal feeling.

With these basic agreements it is sad that at present India and Lebanon should be arguing back and forth on silly little points in air and trade agreements. Mr Karame is bringing a strong team of senior officials with him and opportunity should be taken of their presence to clear up these minor irritations.

One odd and little known fact is that it is the planes of the Lebanese airline that have been providing the air bridge for cargo between Afghanistan and India—a further reason for friendly feeling between India and the Land of the Cedars.



# GROWTH

**SOURCES OF INDIAN CIVILIZATION:** Ed. by Wm. T. Bury; Columbia Press, New York, and Ford University Press. Pp. 961; Rs 32.50.

IT has almost become a truism to say that the Indian civilization can be explained and understood only in the light of the fact that this contains a profound synthesis of the various elements which give value to a civilization. It is from this synthesis that this scholarly volume, *Sources of Indian Civilization*, has been compiled and it is a volume which is clearly and forcefully the most complete statement of the civilization and culture of India as it is today. The civilization and culture of India owe to the synthesis of the various elements and cultures that have been in the country in remote times a debt which is not merely a debt in a few elements or features but in the very life and there.

One characteristic of Indian culture is its unbroken continuity from the earliest times to the present day. Other civilizations—those of Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, Rome—have ceased to exist but not the case with ancient Indian civilization. It is as much alive today as it was several thousand years ago. Another characteristic of Indian culture is that it is the result of a growing synthesis of various cultures which at different times were separated from one another—pre-Aryan and Aryan, the culture of the plains and the culture of the hills, the culture of the intellectual aristocrats and the culture of the masses, the culture of the forest and of the open country. With their cultures and creeds this fusion that has given vitality to Indian tradition has become impossible. Only in one case that the fusion has become impossible. The tradition came to India in the thirteenth century. It came as a separate tradition and in the attempts made by the rulers like Emperor Akbar to fuse the two into a new way of life out of the synthesis of Hindu and Islamic traditions the two have continued to remain separate.

One great service that this volume has rendered is to show why the two could not fuse. It also demonstrates successfully how the view



# GROWTH OF INDIA

**SOURCES OF INDIAN TRADITION:** Ed. by Wm. Theodore de Bary; Columbia University Press, New York, and The Oxford University Press, London; Pp. 961; Rs 32.50.

IT has almost become a platitude to say that the present can be explained and understood only in the light of the past. But this contains a profound truth which gives value to all historical studies. It is from this angle that this scholarly volume of *Sources of Indian Tradition* has been compiled and it brings out clearly and forcefully how much the civilization and culture of present day India owe to the civilizations and cultures that flourished in the country in remote ages. It is not merely a debt in respect of a few elements or features here and there.

One characteristic of Indian culture is its unbroken continuity from the earliest times down to the present day. Other ancient civilizations—those of Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, Rome etc.—have ceased to exist but this is not the case with ancient Indian civilization. It is as much alive today as it was several thousand years ago. Another characteristic of Indian culture is that it is the result of a growing synthesis of various cultures which at one time were separated from one another—pre-Aryan and Aryan, the culture of the plains and of the hilly regions, that of the intellectual aristocrats and thinkers of the forest and of the masses with their cults and creeds. It is this fusion that has given real vitality to Indian tradition. It is only in one case that this fusion has become impossible. Islamic tradition came to India in the thirteenth century. It came as a separate tradition and in spite of the attempts made by personages like Emperor Akbar to create a new way of life out of the blending of Hindu and Islamic traditions the two have continued to remain separate.

One great service that this volume has rendered is to explain why the two could not be fused. It also demonstrates quite successfully how the view propounded

ed by certain "National" preachers of the Muslim period in Indian History that as a result of Muslim rule a new Indo-Muslim culture came into existence from correct. There is more in the observation made by Hardy who is responsible for part in the volume entitled in *Medieval India* that "no educated Muslims nor educated Hindus accepted cultural existence as a natural prelude to cultural assimilation. Thus before British rule and long before modern political notions of Muslim nationhood, the consensus of the Muslim community in India had rejected the eclectic fusion of Akbar and Dara Shikoh for purified Islamic teachings." Shaikh Ahmad of Sirhind, Shah Wali-Ulla, Cultural theid was the dominant ideal of medieval Muslim India, in the face of cultural victory."

The volume is divided into four parts. The first deals with Hinduism—the tradition as it existed in the Vedic Hymns, Brahmanas and the Upanishads. Part two deals with Jainism, Buddhism, their origin and development, the philosophy, the ethical thought and the social ideal for which they stand and their respective fortunes in the country. More attention has been paid to Theravada Buddhism than to the Mahayana and it is also pointed out that Buddhism disappeared from the country and was absorbed into Hinduism. The third part is devoted to Hinduism which while upholding the authority of the Veda and philosophical speculations of the Upanishads emphasizes the need of devotion without the need of forsaking life in society. Much of this part deals with the Fair Play of Man which is one of the basic concepts of the Hindu attitude to life and daily conduct.

Part Four deals with Islam in Medieval India and contains one of the best expositions of the fundamentals of Muslim faith, the nature of Muslim orthodoxy in India, the part played by Muslims in the tensions which grew up between Akbar and of the reaction followed. It also throws considerable light on the Islamic conception of the ideal ruler and



# Some Poc

URDU, which is known as Hindustani, is comparatively a recent language. Wali collected his works in about 1800 A.D. and although after him many people took to Urdu for the expression of their feelings and emotions even so late as at the end of the 18th century people were indifferent to Urdu prose. Probably it would have remained in the same neglected state, if some enthusiastic members of the East India Company had not taken up the task of popularising Urdu and writing in that language.

A new era opened in the national yearning and culture when the Fort William College of Calcutta and the Oriental College of Delhi came into existence. This supplied direct impetus to the popularity of Urdu. Poets, writers and *literati* were invited from all over the country to help in the building up of the national literature in collaboration with those Europeans who had made themselves fully acquainted with and at home in, the language and the literature of the country.

The European servants of the East India Company took a considerable and generous part in the building up of Urdu literature. The sympathisers of Urdu shall always remain indebted to Shakespeare, Gilchrist, Fallons, Leeper, and Forbes who did a great



# Some French And Poets Of Urdu

By Dr. M. HAFIZ SYED

URDU, which is also known as Hindustani, is comparatively a recent language. Wali collected his works in about 1720 A.D. and although after him many people took up Urdu for the expression of their feelings and emotions, even so late as at the end of the 18th century people were indifferent to Urdu prose. Probably it would have remained in the same neglected state, if some enthusiastic members of the East India Company had not taken up the task of popularising Urdu and writing in that language.

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The European servants of the East India Company took a considerable and generous part in the building up of Urdu literature. The sympathisers of Urdu shall always remain indebted to Shakespeare, Gilchrist, Fallons, Lees and Forbes who did a great

language. But it will have to be acknowledged that with the exception of writing a few books on grammar and editing a few works, they did not contribute anything original to the language. There is no doubt that they did a good deal to popularise Urdu, but they did not leave any work which they could call their own. Their efforts were confined only to the above-mentioned attempts; but whatever work they did in Urdu is valuable. They never considered themselves foreign and getting into the spirit of the country wrote in the established tradition, and it will be difficult to say that the language in which they wrote was not their own. One gets the impression that Urdu had been their mother tongue for centuries past. There is no doubt that there are minor flaws and faults in their language and style; but it is a matter of regret that no attention has so far been paid to their valuable work.

\*

MANY of these French and English poets were connected with the Court of Begum Shamroo, who was the wife of the famous French navigator and explorer, General Sumro or Sombro. This General was responsible for the massacre of the Englishmen at Patna. Begum Shamroo alias Zeb-un-nisa was an accomplished lady, and had great executive ability. At the same time she was a lover of literature. She could read and write Urdu and Persian with great ease. One of her step-sons Aloyer N. Rieuhardt who was known by the name of Nawab Zafar Yab Khan, wrote under the pen-name of "Sahab". This young Christian prince was a good poet of Urdu; and used to organise *mushairas* at his residence. It is said that he was a pupil of Khairati Khan Dilsoz. He was addicted to wine which had an adverse effect on his health and he died at an early age. Two of his couplets are well known:

*I saw last night my love  
silhouetted stand*

*It was the star of my fortune  
rising from some  
beauteous land.  
I saw a ringlet of her hair  
about my beloved's brow  
And thought it was a snake  
around Alexander's army  
coiled.*

Another poet, Benjamin Johnson, whose pen-name was Falatoon, was generally known by the name of Doctor Beni Sahab. He was in service in Hyderabad Deccan. He had made a name as a physician; and is still remembered in Hyderabad Deccan. His father was a Captain in the Army. He was at home with Urdu and Persian; and spoke magnificent Urdu; and wrote verses in both the languages. He learnt Persian from Amirullah

## English

Ahmad Madras; and Urdu from Mirza Mehdi Hussain Hina. In 1886 he was fifty years of age. Here are a few examples of his couplets:

*The spring has come and  
flutter the birds*

*In a frenzy of death their  
physical wings*

*And why not? for, the soul  
of the bird*

*Is touched to ecstasy by the  
Spring.*

*The levy of nightingales is  
no less (fascinating)*

*than the exuberance of  
flowers;*

*Every branch has a place  
for Indalip (nightingale)*

Another poet was Walker and wrote under his own name. He was an Englishman and resided in Calcutta. He spoke Urdu very fluently. He wrote verses too:

*O lover of the world, correct  
thy ways and mend!*

*For canst thou see that even  
such mighty men*

*As Faghfur have descended  
to the grave—that is  
the end.*

Continued on Page VI



## INDIAN

Discovery of Asia...  
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(The same, Rs 4)

The Collected Works of  
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ted by Chagant  
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Madras, Rs 6.)

The two volumes by  
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S. P. Mookerjee, and  
Asia, dedicated to  
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Sanskrit Sahasran



## INDIANA

**Discovery of Asia.** By Kalidas Nag. (Institute of Asian-African Relations, Calcutta, Rs 30.)

**Greater India.** By Kalidas Nag. (The same, Rs 40.)

**The Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi.** Vols VI and VII. (Publications Division, Rs 9 each.)

**The Gurazada Souvenir.** Edited by Devalapalli Ramanuja Rao. (Gurazada Centenary Committee, Rs 2.)

**Sri Lalita Sahasranamam.** Edited by Chaganty Suryanarayanamurthy. (Ganesh Madras, Rs 6.)

The two volumes by Dr Kalidas Nag, amounting to a total of some 1,700 large pages, cover an enormous field for one man to write about. The former is divided into sections on New Asia, dedicated to Jawaharlal Nehru, Middle East, dedicated to Maulana A. K. Azad, Pacific World, dedicated to Rabindranath Tagore, Art and Archaeology Abroad, dedicated to Dr S. P. Mookerjee, and South-East Asia, dedicated to Mahatma Gandhi. The second bears the misleading sub-title "Tagore Centenary Souvenir". It is not in fact about Tagore but simply, as the author tells us, "Remembering the 150th Anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, the Centenary of Rabindranath Tagore, the 90th Naissance of Mahatma Gandhi and the 70th Birthday of Jawaharlal Nehru". Its sections deal with Tolstoy and Gandhi (dedicated to them), China and Gandhian India, dedicated to Dr Radhakrishnan, Greater India, dedicated to Dr Rajendra Prasad, East-West Unity, dedicated to Romain Rolland, and India and the World, dedicated to Abraham Lincoln. It bears the date 1960, but one would have thought that it was already obvious even then that Hindi-Chini were only verbally bhai-bhai "India was one of the earliest to recognize the Chinese Republic and to defend it in the U.N. against charges of being aggressive in the Korean War." Is it possible that it really was aggressive?

The enormous enterprise of publishing in English all that Gandhiji ever wrote, public or private, is rolling slowly on, and Volumes VI and VII have now reached us, covering together the period from October 1906 to December 1907. Both are concerned with Gandhiji's struggle against the Transvaal Asiatic Registration Act. In Vol VI he is on a visit to England to agitate against imperial sanction for the Act, and much is taken up with letters and appeals. In Vol VII he is organizing passive resistance after the Act has been passed. This volume therefore contains the search in "Indian Opinion" for an alternative term to "passive resistance" and the acceptance of "satyagraha".

The various Indian languages have undergone a rejuvenation in the past century to fit them as implements for modern literary, social and political themes, just as European languages did at the time of the Renaissance. In Telugu the great pioneer of this modernization was Sri Apparao Gurazada. His literary output was small—one full-length play, two unfinished plays, half a dozen short stories and a few poems and songs. Nevertheless his influence has been great, as a souvenir volume testifies.

In a cogent and informative introduction to the Sri Lalita Sahasranamam, Dr Suryanarayanamurthy expounds tantra-marga and its philosophical basis. He follows this with an able commentary on the thousand names. Finally he gives the Sanskrit Sahasranamam itself.

## THE ARTS

**Marg.** Vol. XV No. 4. (34, Bank St., Bombay, Rs 5.50.)

The latest Marg is again a thematic number, this time devoted to handloom weaving. After an interesting historical introduction by John Irwin of the Victoria and Albert Museum, a well-known authority, Pupul Jayakar and others describe the geographical variants with copious illustrations; then K. G. Subramanyam illustrates some developments in contemporary design; and finally a symposium discusses such problems as marketing display and export.

Many of the illustrations are delightful, particularly those in colour (the "Bleeding Madras" plates seem particularly admirably processed). Degree of attention to regional styles varies (NEFA seems rather economically dealt with); but in all, here are plenty of ideas to interest wearers and for weavers to pinch. Reproduction here is not easy on coarse-screen blocks; but we have done our best.



Sari border. (Calico Museum, Ahmedabad.)

## HISTORY

**The Protestant Reformation.** By H. Daniel-Rops. (Dent, 45s.)

**Daily Life in Carthage.** By G. and C. Charles-Picard. (Allen and Unwin, 23s.)

**The Greeks.** Edited by H. Lloyd-Jones. (Watts, 15s.)

Three books—two the product of French scholarship—have the common characteristic of bringing modern thought and research to bear on familiar subjects. M. Daniel-Rops' vivid prose—ably reproduced in English by Audrey Butler—describes the critical period in European history from the end of the Babylonish captivity in Avignon to 1560, when much of the continent was, in his words, "on the brink of atrocious carnage". The non-Roman Catholic reader may think him less than fair to Wyclif and Luther, to mention only two personalities, but this fault is outweighed by a true sense of the calamity that befell Western Christendom at this time—a calamity that the present age seeks to undo by attempts at Church unity. The author records the errors and extravagances committed on both sides—the sorry record of blunders by the first Queen Mary of England, for instance—and his humanity revolts at the atrocities committed in the name of religion.

The other French authors who describe the age of Hannibal have much less evidence to go on but have made the most of what archaeology and to some extent literature can provide. The Carthaginians emerge as a humourless, ungracious people who produced little art despite their origin in the cultured Levant. As explorers and traders, however, they left their mark on the ancient world; had they been content to remain as such, their ambitions might not have led to "Delenda est Carthago". The illustrations are excellent, but the part which many people will value is the description of the army—that army with which Hannibal accomplished marvels.

Back in time is classical Greek civilization, surveyed by a group of scholars who originally delivered talks on the BBC. From the Homeric world to a final chapter on the Hellenistic this is a masterpiece of compression, covering history, literature, the arts and science. Readers whose classical learning is a generation old will be glad to read in the introduction that modern scholars condemn the antiquated attitudes and prejudices of the past and are determined not to go on asking old questions when it is time to ask new. Moreover, "our predecessors were inclined to idealize the Greeks; we have moved in the opposite direction". This latter point hardly comes out in the essays, which do however treat Greek culture as a living thing whereas for schools not long ago—and many still—it might well have been mummified.



# The Story

Continued from page 1  
 Evans revealed that the adminis-  
 tration of Pylos and Knossos were  
 virtually identical. They even need  
 the same complex rationing sys-  
 tem. On other tablets, drawings of  
 weapons, harness, chariots and  
 horses show a close similarity be-  
 tween styles in use in Crete sup-  
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By February this year dark sus-  
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## BIG DIARY

It was at this point that I dis-  
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 were inscribed tablets. The  
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According to the great social and political  
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 prising that the world has never been  
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# The Story of the Fiasco of

Continued from page 1  
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 virtually identical. They even need  
 the same complex rationing sys-  
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the real ones found in the upper  
 stratum. "Curiously enough," as  
 Evans himself remarks, by sheer  
 coincidence the squatters had  
 chosen in that whole vast complex  
 of buildings this very room to  
 store their pots in complete un-

judgment until after full publica-  
 tion of the new testimony with its  
 important historical information.  
 Meanwhile, I may state that no  
 doubt remains in my mind that the  
 large coherent deposits of tablets  
 are all coeval with the pottery



awareness that a scribe 200 years  
 before had drawn pictures, corres-  
 ponding in shape to this later  
 type, on tablets which now lay  
 beneath this later clay floor, sepa-  
 rated only by some 20 centimetres.

Worse still, one very fragment-  
 ary tablet alone lists no fewer  
 than 1,800 such stirrup jars. Yet  
 Evans himself notes that during  
 the Later Palace Period (ending  
 1400 B.C.) clay vessels of this type  
 are almost wholly wanting, al-  
 though they became common  
 during the "age of decadence." In  
 some way the enormous quantities  
 of pottery listed on the tablets  
 had mysteriously been spirited  
 out of the archaeological record.  
 Yet archaeology depends largely  
 on finds of potsherds.

Thus many spotlights of suspi-  
 cion were focused on the little  
 "Room of the Stirrup Jar." My  
 first search of the Day Book  
 concerned this room. The en-  
 try for Tuesday, May 8,  
 1900, gave the answer. It re-  
 cords with its usual precision  
 that large quantities of inscription  
 tablets appeared all over the floor  
 on the western side of the room.  
 On the same clay floor were found  
 the stirrup jar and other vessels  
 of a type marking the extreme  
 limit of the Reoccupation Period.  
 The entry is illustrated with a  
 sketch plan on which are noted  
 the exact positions of the tablets  
 and the pottery. The correspond-  
 ing plan in Evans's "The Palace of  
 Minos" bears the words "In lower  
 stratum inscribed tablets." There  
 is no room for equivocation. The  
 statement about the relative posi-  
 tions of the tablets and the accom-  
 panying pottery, which Evans sin-  
 gled out as the key to the strati-  
 graphy of the archives and their  
 chronology, cannot be reconciled  
 with the corresponding entry in  
 the Day Book.

## NEW TESTIMONY

There are many such entries re-  
 ferring to tablets. One of Evans's  
 showpieces were a box of tablets  
 still in their original order with  
 the totalling text at the bottom.  
 These were "imperfectly baked"  
 and hence extremely fragile and  
 perishable. Yet they were found  
 in the south-east corner on the  
 floor of the Eighth Magazine,  
 which was used during the Re-  
 occupation Period. How could  
 they have survived, if written in  
 1400 B.C., and have deposited  
 themselves, still in their original  
 order, on the floor of this room  
 which had continued in later use?  
 The greatest deposit of all, some  
 450 tablets, was found in a space  
 of 10 metres in the eastern wing  
 of the palace, the so-called Domes-

1200 B.C. In the first place, we  
 can see that the so-called squa-  
 tters had a complex bureaucratic  
 in control of the whole island.  
 Attention centres on the famous

Throne Room of the Palace itself.  
 What evidence is there for its  
 dating to the period ending 1400  
 B.C.? Virtually none. Again and  
 again Evans tried to find evidence  
 bearing on its chronology.  
 Wherever he sank his test pits he  
 found that the top of the hill had  
 been scraped bare for the founda-  
 tions of this "revolutionary intru-  
 sion." They rested on a sub-Neoli-  
 thic level. At last in the supple-  
 mentary excavations of 1913 the  
 threshold block of the ante-room  
 leading to the Throne Room was  
 raised. Underneath was found one  
 sherd of the Palace style. "Upper  
 is later." So one might well be-  
 lieve that the Throne Room was  
 later than the sherd in question.  
 And yet on this slight evidence it  
 is universally dated to Late  
 Minoan II when this style of pot-  
 tery was in vogue. This historic  
 sherd, on which so much rests,  
 deserves a full-page illustration in  
 text-books of pre-historic archaeo-  
 logy. I have never met anyone  
 who has even seen it.

Pre-historic archaeology itself  
 now faces an inescapable chal-  
 lenge. For three-quarters of a cen-  
 tury an unexampled wealth of  
 material resources and brilliant in-  
 tellectual gifts has been concen-  
 trated on the problems of Greece  
 and the Aegean. This world was  
 surrounded by the literate cultures  
 of Egypt, Mesopotamia and the  
 Hittites. Yet no one has seriously  
 queried the current picture of  
 post-1400 Crete as powerless, de-  
 cadent and isolated. Now its rulers

stand out as Greek intruders from  
 the mainland outshining in splen-  
 dour the lands of Mycenae.

This makes better historical  
 sense. Can one believe that the  
 Mycenaeans at the height of their  
 expansion would have left Crete  
 alone, the strategic key to the  
 Aegean? Further, the somewhat  
 later date we have suggested for  
 the destruction of Knossos fits in  
 better with what we can gather  
 about the end of Mycenaean civil-  
 ization.

There is general agreement that  
 its destruction was due to other  
 Greek peoples. The Dorians, whose  
 foremost representatives were the  
 Spartans of later times, appear to  
 have emerged from the north-west  
 of Greece, the region of Epirus,  
 whence they stormed into the  
 Peloponnese sacking the great pa-  
 laces and reducing the Mycenaean  
 population to serfdom. It is rea-  
 sonable to suppose that they made  
 themselves masters of the main-  
 land before going on to conquer  
 the southern islands from Crete to  
 Rhodes, where we find them in  
 classical times.

A further question of greater  
 historical significance is the date  
 of the entry of the Greeks into  
 Greece. The accepted date is  
 1900 B.C. But now we can see that  
 the Linear B script, so far from  
 extending over time as more un-  
 hurried, is confined to the years  
 around 1200. The date for the  
 Greeks in Crete is correspondingly  
 lower. This holds good also for  
 the mainland. More and more I  
 incline to the view that the  
 Greeks were comparatively recent  
 arrivals, say, the time of the first  
 shaft graves at Mycenae, dated to  
 the sixteenth century B.C.—  
*The Observer.*

# Knossos



# The Tr

AMONG the triumphs of prehistoric archaeology, none stands higher than Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos in Crete. As Evans himself wrote, the excavation of Crete at the beginning of the century entirely revolutionized our knowledge of its remote past and afforded the most astonishing evidence of a highly advanced civilization going back to the third millennium.

The discovery by Evans of the Minoan culture of Crete, which reached its acme in the Palace of Minos at Knossos, was wholly unexpected. It was of a magnificence and artistic refinement far exceeding anything that had been found at Mycenae or other sites on the Greek mainland. As Crete gradually disgorged its treasures during those exciting excavations of 1890-1903, the spirit of the place entered into Evans. The Greek mainland, in his eyes, paled to insignificance. Mycenae became for him a "transmarine offshoot from the Minoan stock," the dependency of an island empire ruled by a Cretan king, the legendary Minos.

Evans argued that this great Cretan civilization reached its end about 1400 B.C. when the palace was destroyed. Later, he maintained, the palace was occupied by "barbarians."

Crete then declined into stagnation and powerlessness, and was absorbed by the mainland. This was the period (c. 1400-1200 B.C.) when the mainlanders came into their own, extended their power over the Aegean and established themselves in Cyprus, but left Crete to itself. This thesis was argued with the force of a powerful personality.

## FINDINGS

It is my view, reached after ten years' detailed research, that many of Evans's deductions were false, and that at times he misrepresented his findings. It is my conclusion, formed after an examination of the philological evidence afterwards confirmed by a hitherto unknown diary kept by Evans's assistant, that the civilizations of both Crete and the mainland were, in fact, flourishing at the same time. Since Evans, no one has seriously questioned his picture of late Minoan Crete as powerless, decadent and isolated. On the contrary, it now appears that during the so-called "squatter" period it was a power vying with the splendour of the contemporary mainland kingdoms. The Minoans, so far from leaving the island alone, controlled the whole of the Palace of Knossos, and the entire picture of the ancient world during the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries construct-



Fresco of the young  
Palace of Knossos



# The Truth about Knossos

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on Evans's findings must be revised.

The Evans thesis first began to meet with awkward evidence in the twenties. Champions of the mainland arose to dispute the dominance of Knossos. Foremost of them was the then director of the British School at Athens, the late Sir Alan Wace, Evans, designated by a close relative as "fantastically conceited," was a man

part of the archives, found in the Northern Entrance Passage, which convinced me that Evans's elaborate historical reconstructions must be demolished and that scholars must rethink the whole question of the dating of the Knossos finds and the relationship of Crete to the mainland.

The Linear B tablets, of vital interest to scholars, were jealously guarded by Evans throughout his

sians of the fifteenth century were Greeks was a bitter blow to archaeology. As a leading German authority has admitted, no trace of an invasion could be detected in the archaeological finds: "The new masters continued the material culture along exactly the same lines as their predecessors." Most of the leading archaeologists swallowed their discomfiture. The Evans pictures of a purely Minoan

## By PROFESSOR L. R. PALMER

The excavation by Sir Arthur Evans of the Palace of Knossos in Crete has been regarded as one of the most important historical events of the century. For Evans, Knossos was the parent city of Western civilization, "the most ancient centre of civilized life in Greece and with it, of Europe." By the time he died, laden with honours, in 1941, his judgments ("seldom challenged," according to the Dictionary of National Biography) had altered the entire picture of the ancient world. Now Professor L. R. Palmer, Professor of Comparative Philology and Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, has concluded after seven years detailed investigation that Evans misreported many facts of vital significance and published accounts of his discoveries which cannot be reconciled with the log-book of his own excavations. This revelation will completely disrupt all present thinking about the origins and development of Greek civilization—and hence of Western civilization.

who, when in financial difficulties, had written to his father: "I must have sole control.... With other people it may be different, but I know it is not so with me." As a result of his clash with this imperious nature Wace retired from his directorship and was for some years excluded from excavation in Greece. Evans's views remained dominant in the handbooks of prehistoric archaeology.

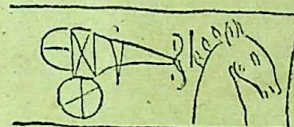
Then in 1952 came an event which struck consternation into Aegean archaeologists. This was the decipherment of the Linear B script by a young architect, the late Michael Ventris.

Evans had come to Knossos in the hope of discovering seal impressions and perhaps written documents. He had been convinced that the complex Mycenaean culture could not have been illiterate. He began to collect inscribed seals and gems and by 1895 he was able to announce the existence of a complex system of writing. All roads of inquiry about its origin pointed to Crete. In 1900 he began to dig at Knossos and within a few weeks he had unearthed large quantities of clay tablets inscribed with characters which he dubbed "Linear B." In a triumphant letter to his father he wrote: "With regard to prehistoric inscriptions 'the cry is, still they come.' I have just struck the largest deposit yet, some hundreds of pieces."

It was my examination of this

lifetime. They were not published till 1952, eleven years after his death, at the age of 90. Despite intensive excavations no such archives were found on the Greek mainland. The sole evidence for the script was a few inscribed "stirrup jars," or oil jars, specimens of which were unearthed at most of the chief Mycenaean palaces. However, in 1939 the American archaeologist C. W. Blegen started to dig near Pylos on the Bay of Navarino. On the very first day his trench ran into the archive room.

Here was the long-awaited evidence for the use of writing by Mycenaean kings. The war inter-



Key evidence: three tufts on the horse's mane in a chariot drawing from Knossos tablet.

vened and Blegen's texts were not published until 1951, a year earlier than the Knossos tablets. By June, 1952, Ventris knew he had the answer. The language of the tablets was Greek.

The revelation that the Knos-

civilization simply had to be revised. Yet no one saw that acceptance of the Greekness of Minoan civilization around 1450 B.C. led to great historical difficulties. Was it plausible that the destruction of a major Greek palace at the end of the fifteenth century was the prelude to the great Greek expansion of the following centuries? Was there a revolt by the native Minoans? Did this explain the subsequent isolation and cultural decline of Crete?

## CLAY TABLETS

Evans had no doubt that the clay tablets, testifying to a complex bureaucracy, belonged to the great period of the palace. The "squatters" of the reoccupation period, he thought, were certainly illiterate. But right from the beginning it was disquieting that the fussy script, down to the smallest squiggles, had remained unchanged during the 200 years which separate the fall of Knossos from the destruction of Pylos c. 1200 B.C. This was explained away by scribal conservatism and the limited literacy of a caste of palace scribes.

Again, the dialect was identical in both archives. But after all Greek, scholars argued, is in general a very conservative language. Doubts became more insistent with my growing penetration of the texts. The script gives mere hints at the Greek words con-

cerned. Further, the language is at a stage over five centuries earlier than any form of Greek known before (Homer). Thus I found that many of the first translations had to be discarded. It was here that the special skills and experience of the comparative philologist proved valuable.

Thus an important inventory of furniture at Pylos lists tripods. A descriptive sentence was first understood as "Aigeus the Cretan brought it." But after study of the habits of a certain scribe I came to the conclusion that it meant "of Cretan workmanship with goats' head handles!"

All the tripods mentioned in the inventory carry the description "of Cretan work." How could this evidence for imports of Cretan metalwork be squared with the current picture of an isolated and poverty-stricken Crete?

Still worse was the case of the above-mentioned inscribed stirrup jars. The discovery that nearly all these inscribed jars of the mainland bear Cretan place-names which recur only in the Knossos tablets was a further serious blow. Here was more evidence of close relations between Crete and the mainland and of exports, presumably highly unguents, at a time close to 1200 B.C. shortly before the general collapse of the Mycenaean civilization, and 200 years after the supposed end of the Palatial Period at Knossos.

Next analysis of the grain allo-

Continued on page 5



Fresco of the young Prince, Palace of Knossos.



# PROFESSIONAL

Memoirs of Field-Marshal M  
 Thirteenth Power. By Richard  
 Johnson, 18s.)  
 Military System of the Mahra  
 (Orient Longmans, Rs 12.)

much has been written on Lord Montgomery's Me- since they first appeared the overseas Press that any- ever may well be guilty of plagiarism. The book emer- as an intensely personal do- ment from one of the great- nisms of history. Brought up a family atmosphere, which is a hard shell of self-confi- and self-reliance around already individualistic cha- ter, Monty brought these- ing with him to his chosen- sion, the army. From the- coming he set himself single- sely to mastering his job. lack of private means pre- led him from indulging in humanising friendships and- ness of youth. The early death his wife, which ended a brief- happy married life, made- concentrate further on his- An ability for analysis, re- sored by the capacity for- ing competent subordi- as contributed much to his- ness. He examined the prob- a, extracted the essentials, them in their correct order- nity, applied his technical- ledge to their solution and- answers came out right as- as the Field Marshal was- nered. More often than is- lired to make one popular,- were right as far as every- else was concerned. Many- these virtues reflect them- in his book, which is clear, in unequivocal and intensely- ble.

number of critics have ta- ception to the apparently- judgments Lord Montgo- has passed on some of his- ries. This view does not- entirely valid. A book- memoirs is a personal record- not a coat of whitewash, a- that other autobiographers- remember with advan- The ultimate judge is his- and, in some instances, his- has already shown that the

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*The Thirteenth Power.* By Richard Hilton. (Christopher Johnson, 18s.)  
*Military System of the Mahrattas.* By S. N. Sen. (Orient Longmans, Rs 12.)

So much has been written on Lord Montgomery's Memoirs since they first appeared that any overseas Press that any power may well be guilty of plagiarism. The book emerges as an intensely personal document from one of the great figures of history. Brought up in a family atmosphere, which was a hard shell of self-confidence and self-reliance around an already individualistic character, Monty brought these qualities with him to his chosen profession, the army. From the moment he set himself single-mindedly to mastering his job, the lack of private means prevented him from indulging in the usual friendships and pleasures of youth. The early death of his wife, which ended a brief happy married life, made him concentrate further on his work. An ability for analysis, reinforced by the capacity for organising competent subordinates, contributed much to his success. He examined the problems, extracted the essentials, put them in their correct order of priority, applied his technical knowledge to their solution and his answers came out right as the Field Marshal was concerned. More often than is realised to make one popular, he was right as far as every-else was concerned. Many of these virtues reflect themselves in his book, which is clear, unequivocal and intensely readable.

A number of critics have taken exception to the apparently harsh judgments Lord Montgomery has passed on some of his colleagues. This view does not seem entirely valid. A book of memoirs is a personal record, not a coat of whitewash, and that other autobiographers remember with advantage. The ultimate judge is his- and, in some instances, his- has already shown that the

Field Marshal's summing up of personalities was not entirely incorrect. In any case, where he has noted faults he has also tabulated virtues. Incidentally, his comments on Mr Nehru are some of the kindest in the book.

Other points of criticism are the author's egotism and his tendency towards flamboyance. The egotism, though occasionally irritating, seems permissible in view of his achievements, while it does reflect the personality of the man. The flamboyance, as Lord Montgomery explains, was calculated. Chosen to lead an army consisting largely of civilians in uniform and well aware of the need for a commander to maintain morale, he projected his confident personality by a series of advertising devices. He was both master and mascot. That he sometimes enjoyed doing so shows a rather engaging human weakness. After all, the Conservative Party of Britain are today using an advertising agency to project the personality of their Prime Minister.

Unfortunately, the very qualities that helped Montgomery as commander of the independent 8th Army often hindered him as he rose higher. Forgetting his practical and genuine knowledge of war, his Allied colleagues and superiors, who had somewhat less experience, were inclined to view knowledge as dogma and boldness in planning as an attempt towards more publicity. Had his plan for the deep and narrow advance from Normandy been accepted, the war in Europe might well have been over by the end of 1944. After the war, when he was CIGS, these misunderstandings did not entirely cease. His various disagreements with a Labour Government, while often producing military results, lacked smoothness. Finally he went off to NATO where his undoubted military talents could be used for planning strategy while others did the diplomacy. Probably the Field Marshal was wrong in his lack of tact, but the habit of constant compromise is a political necessity, not a military virtue.

Some will say that, by the time Lord Montgomery took over the 8th Army, the tide had turned. This statement is a doubtful one. The enemy still had to be turned out of North Africa, Italy and Western Europe. Monty's effort towards this eviction was perhaps the most important ever contributed by a single individual on the field. Despite his flamboyance and egotism, his dogmatism and tactlessness, he did what is required of a soldier in war: he won his battles. He will be remembered with respect and regard long after his detractors are forgotten.

Major General Hilton's book deals with Western Asia. It gives an account of the break up of the Ottoman Empire and the uneasy emergence of new nations between the two world wars. It goes on to survey the decline of British fortunes in the area and intervention of the USA and USSR. An informative background to the events of today. Dr Sen discusses in some detail the military aspects of the Maratha Empire, in an interesting book which has considerable value for the student of Indian History.

## CHANGING STATE

*The Story of the Commonwealth.*  
 By Daphne Wall and B. Biro. (Earnest Benn, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 13s. 6d.)

In a short, picture-book history for children up to the age of about 12 or 13, the illustrations have a period flavour, reminding one of a "Chums' Annual," but it is agreeably full of battles and buccaneers and voyages of discovery and it also tells, in a clear and easy-going style, the evolution from Empire to Commonwealth.



## EXPLORATIONS IN DEPTH

Marcel Proust. Vol. I. By George D. Painter. (Chatto and Windus, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 30s.)  
Sigmund Freud's Mission. By Erich Fromm. (Allen & Unwin, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)  
Iqbal. By Syed Abdul Wahid. (Murray, 30s.)

Mr George Painter has given himself an ambitious task, no less than to write the definitive biography of one of the most elusive figures in literature; it is to be "a complete, exact and detailed" narrative of Proust's life, based on "every known or discoverable primary source, and on primary sources only". He claims that "something like nine-tenths" of his story is new to Proustian biography, and that his scholarly approach has not drained the "life-blood from his living theme".

These claims are just, and Mr Painter's book is entirely absorbing. He is especially good on Proust's homosexuality, about which he has given the first full account based on evidence. But he finds that the pictures of heterosexual love in the novels are not mere invention (as formerly supposed) but that Proust himself enjoyed the love of women for some years, and that he has not accordingly "falsified the whole drama of human love in his books."

Keats once remarked that "a man's life of any worth is a continual allegory" and *A la Recherche* is the allegory of Proust's life, "a work not of fiction but of imagination interpreting reality". This is the value of a full biography of this great writer and tortured yet vital spirit. There is no aspect of him—his style, philosophy, character, morality—or his attitude to music, painting, Ruskin, snobism, Dreyfus and so on—which can be studied without a detailed knowledge of his life. But this knowledge is not easily come by. Proust said that there were eight or ten keys to each character in his novels. He might have said the same of himself.

For the first time Mr Painter has elucidated the curious incident of Proust's relations with Ruskin. "Except that it brought him joy unspoilt by sufferings, Proust's passion for Ruskin took precisely the same course as his love-affairs or ardent friendships. There was a period of tepid acquaintance; a crystallisation and a taking fire; and a falling out of love, from which he emerged free, but changed and permanently enriched." No reader will be able to put down this book without himself being enriched.

Books in the series "World Perspectives", which is edited among others by Maritain, J. R. Oppenheimer and Radhakrishnan, are always challenging and often startling, and Dr Erich Fromm's new book on Freud (like his earlier work on "The Art of Loving" in the same series) is no exception. Dr Fromm, like Freud himself, clearly delights in saying things *pour épater le bourgeois*: his book is highly controversial and will probably annoy the experts on both sides.

Freud has always been either worshipped or vilified, but Dr Fromm writes of him without party bias and with almost professional understanding. Indeed what may offend the hero-worshippers is that he applies a frank psycho-analytical appraisal to the very founder of the movement; for example, one of the most interesting sections of his book concerns Freud's own relationships with women and the quality of his love.

Though critical, Dr Fromm estimates Freud fairly and, dispassionately both as a man and as a figure in world history. "Freud's total approach to man," he says, "was part—and perhaps the culmination—of the most important trend in Western thought since the seventeenth century: the attempt to grasp and be in touch with reality and to rid man of the illusions which veil and distort reality." Freud was, he concludes, "one of the great men and pathfinders of the human race, but he had to die with a deep sense of disappointment, yet his pride and dignity were never dented by illness, defeat and disappointment. For more independent minds than were his loyal followers' Freud was probably a difficult person to live with or even to like; yet his gifts, his honesty, his courage and the tragic character of his life may fill one not only with respect and admiration, but with loving compassion for a truly great man."

It is a great loss to the culture of Asia that Iqbal has not yet found his Fitzgerald. For, as Mr Wahid points out, "it is impossible to preserve in any translation the haunting beauty and charm of his verse" and when the reader notes the claim of this book that the *Javid Namah* "ranks among the world's classics with Homer's *Iliad*, Kalidasa's *Shakuntala*, Firdausi's *Shah Namah*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Goethe's *Faust*" and then compares this astonishing statement with the flat and uninspired poetry on the page, he will wonder what all the fuss is about. For on the whole Iqbal has been served badly by his translators, he cannot have gained his great reputation, especially among so romantic and poetic a people as the Muslims, by the sort of thing reproduced in Mr Wahid's book. To appreciate him one must know Urdu and Persian; fortunately, and indeed for this reason, Mr Wahid prints the original texts along with his translations.

Iqbal was not a poet only; he wrote admirable prose; he was a distinguished educationalist; and Mr Wahid's chapter on his philosophy of the Ego and the Quest for Perfect Man are of great interest. Iqbal also played a leading part, though largely off the stage, in the creation of modern Pakistan. Mr Wahid would not claim that he has had

the last word on his hero, but his book is a valuable and scholarly introduction to him. There is a little too much hagiography, but we cannot help being charmed when he says simply: "To me the study of Iqbal has been a source of great strength and happiness. In him I have found that which confers healing and refreshment alike upon mind and spirit."



# LINGUISTICS

ic Study of

**GENERAL LINGUISTICS: An Introductory Survey:** By R. H. Robins;  
**THE LINGUISTIC SCIENCES AND LANGUAGE TEACHING:** By M. A. K. Halliday, Angus McIntosh and Peter Stevens. (Orient Longmans, Madras-2, Rs. 28 each).

**VPATTI KOSHA: (Etymological and Comparative):** By K. P. Kulkarni, Vachan Bhandar, Poona-1, 45.

Linguistics is a latecomer in the world of science, though in a way it started early. It goes back as far as the 6th century B.C. to Indian scholarship which culminated in the Indian Panini. His aim was to safeguard the language of the Vedas. For this purpose he compiled a Sanskrit grammar, now recognised as "one of the greatest monuments of human intelligence." But the rapid development of the science is a feature of the last century owing very largely to the work of Daniel Jones and J. R. Firth to whom all writers on Linguistics, including the present authors admit their indebtedness. Science on the physiological side has made possible a more exact description of the function of the vocal cords, tongue, teeth and palate in the emission of sounds (phones). The acoustic sciences secure accurate measurement; and anthropology and ethnology play a considerable part in the comparative study of language.

As a science Linguistics has its own rather formidable terminology of phonemes, morphemes, clines, phatic communion, dictics, idiolects, etc. Mr. Robins' 'General Linguistics', here described as 'an Introductory Survey', is a most useful enlarged handbook that takes one systematically through the range of general linguistics—phonetics, phonology, semantics, and grammar with its classes, structures and categories. Whether to recognise phonetics as part of Linguistics with Robins, or as distinct from Linguistics with Halliday, McIntosh, and Stevens, is largely a matter of definition. Phonetics, according to the latter authors studies the noise, linguistics the orga-

nisation. There is a dichotomy in it is the splitting of a single root. These three distinguished University Professors deal more summarily with Linguistics and Phonetics to concentrate attention on their contributory effectiveness in the teaching of Language both regional and foreign—L1 and L2 as they are designated. The conservative methods of the past (grammar, composition and translation) that grew out of the teaching of Latin and Greek, both dead languages, are considered long ago. Outmoded and vitiated by the restrictions of an examination system. They maintain—and with universal truth in the case of language teaching in the schools and colleges of India—that "the spoken language is largely neglected; too little attention is paid to non-literary registers; and both the linguistic theory and the description of English that underlie the teaching are lacking in interest and explanatory power."

This brings us back to a hoary old chestnut: in our schools and colleges do we aim at turning out boys and girls who will be able to speak correct (let us say) French with a tolerably good accent, though they will never or seldom have any occasion to speak it; or do we want them to know 'French' well enough to read the books and periodicals of France, which equally so they will never have occasion to read? What is the aim? Is it fluency or literature? In either case Linguistics will be of considerable help to the teacher, who in point of fact even with his conservatism does achieve a certain modicum of success in both.

A scholar can be a lexicographer; a lexicographer can produce a dictionary. Vpattipatti Kosha, which is an historical and comparative dictionary of Marathi words in Marathi. K. P. Kulkarni, chosen to make this work useful to scholars also, by introducing words in English and searching and comparison from about 100 European languages. In 1946, the Vpattipatti Kosha that enlightened patron of art Rt. Hon. M. R. Jayakar, who was fortunate in bagging it for a grant and rewards from University Grants Commission, so widely heralded the purpose but till the arrival of the 2nd edition, the printing could be completed. The death of the great lexicographer to this 2nd edition was dic-

tioning to the census of 1961 is 70 lakh people. Molesworth's dictionary (1st Edn. 1831: 2nd 1,000 words. V. G. Apte (1871-1948), put the extent of Marathi at 75,000 words. Two stalwarts, were responsible for the Shabda Kosha (7 vols.) and they included just over a 2,900 Islamic words (from Urdu and Turki) are current in the English, French, Portuguese and Hindi languages. For a dictionary of such a size, it was bound to remain incomplete. Vpattipatti Kosha is no exception. The need for association is confirmed. The derivation (etymology) and Ankush (steel) could have been more satisfactory from South Indian pundits. The only Sanskrit word which affords evidence of acceptance of the Tamil word for elephant. A scholar of Urdu would have easily explained the etymologies of jadh-buli (root and flower used as medicine), takhtarava (moving, portable throne) and khamakha. Other specialised words would have been better understood and more accurately derived with the help of Pundits from the North and South.

Some of the standard derivatives require rethinking. Duhita (a girl as offspring) is said to be derived from the root (meaning) to milk, as if it was a function of the girls at the exclusion of sons! English daughter, Persian dukhtar point to an altogether different origin of the word. Javanika (a curtain) is generally associated with the Greeks as if curtains were not used before our contact with the Greeks.

The Purists generally plead for not using all foreign words in Marathi (from any other language for that matter). The tirade against English and Islamic words can be understood; but when the words from the Persian are used in the boycott list, a fundamental relation is lost sight of. Persian (as Iranian) belongs to the Indo-Iranian family and is in reality the very sister of Sanskrit. Many words have a common origin in Sanskrit and Persian. Through an oversight perhaps, Kulkarni has included the Persian among the Semitic languages, along with the Arabic and Turki. The mother-tongue of the Parsis, before they migrated from Persia for India, must have been the Persian and not the Zend-Avesta as wrongly supposed.

For the 1st Edition, Kulkarni had written a long and learned introduction (p. 120) which was well appreciated by philologists here and elsewhere. It was in fact a wonderful exposition of linguistics. Within such a short range, broad features of the subject could be easily picked up and the forms of the language and aspects viz., physiological, psychological, grammatical, semantic and stylistic, could be understood. Such an important feature of the tome has been omitted from the 2nd edition. It is indeed difficult to justify the deletion.

R. L. Turner's Dictionary of the Nepali Language (1931) has obviously provided the form and content to Vpattipatti Kosha and the debt is gratefully expressed. Studies in the development and/or origin of some of the Indian languages have also been of great help to the present work: S. K. Chatterji's Bengali Language (1926), Grierson's Kashmiri Language, Saksena's Avachi (1936), and many others. It is interesting to find how even for this linguistic study of Marathi, a variety of books in English had to be used and consulted. Poor equipment in English would have considerably affected adversely the standard of Vpattipatti Kosha. Importance of English as a language for scholarship is thus indirectly established. It remains to be seen how scholars continue similar studies of other languages, walking in the footsteps of Kulkarni.

Kartikaya.



## Fiction: Engaging

The Son. By Dighton More.  
 Jeeney Ray. By Iris Dorn.  
 Esmond. By Una Troy. (H)  
 The Gift. By Emyr Humphreys.  
 Point of no Return. By J.  
 75c.)

Hit the Beach. By Arthur A.  
 Manon Lescaut. By Abbé E.

SOME novels are so engagingly written that the improbability of plot is of secondary consideration. In addition "The Son" deals with likeable characters who, though transgressing against strict moral codes, are still worthy of respectful attention. An elderly, autocratic Englishwoman is awaiting the return of her son from 25 years wandering. She and the whole of the village are prepared to welcome a hero but, in the evening a day or so before he is due, the son dies from acute alcoholism. The mother cannot accept the negation of her hopes and persuades an out-of-work actor to impersonate the dead man, so that at least she will not have to suffer the pity of her neighbours and friends. Developments are startling and the actor who undertook to play the part solely for money is involved in more than one emotional battle to wash from the real man's early life in the village.

"Jeeney Ray" is the terrible story of a twelve-year-old girl living in a California hill town. Because she is physically favoured and slow in her reflexes—actually an undiagnosed spastic—her family and the community in general ignorantly lazily write her off as a half-wit. Only her grandmother, until her unfortunate death, treats her as a creature of understanding. Both school and the shoddy home in which Jeeney is given a menial job provide bitter and horrifying experiences. She is "used" by the mentally unstable and sexual perverts as though she were without capacity for suffering. In the end Jeeney is only saved from being put in an institution by the practical assistance of one man who calls for medical help to establish her mental normality.

Miss Troy's Irish romp is entertaining but far too long. Mary Murphy, a middle-aged budding author, is married to an undemonstrative Irishman who is bored. To mitigate her boredom she creates "Esmond", a dream of the perfect man. The figment of her imagination takes her into committing bigamy, first with a precise Englishman, then with a slightly hysterical Welshman. Flitting between the three, she finds life greatly improved. But by the time the reader had found her out, the reader had lost interest.

Sam Halkin, a competent hard-working actor, is unable to attain international star-rat yet is good enough to feel he deserves it! He is at a critical stage in his career; a film hangs in the balance and Halkin hopes the star, whom he knew in the old days, will put in a word for him. Meanwhile he turns down two good offers to keep himself free. Inevitably he fails to get the part; to press him further his girl friend Polly is whisked away to join the ranks of dewy-eyed starlets. Mr Humphreys' world of actors and actresses is completely convincing and in Halkin he portrays an exceptionally thoroughly likeable man.

Charles Gray was born in a small town. His first and greatest love Jessica was also from the town. Yet circumstances and people forced them apart, and Charles went out of and about that town to a bigger and more



## Fiction: Engaging Unconvention

**The Son.** By Dighton Morel. (Secker & Warburg, 21s.)  
**Jeeney Ray.** By Iris Dornfeld. (Secker & Warburg, 16s.)  
**Esmond.** By Una Troy. (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.)  
**The Gift.** By Emyr Humphreys. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.)  
**Point of no Return.** By John P. Marquand. (Bantam Books, 75c.)  
**Hit the Beach.** By Arthur A. Ageton. (Signet, 25c.)  
**Manon Lescaut.** By Abbé Prevost. (Signet, 65c.)

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successful life. When the two reconnect, he is man enough to leave the past behind, to strive for an unfettered future with their wife Nancy, and their two children. Mr Marquand's excellent narrative style, clever use of flashbacks to relate past events, and his sympathetic characterization all go together to make this a worthy reissue.

If all war stories were written as uninspiringly as the amphibian assault that figures in "Hit the Beach", would fiction get sold? The only interests that hold this story together are the personal viewpoints of Andrew Arnold and Willis Waters. The major part of the story is technical to such an extent that it is difficult to follow.

The story of Chevalier des Grioux and Manon Lescaut is that of a young man who falls in love with a courtesan and follows her under all circumstances in order to be near her. It has been hailed as a unique work of its kind—for the simplicity of its style and the pathos of the story. Modern readers are perhaps more familiar with both theme and treatment.



Nureyev with Nadia Nerina in "The Nutcracker".

### ARTISTES

**An Autobiography with Pictures.** By Rudolf Nureyev. (Hodder & Stoughton, 35s.)  
**Little Me.** Told by Belle Poitrine to Patrick Dennis. (Arthur Barker, 21s.)

Nureyev of the Kirov Ballet chose freedom in Paris and almost deprived French television of it later. His story is simple and simply told. He is devoted to ballet and music but suddenly felt that he could not breathe freely in the Soviet Union. He had a brilliant career ahead of him but the moment of choice came and he chose. His book is one long rationalization of that impulsive act; and it is neither surprising nor blameworthy that his indictment of Communism as practised in the Soviet Union is mainly emotional and politically negligible. He had an unhappy childhood; it is unlikely that, except as an artiste, he will be entirely happy in any organized society. "We are Bashkirs, Tartars, Russians... I can sense reference in my flesh." A naive text, there magnificent photograph reproduced.

"Little Me" is the story of a very different world and a very different kind of artiste. Belle Poitrine may still be remembered as a stage, screen and television star. The story of her life is of little interest except for what it has to say of the viciousness of the show business in Hollywood and elsewhere. The compromises an aspiring young thing has to make to get anywhere are revealed here frankly without much of a sense of guilt. Light reading. Good photographs, one reproduced.



Belle Poitrine with Lance Leopard, "my protégé".

### POLAND NOW

**The Modern Polish Mind.** Edited by Maria Kuncewicz. (Secker and Warburg, London, and Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 35s.)

Since the Partitions of the eighteenth century Poland has only had forty-odd years of independent nationhood, and her writers and artists have thus had to place much of their talent in the service of repressed patriotism. Maria Kuncewicz's anthology of essays and stories by modern Polish writers underlines the uniqueness of Poland's position in the Communist world; she has no choice but to be a satellite, but on the other hand her writers obviously have a freedom of expression far beyond anything yet achieved in Khrushchev's Russia. Many of them are Catholic journalists or members of a Catholic group in the Polish Parliament called Znaki. Their criticism of Communist doctrine and practice is not so much muted, as tempered by greater understanding than is shown by Western critics. For in Poland the Catholic Church seems to have achieved a modus vivendi with the Communist government that is far less precarious, as well as less embittered, than the relations of Church and State in Hungary, for example.

Communist writers are equally represented in the anthology, and if, apart from some vivid pieces of Nazi concentration camp recollections, nothing very impressive comes through the translations, at least there is no crude propaganda or dreary "social realism". A fragment called "Ando" is hazily avant-gardiste. A piece of science-fiction satire called "Thirteenth Voyage" is just as uninhibited in its attack on both the West and the East as anything written this side of the Curtain.



## KINDS C

Outside the Right  
Unwin, 25s.)

Here To Stay. By

**K**EIR Hardie, Brockway, made a socialist and Bernard Shaw him his life's philosophy. "I am a youngster", I should we direct Quick as a bullet answer. "Find out what Force is making for it, too." Here we sophy of life, the Life creative force in one's force making for fashioning the future experience and ledge and liberty tice. Find it, give you and you became bigger than yourself came a creator".

Undoubtedly, Mr has been a creative He has always seen fa his time, championing causes, risking un sometimes life. Almo body who is anybody and African political has had his friendship courage during of struggle. He says: "Socialist in economic in personal relations, a in social ethics and say?—a universalist in

He writes this second of his autobiography first, "Inside Left", a few years ago) with v and humility, but one had not only the sens a creative writer, but ego. For he hardly rev self; he concentrates his work; that, too. Whether he is talking work in his own consti Eton and Slough, or of to Africa, or of Kei Bevan and George O gives only a tantalizin account. Only about C he spoken in detail, d whole chapter to his la him. He also include book his whole corres with G.B.S.

For an individual ou perimeter of pov Brockway's achieve tremendous. Not with son, therefore, leaders o hues and distant lands to nominate him in 196 Nobel Peace Prize; Mr E withdrew his nominati ever, in favour of Chief He was the Secretary British Committee of the National Congress, un dhiji prohibited foreig ganda in 1920, and late suspended from the Commons for protesting sistently against the a 60,000 Indians, includin dhiji and Mr Nehru. S night think of installing in the house he was bor cutta.

The theme of a colle what Mr Hersey modes Journalistic pieces is "t s here to stay in spite appalling tools he in destroy himself". The about man's tenure on provided by the nuclea with which he plays so ing a game.

Mr Hersey first sho reacting to what can b a "conventional" physic He starts with "Surviv story of John F. Ke wartime fight to save and himself after thei boat was rammed by a J destroyer. Their stru survive is told in unhe guage, but man's inde will stands revealed as spotlight. It is ironical man who so willed away from death shou have the power to comm death of millions.



# KINDS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Outside the Right. By Fenner Brockway. (Allen and Unwin, 25s.)

Here To Stay. By John Hersey. (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.)

KEIR Hardie, says Mr Brockway, made him a Socialist and Bernard Shaw gave him his life's philosophy. "We are youngsters", I said. "How should we direct our lives? Quick as a bullet came the answer. 'Find out what the Life Force is making for and make for it, too.' Here was a philosophy of life, the Life Force, the creative force in one's time, the force making for progress, fashioning the future, widening experience and knowledge and liberty and justice. Find it, give yourself to it, and you became something bigger than yourself; you became a creator".

Undoubtedly, Mr Brockway has been a creative politician. He has always seen far ahead of his time, championing unpopular causes, risking unpopularity, sometimes life. Almost everybody who is anybody in Asian and African political life now has had his friendship and encouragement during his period of struggle. He says he is a 'Socialist in economics, Liberal in personal relations, a Christian in social ethics and—shall I say?—a universalist in religion'.

He writes this second instalment of his autobiography (the first, "Inside Left", appeared a few years ago) with wit, charm and humility, but one wishes he had not only the sensibility of a creative writer, but also his ego. For he hardly reveals himself; he concentrates more on his work; that, too, fittingly. Whether he is talking of his work in his own constituency of Eton and Slough, or of his trips to Africa, or of Keir Hardie, Bevan and George Orwell, he gives only a tantalizingly brief account. Only about G.B.S. has he spoken in detail, devoting a whole chapter to his last visit to him. He also includes in the book his whole correspondence with G.B.S.

For an individual outside the perimeter of power, Mr Brockway's achievements are tremendous. Not without reason, therefore, leaders of various hues and distant lands combined to nominate him in 1961 for the Nobel Peace Prize; Mr Brockway withdrew his nomination, however, in favour of Chief Luthuli. He was the Secretary of the British Committee of the Indian National Congress, until Gandhi prohibited foreign propaganda in 1920, and later he was suspended from the House of Commons for protesting too persistently against the arrest of 60,000 Indians, including Gandhi and Mr Nehru. Somebody might think of installing a plaque in the house he was born in Calcutta.

The theme of a collection of what Mr Hersey modestly calls 'journalistic pieces' is "that man's here to stay in spite of the appalling tools he invents to destroy himself". The Big If about man's tenure on earth is provided by the nuclear bombs with which he plays so frightening a game.

Mr Hersey first shows man reacting to what can be called a "conventional" physical crisis. He starts with "Survival", the story of John F. Kennedy's wartime fight to save his men and himself after their patrol boat was rammed by a Japanese destroyer. Their struggle to survive is told in unheroic language, but man's indomitable will stands revealed as under a spotlight. It is ironical that the man who so willed himself away from death should now have the power to command the death of millions.

Between this and the last piece, that magnificent reconstruction of the atomic attack on Hiroshima, the author ranges over a wide field to show human tenacity under different stresses: the stories include the flight of a Hungarian family who only want to "journey towards a sense of being treated well"; the courage of a woman trapped by floods; the rehabilitation of a crippled soldier; the determination of a concentration camp prisoner to survive; and a delightfully human piece about Harry Truman's zest for life.

But, of course, Mr Hersey is aiming at a direct link between Kennedy's story and that of Hiroshima. In essence they are the same: both were the direct result of war. But how different the plights of the people involved! The brain is staggered by the descriptions of the physical effects of the bomb, especially when reminded that a bomb 2,900 times as powerful has recently been tested—and Kennedy's struggle dwindles to the category of a boy's adventure story. It is to be hoped that, as his means to destroy himself improve, man's determination to live also grows.

## HOPE

How to Live with Diabetes. By Henry Dolger and Bernard Seeman. (Museum Press, 15s.)

Before 1921 diabetics could expect to live only a few years after the onset of the disease, dying either of starvation—a process only prolonged by the stringent diets which used to be the sole means of treating diabetes—or in a coma, poisoned by the ketones produced in consuming their own body-fat. Then Banting and Best discovered Insulin, the hormone manufactured by a part of the pancreas called the Islets of Langerhans. Nowadays the diabetic can expect to live very nearly as long as anyone else. But we are still only controlling the symptoms. We do not yet have any cure for the disease, or rather diseases, which cause them.

Diabetes, a Greek word meaning "a syphon" (from the fact that excessive urination is a major symptom), refers to a disfunction of metabolism—the inability of the body to break down and use the sugars and starches which it needs—which does not seem to be caused by any bacteria or virus. The name is really not of one disease, but of a syndrome or group of symptoms which may be produced by a number of different diseases or underlying causes, just as the word "fever" is still often used by laymen. It is insulin that enables us to metabolise sugars, and the diabetic condition can, therefore be the result of any of the following malfunctions: the pancreas is producing too little insulin, or none at all; the thyroid gland is over-active, and the enzyme is being used up faster than it can be produced; the liver and other tissues are producing agents which destroy insulin; or various other chemicals, such as cortisone, may be causing the liver to release more sugar than the pancreas can handle.

Cures are still in the future, but meanwhile the highly practical and detailed advice in Dolger and Seeman's book will be invaluable, not merely to diabetics, but to the parents of diabetic children, who should be trained from the earliest possible age to take full control of their own daily treatment. The book also gives us two very heartening pieces of information. First, there is no reason why diabetics, both men and women, should not have a full and normal experience of marriage and parenthood; secondly, although, because of the ever-increasing expectation of life, more and more of us may expect to become diabetic as we grow older, yet this is usually only a mild form which in three cases out of four may be controlled simply by diet, or by tablets. Indeed the time is probably not too far distant when injections may be done away with altogether.

## MIDDLE AGES

The Medieval Myths. By Norma Lorre Goodrich. (The New American Library, New York, 50c.)

Myths have been handed down from the dawn of history, and a new paperback compiles seven of the most famous, among them Beowulf, the Song of Roland, and the Cid. As an original edition this is an extremely good buy for students of literature and history, although rather naturally the print is a bit small.

## IN PRISON

The Colditz Story. By P. R. Reid. (Hodder & Stoughton, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 3s 6d.)

Colditz, famous prison camp for the bad boy prisoners in the last war, is portrayed in all its grimness by one of the inmates. This grim medieval castle was supposed to be escape-proof; that it was not is again proved in a paperback edition of a good book previously reviewed.





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"Tippoo's Tiger." Seringapatam, Mysore, c. 1795.

## TIPPOO'S TIGER

Tippoo's Tiger. By Mildred Archer. (Victoria & Albert Museum and Her Majesty's Stationery Office, London, 7s 6d.)  
Chinese Porcelains of the Ch'ing Dynasty. (The same, 2s.)  
Hispano Moresque Pottery. (The same, 2s.)  
Medieval Near Eastern Pottery. (The same, 2s.)

There is an astonishing memento of Tipu Sultan preserved in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. It is a weird mechanical toy, known as "Tippoo's Tiger" which was captured by the British when Tipu Sultan

European. There are some barrels in imitation of an Organ, within the body of the Tiger, and a row of Keys of natural Notes. The sounds, produced by the Organ are intended to resemble the Cries of a person in distress intermixed with the roar of a Tiger. The machinery is so contrived that while the Organ is playing the hand of the European is often lifted up, to express his helplessness and deplorable condition." It has fascinated generations of visitors to the museum and to the old India House, where it had been at one time before it was broken up: it has interested scholars and has disturbed students reading in the library with its "shrieks and growls" and it had even made so deep an impression on the young and ailing Keats that he had allowed a few stanzas to it in his *The Cap and the Bells*.—"that little buzzing noise, comes from a plaything of the Emperor's choice, from a Man-Tiger-Organ, prettiest of his toys"



Drug-jar (albarello), painted in lustre and blue. Manises: middle of 15th century.

was defeated and killed in the battle of Seringapatam in 1799. It was even then regarded as a curiosity, worthy of detailed and rather crusty description in an official communication to the Directors of the East India Company. "This piece of mechanism represents a Royal Tiger in the act of devouring a prostrate

Now, Tipu Sultan is a legendary figure in Indian history for his stubborn and life-long resistance to the expansion of British power. One does not usually associate such a piece of macabre fantasy as the "Tiger" with a man of deeds, but it is certain that he had not merely commissioned its making but also taken great pleasure in possessing it. Mrs Mildred Archer has written in her monograph a very sympathetic and absorbing account of the circumstances which produced the "Tiger" which was surely no mere chance construction and in doing so she has chased many a ghost from history and has revealed much about Tipu—his fads and passions, his obsession with tigers and his unrelenting hatred of the infidel British and his tragic death in his own fortress on the Cauvery overlooking his proud city of Seringapatam. It is illustrated with some excellent photographs and reproductions of paintings of Tipu and his times.

The three books on pottery illustrate lovely specimens of the periods covered and belong to a series of small but excellent picture books made available by the Victoria and Albert Museum. Each one has a brief, informative introduction which describes techniques and traces influences and helps the reader to appreciate the specimens better.



### Contrasted Contests

**Stride Toward Freedom.** By Martin Luther King. (Victor Gollancz, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 16s.)

**The Black and Tans.** By Richard Bennett. (Edward Hulton, London, 21s.)

It is generally accepted that man's urge to fight for freedom, however variously interpreted, is universal. Many could go further and say that in this urge, if anywhere, lies the hope for the betterment of the human condition. Yet—and here is the ultimate irony of our animal humanity—just how many men, complacently "civilized", will give up for one moment the pursuit of immediate self-interest for the benefit of mankind?

We are all of us, all of us who would prefer to be more human than bestial, fortunate that Martin Luther King has the vision, love and energy to give himself to the service of man. We can now be thankful that he has disclosed in a short, simple and unsensational book an account of the campaign which he led in Montgomery, Alabama, against racial discrimination. The story of the bus boycott, exciting and moving and ultimately triumphant, is the central theme. But, for the general reader, the details of this are far less important than the overwhelming impression of the determination and courage, patience and restraint of the oppressed Negroes to win by peaceful means some of the rights and freedoms due to them. This is a book to inspire all who are hoping for freedom, in the Southern States and everywhere in the world, with the knowledge that strides forward are not only possible but most enduring when peaceful; and especially so when aided by the guidance and humility of men like Martin Luther King.

Mr Bennett's book about the Black and Tans tells of the most vicious and unpleasant and, by professed standards, unnecessary episode in the centuries-long struggle of the Irish people for freedom from English dominion. It is a string of reported incidents told in a journalistic way. So long after the events, it might have been hoped that Mr Bennett would be able to give the subject a historian's treatment and bring out the underlying causes of the terror and of the Black and Tans' influence upon it. If they were indeed no worse than the rest of us, why then did they behave as they did?

That every man does carry a knuckle-duster in his knapsack which he will use against his fellow-men whenever he is given a pretext has been amply proved in the last twenty years. Belsen, Hiroshima, and even this month's Calcutta riots are fine evidence. We would do well to study each occasion and every expression of this latent viciousness. We might learn to control the disease. We might then have no more Black and Tans. We might achieve our hopes for man, like Martin Luther King, in peace.

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## MEDICOS

**The Shadow Line** By Hans Killian. (Barrie, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 15s.)

**No Man Despairs** By Alan Mitchell. (Harrap, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 16s.)

Dr Killian, a well-known Continental surgeon, brings to his writing a dramatic (but never exaggerated) touch, and the lay reader will constantly be impressed by the essential loneliness of the surgeon upon whose skill, judgment and decision a human life may depend. The "shadow line" of the title, which must be crossed, is the moment when the young surgeon "stands for the first time at the operating table alone. He finds himself suddenly isolated as if in a tiny dark cell." Dr Killian's account of his own first operation makes a dramatic prologue to his story, which involves many people of many types. Here is a book of great human appeal.

Dr Mitchell, now a Harley Street specialist in plastic surgery, writes another kind of medical book. After youthful "flying doctor" and other practice in his native Australia, he wandered far and wide. He saw action with the Fleet Air Arm; did research with the RAF and the U.S. Army Air Force, and shared all the hazardous experiences of the airmen whose physical and psychological complexes he sought to understand. The experiences of D-Day and after turned his ambitions to surgical processes constructive rather than merely "destructive," as amputations and so forth in a sense are. Thus he came to plastic surgery, and having embarked on a totally new career found the release he required. Details of some of his operations (including some under hypnosis) should interest medical men particularly.



## MIND & MATTER

Mind and Matter. By Erwin Schrödinger. (Cambridge University Press, 13s 6d.)

A reprint of six lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1956 by the Professor of Physics at the University of Vienna makes pleasant and simple reading—deceptively simple. Professor Schrödinger's basic problem is to enquire into the kind of material process or processes which are directly associated with consciousness. It is usual to associate consciousness with a particular kind of physiological contraption, namely, a brain. But is a brain necessary to consciousness? Is it not possible for evolution to throw up a species in which consciousness is achieved by some means other than a brain?

These are highly speculative questions, and it is not easy to lay one's finger on any precise answers which Schrödinger has found to them. Nor is it easy to see how his answers to different questions can be brought together to give a coherent picture of the universe. His basic contention appears to be that consciousness arises whenever there is a new situation to which a stereotyped response is inappropriate; choice and conflict are the essence of consciousness. Secondly, in giving its picture of the universe, science inevitably leaves out everything that is specifically mental, namely sensuous qualities. It is hardly likely that these commonplace statements convey any profound discovery, but the reader will find some interesting things en route.



### CAESARISM

Power and Folly: the Story of the Caesars. By Ivar Lissner. (Cape, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 35s.).

"Let them hate me so long as they fear me" said Caligula, and "Would that the Roman people had a single neck!" (so that he might wring it). At least these witticisms are attributed to him by Suetonius, and they are in keeping with his character. In contrast to many modern historians Ivar Lissner treats the anecdotes of Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny, Dio Cassius and the rest almost as gospel, and so he has produced a volume of biographies of all the Caesars from Julius to Constantine which in many places reads like a pageant of Gothic horror.

However there were just as many "good" emperors, who remained comparatively uncorrupted by power, and they usually ruled longer. Vespasian had an attractive character and his jokes are less macabre than Caligula's. When his son Titus protested against the tax on urine (a valuable tanning agent) he held a coin under his nose and asked him "Does this smell?" and even on his deathbed he could exclaim "Dear me! I think I'm becoming a god!"

Nationalists in modern Europe have erected statues to their distant ancestors who rebelled against the Latins—the Germans to Arminius, the French to Vercingetorix, the British to Boudicca—but it is to the Roman Empire that they owe their Europeanism, the first historical concept to replace a nation by a continent. Ivar Lissner's fascinating, profusely-illustrated study is chiefly concerned with personalities.



## Fiction: Justinian And Others

- The Glittering Horn.** By Pierson Dixon. (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**Jupiter in the Chair.** By Ronald Fraser. (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**The Neon Halo.** By Jean-Louis Curtis. (Secker and Warburg, London, and Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**The Round House.** By Reginald Arkell. (Michael Joseph, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 13s 6d.)  
**Azael and the Children.** By Madelaine Duke. (Jonathan Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**A Glass of Blessings.** By Barbara Pym. (Jonathan, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)

"The Glittering Horn" is a fictionalized account of the reign of the Emperor Justinian told by one of his courtiers, Photius, a soldier who turns priest. It covers the same ground as Robert Graves's "Count Belisarius," the attempted reconquest of the Western Empire, the Nika revolt, the career of John of Cappadocia, and it is bound to suffer from the comparison. Inevitably the figure of most interest is Theodora, the circus prostitute who became Justinian's consort, but one is tempted to doubt whether she exerted quite as much influence on the course of history as she has since done on the minds of historical novelists. Still, she is an intriguing figure, the Byzantine period is much in fashion nowadays, and Mr Dixon's reconstruction is competent if not very distinguished.

From Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Uncle Tom Neptune and all a number of interplanetary delegates descend on an English country house, whose occupants include the Maharaja of Jellalabad, a Press Lord, a sub-Peacock Canon and Trout the Butler who narrates the "story." Soon without so much as a whiff of rocketry they are all spirited away to carry on a debate on the sorry state of Earth on the planet Venus, and finally they end up, for no very good reason, in the Maharaja's domains "on the borders of Tibet." There is no science in this windy and verbose fantasy but a faint sniff of Vedanta suggests why the "Times Literary Supplement" may have called its predecessor "a piece of highly imaginative science fiction." The best that this reviewer can say is that it is harmless; the worst, that it promises a sequel.

"The Neon Halo," on the other hand, is both entertaining and imaginative despite the fact that it has strong echoes both of "1984" and "Brave New World." In these stories of the world from 1995 onwards there are no test-tube babies, it is true, but there is widespread A.I.D. A decadent French aristocrat who becomes a "donor" soon finds that he has begotten 9,000 children by proxy, as it were. Russia and America are together preparing a preventive war against Asia with religious approval, and anti-social dissidents are sent to "Outer Darkness," an extermination camp in the middle of the Kalahari Desert. Perhaps the most horrifying story of all in its implications is that of a non-conformist Saint who is "converted" by a lobotomy operation, but many of the other happy conceptions—an Institute of Ideas, a Spartan marriage régime, and so on—run it close. It is good, bitter satire, and in places all too credible.

To Chris Brandon, a rising young advocate, "The Round House" with its quiet, rural surroundings seemed an ideal place to get away from the problems of his profession. But things turned out very differently and it was not long before he was caught up in the goings-on of the village and involved in a local cause célèbre. Mr Arkell's

characters are true to life and he succeeds entirely in capturing the atmosphere in this light-hearted account of village life.

The effect of Eoka terrorism on the minds of young people in Cyprus is the theme of Miss Duke's novel. A witness to the murder of his childhood friend Peter, now a young British officer, Aristos is torn between loyalty to his friend and loyalty to his country's fight for freedom. The boy's horror grows as he realises that Peter has been killed by his friends and that where there had once been trust and affection there was now only fear and suspicion.

The narrator of "A Glass of Blessings" is a young married woman bored with her stolid civil servant husband. She divides her time between pursuit of the brother of her greatest friend, who, despite a promising start, now drifts in and out of rather unsatisfactory jobs, and the safer interest provided by the nearby Anglo-Catholic church. The pros and cons of the celibate existence of the Priest and his two curates, the late flowering romance of Mary Beamish, a worthy church worker and the general parochial goings on provide her with much-needed diversion, while an unexpected rival saves her from getting too deeply involved with her young man. The characters are neatly drawn, and Miss Pym is a shrewd and entertaining writer.

## On Aristos

**The Later Churchill**  
**The Twilight of Mon**  
 Calcutta, 18s.)

JOHN Duke of M was the central figure of the first volume of the history of one of the great families of English families, the course Sir Winston Churchill's second is devoted to great architects of Alliances of their family, but many others have been brilliant in their The Great Duke was by his grandson, another and Sarah continued family in her autocratic After his death the by way of a variety of ters, spendthrift and glorious and sedate; it able how the character family kept in step with vailing mood of the c

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The other great American family was Winston's Jennie Jerome, a great and the wife of Randolph, whose career is one of the most tragic in British history. Intellectually Lord F was a Radical but he his life by choosing to inside the Conservative who had no more use. He was, according to M stone, one of the rare cases commit political suicide.

Always aware of the ability of his father, Churchill determined to his political defeat. This amply done in perhaps greatest career of British cal history. During the the mediocrities between wars Winston Churchill the wilderness until he called to the rescue of the try to straighten out the handed over by Chamberlain the man who in Lloyd George's opinion "would have made a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year".

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# On Aristocracy And Monarchy

The Later Churchills. By A. L. Rowse. (Macmillan, 35s.)  
The Twilight of Monarchy. By L. G. Pine. (Burke, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 18s.)

JOHN Duke of Marlborough was the central figure in the first volume of Mr Rowse's history of one of the greatest of English families, it is of course Sir Winston Churchill to whom the greater part of the second is devoted. These two great architects of the Grand Alliances of their time each combine the finer traits of the family, but many others have been brilliant in their own way. The Great Duke was succeeded by his grandson, another soldier, and Sarah continued to rule the family in her autocratic fashion. After his death the title passed by way of a variety of characters, spendthrift and wild, religious and sedate; it is remarkable how the characters of the family kept in step with the prevailing mood of the country.

The history of the family is of course tied up with the history of Blenheim Palace, and it was through the necessity of marrying wealth that the American influence entered the family. When Consuelo Vanderbilt arrived at Blenheim as 9th Duchess, it was made quite clear to her by the Dowager Duchess that her main duty was to produce an heir. After an embarrassing inspection of Consuelo's figure, and extending an ear trumpet, she came to the point. "Your first duty is to have a child and it must be a son because it would be intolerable to have that little upstart Winston become Duke."

The other great American in the family was Winston's mother Jennie Jerome, a great beauty and the wife of Randolph Churchill, whose career is one of the most tragic in British politics. Intellectually Lord Randolph was a Radical but he wasted his life by choosing to remain inside the Conservative Party, who had no more use for him. He was, according to Mr Gladstone, one of the rare cases who commit political suicide.

Always aware of the wasted ability of his father, Winston Churchill determined to avenge his political defeat. This he has amply done in perhaps the greatest career of British political history. During the time of the mediocrities between the wars Winston Churchill was in the wilderness until he was called to the rescue of the country to straighten out the mess handed over by Chamberlain, the man who in Lloyd George's opinion "would have made a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year". Many books have been written of the war years and Churchill's glorious career of leadership, but the résumé given by Mr Rowse makes a grand finale to the history of a family who have been concerned in the major epics of

English history for the last three and a half centuries.

Mr Pine is the editor of "Burke's Peerage" and there could hardly be a better person to write on the subject of monarchy. His book, however, although packed with information, some of it very interesting information, is just a little dull and the subject never really comes to life. There are still twenty-three royal families on their thrones throughout the world—ten in Europe, eleven in Asia and two in Africa. There are also semi-royal personages such as the Dalai Lama and the Pope, as well as potentates with greatly reduced powers such as the Sultan of Morocco, the Bey of Tunis, the King of Cambodia, the Queen of Tonga, and the Kabaka of Buganda. Mr Pine describes these various royalties in detail, giving great attention to the God-King of Japan, the Negus of Ethiopia who is said to have the longest pedigree in the world, the Dalai Lama, the Pope and the smaller monarchies of Thailand, Indo-China and the Near East.

It is obvious, however, that his greatest interest, and very naturally, is in the British monarchy. He asks the pertinent question, "Will there be a British monarchy in the 21st Century?" If he had asked this question in the days of the Hanoverian kings, the answer might easily have been in the negative. Bradlaugh later produced a mass of accusations against the ruling family in his astounding book on the House of Brunswick. For a time Queen Victoria was extremely unpopular and there can be little doubt that the incidents associated with the abdication of Edward VIII shook the great and ancient institution seriously. But Mr Pine believes that the monarchy may, and indeed, must continue.

There are many kinds of monarchies. For example, in Norway the throne is the result of a vote and the same thing has happened three times in Swedish history. The Church is a department of State, rather like a branch of the Civil Service, and no Norwegian or Swedish ecclesiastic could ever play the sinister part of the English Archbishops. The King or Queen of England reigns but does not rule. Mr Pine considers that it would be a good thing if they did a little more ruling. He would like to see the Queen sit in Cabinet with her Ministers as her predecessors used to do.



## LOST AT SEA

"The Admiralty Regrets". By C. E. T. Warren and James Benson. (Harrap, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 17s 6d.)

Twenty years ago the loss in Liverpool Bay of the British submarine *Thetis* claimed 99 lives of the 103 originally aboard. A great deal of time and labour has obviously been spent—and well spent—in reconstructing the tragedy; people directly concerned were interviewed in the attempt to establish the facts. It now seems that a vicious combination of circumstances helped to ensure that the drama—which at one time seemed likely to end happily with the rescue of the trapped men—should be played to a melancholy finale.

What is to be said, for instance, of those responsible for leaving HMS *Tedworth* with skilled divers aboard, with near-empty bunkers, so that she had to steam from Inveraray to Greenock in the Clyde Estuary to refuel, instead of heading straight for the scene of the accident? Why were her divers not hurried to *Thetis* instead of leaving them idle aboard their ship? There were other contributory factors too: the position of the sunken submarine for instance was given differently by eight sources, all working with the best will in the world.

To the scientific analysis of the accident must be added a heartening picture of a heroic skipper and others, striving to save as many lives as they could while the sands ran out. It was courage and devotion of a kind to be seen anew when the salvaged *Thetis* went to sea again as *Thunderbolt*, to give a valourous account of herself before falling victim to an Italian warship. There are many excellent photographs.

## Fiction:

Eating People Is Wrong. burg, London.  
The Loneliness of (W. H. Allen, London)  
From This Day For (15s.)

No Name in the Street. Allied Publishers

Somebody one day work out how many been influenced Amis's "Lucky Jim" the first in a series dealing with the frustrations dogging professors and students the circumscribed a provincial university is likely to quarrel of the book under ing people is del but nearly all the take nips out of The plot is inconceivable it hardly exists author contrives interesting situations scope for wit a genuine high consciousness intellectu colm Bradbury baked their own their own curtain as though they bread and baked tains". But all in ters are sad, hum at life but still ing. Even so ordinarily well the author may never bores.

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## ✓ Fiction: Angry But Amusing

**Eating People Is Wrong.** By Malcolm Bradbury. (Secker & Warburg, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 18s.)

**The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner.** By Alan Sillitoe. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 12s 6d.)

**From This Day Forward.** By Catherine Ross. (Jonathan Cape, 15s.)

**No Name in the Street.** By Gillian Tindall. (Cassell, London and Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 15s.)

Somebody one day is going to work out how many writers have been influenced by Kingsley Amis's "Lucky Jim". That was the first in a series of novels dealing with the problems and frustrations dogging the lives of professors and students living in the circumscribed atmosphere of a provincial university. Nobody is likely to quarrel with the title of the book under review. Eating people is definitely wrong, but nearly all the characters take nips out of one another. The plot is inconclusive: in fact it hardly exists at all but the author contrives a number of interesting situations which give scope for wit and at times genuine high comedy. Of a consciously intellectual couple, Malcolm Bradbury writes: "They baked their own bread and wove their own curtains, and it tasted as though they wove their own bread and baked their own curtains". But all in all the characters are sad, hurling themselves at life but still losing its meaning. Even so they are extraordinarily well done and though the author may exasperate, he never bores.

The English working class may be softening today, having never before had it so good, but Mr Sillitoe's portrayal of the milieu, to which he brings an inherited apprehension, pulls no punches. He "don't mind driving a nail head-first into a bloody long rigmarole of a story to tell" us what he means. The main theme of his nine stories is the helpless inarticulate pathetic rebellion of those who do not and would not belong, of those who will always be "outsiders." The title story concerns a Borstal boy, a good runner, who gets a bit of his own back on the "in-laws", represented by the Governor who has set his heart upon the Borstal Blue Riband Prize Cup For Long Distance Cross Country Running (All England), by taking a terrific lead and marking time until he is overtaken in full view of the grandstand. In his defiance the boy is heroic, but he is only human and can also be somewhat inclined to maudlin self-pity in the end. In another story a lonely aged upholsterer is helpless and can only seek oblivion in drink when suspicious law denies him normal human company. The best of the lot is probably the one about a postman who lets his wife go away, his heart having been weakened by much reading. Mr Sillitoe's style, raw and jerky, suits his theme.

Miss Ross's is a sensitive, often poignant, account of the first few months of marriage between an airline pilot and an inexperienced girl whose ideas about life have nothing in common with the realities taken for granted by other pilots' wives. Unfortunately for Anna the honeymoon is quickly followed by sudden and total immersion in the airline station background—where privacy is as limited as gossip and intri-

gue are the reverse. She learns what it is to be a "roster widow" and to suffer loneliness, misunderstanding and jealousy. Even Nick, her husband, becomes barely recognizable when he returns, aloof and fatigued, from journeys the other side of the world. Anna tries to adapt herself and, when this fails, makes a dash for freedom which brings somewhat surprising results. This is a promising first novel, treating as it does with almost clinical detachment a highly interesting and contemporary problem.

Gillian Tindall's is a first novel by a young writer of ability. The background is Paris, Paris as seen through the eyes of a young student at the Sorbonne who strays into the life of the Left Bank.

### WHEN IN ROME

**Dear Friends and Darling Romans.** By Mary Chamberlin. (Secker and Warburg, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 18s.)

The interest of well-heeled American memsahibs in the tribes of Europe is reminiscent of the pre-war attitude of some Europeans to Asia and Africa, a changing of rôles that must be both chastening and educative. Mrs Chamberlin's sphere of research is Italy and some idea of its nature is revealed in such chapter headings as "Amore" and "The Servant Problem." And since she had never before "tried sleeping sitting up" it may well be imagined that, while among the natives, she had to make many painful adjustments in her standard of living, so painful on her trip to Yugoslavia, in fact, that she cut it short within 24 hours.

A pity, for, as one has noticed before, discomfort often provides a traveller with his best literary material. But Mrs Chamberlin was preoccupied with comfort, apparently, and so her discoveries about the Italians boil down to just this: that they all conform to the national stereotype of being charming, amorous, and inefficient with machines. This book is like an éclair made without sugar; the blurb description that it is "beautifully written" must refer to the fact that the author often sacrifices sense to the effort to be witty, in a hard-boiled, Eve Ardenish sort of way.



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## Fiction: Well-meant Efforts

**The House at Adampur.** By Anand Lall. (Dennis Dobson, 15s.)  
**A Guest and His Going.** By P. H. Newby. (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta. 15s.)  
**The Run for Home.** By Leland Cooley. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta 18s.)  
**Dear and Glorious Physician.** By Taylor Caldwell. (Collins, 18s.)  
**Moses, Prince of Egypt.** By Howard Fast. (Methuen, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 16s.)  
**The Naked Trees.** By Tage Skou-Hansen. Trans. by Katherine John. (Cape, London, and W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 15s.)  
**The Drowning Stone.** By Hugh Fosburgh. (Cape, London, and Collins, 2s. 6d.)

The reader's wife and another is killed on a sabotage mission. The gaps between the sparse and rapid action sequences are filled with a great deal of talk about life and love, in an idiom that is jerky and unsatisfactory—which may or may not be the fault of the translator. It is the sort of novel one expects from an undergraduate, but the author is in his mid-thirties. Scandinavia, one feels, can do much better than this.

Logging country somewhere in the United States is the scene of Hugh Fosburgh's "backwoods thriller." A game warden is drawn into a man-hunt for a trapper, who is a friend of his, as the result of a shooting. The warden feels responsible for the man, he sees in him what he himself might have become, and at the end of the hunt he commits a symbolic action: an action that not only repeats something he has done in the Pacific war, but declares that at certain times a man must play God and fulfil divine rather than human justice. The background of forest and wild life is painted in simple, effective tones and the story convinces.

"Up, Periscope" (reprinted) is also good in its way. It is the story of an American submarine on a daredevil mission, landing on a lonely island an officer whose task it is to locate a Japanese wireless transmitting station and photograph a much-wanted code. A pleasantly-told tale, with all the swashbuckling in it that anybody could want.

## APPE-MEN

To the extent that youth dis-ly these values in youth. tution to inculcate systematic of our higher educational insti- is correct, it should be the task Indian traditions. If this view linquished as Indian culture and nothing left of what can be dis- in our history there should be criminatory, lest at some stage ces in these spheres must be dis- rowings" from extraneous sou- tional individuality, her "boys point of preserving India's na- Nevertheless, from the stand- nize no national boundaries knowledge and culture recog- has made the world kin and of transport and communication vanced countries. Development sources of knowledge and tech- such contacts with the culture the country can gain much from should be shunned. They, an all such contacts are bad and the outside world, much less th be shut out from contacts with mean that Indian youth shoul- This observation does n- ture is extremely limited. t- stitutes national values or cu- it university of what actually cor- end of a four-year stay at th- appreciation on their part at th- quently, the understanding an- possible not attempted. Conse- nnon to the student is neithe



## CHRISTIANITY

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William Nell's One  
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The Bible Book by Bo  
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## CHRISTIANITY

**Laughing in Heaven.** By H. C. Whitley (Hutchinson, 21s.)

**The Architectural Setting of Baptism.** By J. G. Davies (Barrie and Rockliff, 42s.)

**Latin Selections.** Edited by Moses Hadas and Thomas Suits. (Bantam Books, .95 cents.)

**William Neil's One Volume Bible Commentary.** (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.)

**The Bible Book by Book.** By Stephen Usherwood (Michael Joseph, 25s.)

**MINISTER of the High Kirk** of Edinburgh, St Giles' Cathedral, Dr Whitley is one of the best known of the Scottish clergy. Thoughtful readers will find his autobiographical fragment absorbing. The problem with which he has ceaselessly grappled is to restore the Church to its proper place in the lives of ordinary people; how well he did this is remembered in rough industrial Newark, where he had his first call. Some of his struggles with outdated conservatism are related; a few arouse wonder at their trivial origin, as when a row occurred over his wanting to describe his church as a parish church. The reader will learn something of the Church's attitude to industrial relations as expounded by a progressive mind, also the hardships that could be suffered by Army Chaplains.

The subject of dreary Church buildings is illustrated by the fate of many magnificent Western fonts at the hands of Victorian "restorers"; the reverse trend in ecclesiastical architecture is shown by the many inspiring modern examples described and illustrated by Professor Davies. His book is much more; it traces the history of baptismal architecture through the ages, relating it to beliefs and practices. Early in the last century in England, babes were often baptized at home in a yellow basin generally associated with the porridge or the "p" old and fine fonts of the 17th and 18th centuries were used for storing coffin ropes and so on. Religious revival changed that, and an ancient font, like the one at Lullington, Somerset, is prized. Curious and unedited inscriptions are usually associated with 17th and 18th century gravestones; but these curious words appear on an Essex font of 1718.

Good people all I pray take care  
That in ye church you doe not  
swear

As this man did  
A paperback, with the Latin from classical authors on one page and the English translation on the other, usefully gives a knowledge of Latin literature often not acquired at school. It can introduce the two Biblical commentaries because, besides giving the passage in which Tacitus' famous remark about Christianity occurs, it includes Pliny's letter to Trajan on the trials of Christians and the Emperor's reply.

Dr William Neil of Nottingham University has compressed within a reasonable compass learning that normally requires a much larger volume. The background to each book is set out and the text then expounded: the usefulness of this method is well seen in his handling of the Hebrews, which because of its theological content is to many people "probably one of the least familiar writings of the New Testament". Yet what magnificent passages it contains, passages that have influenced not only theology and liturgy but many well-known hymns! Mr Usherwood covers the ground more briefly. The most striking feature of the book is the full page illustrations.

## Fiction: National Backgrounds

**The Watchers and the Watched.** By Sid Chaplin. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s.)

**Two Ways In The World.** By Alaric Jacob. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.)

**The Silent People.** By Walter Macken. (Macmillan, 20s.)

**Monster Clough.** By Peter Ferguson. (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.)

**The Power and the Glory.** By Graham Greene. (Penguin, 3s 6d.)

**The Heart of the Matter.** (The same, 3s 6d.)

**The End of the Affair.** (The same, 3s 6d.)

**The Quiet American.** (The same, 3s 6d.)

**Our Man in Havana.** (The same, 3s 6d.)

**Nonsense Novels.** By Stephen Leacock. (Wilco Publishing House, Rs 2.)

CONTEMPORARY England as seen through the eyes of a "vernacular" writer: vivid is the word for Mr Chaplin's portrait of Tyneside people. His characters do not merely come alive: they take you by the hand and lead you right into their lives. Mr Chaplin has no pretensions other than to show you how his people live, and this he does with considerable warmth and gusto and a wealth of fine-ground detail. The novel revolves round "Tiger" Tim Mason and his struggle for fulfilment and maturity in a world increasingly cut-throat and friendless. Included are several pungent chapters on racial tension as topical as today's headlines.

The first, and not the only, casualty of the Cold War is truth; the second is the blunting of human sensibility. Mr Alaric Jacob is even more angry than Mr John Osborne with England for having lost her liberalism and socialism soon after the war, British thought having fired Marx in the first place. While not many will agree with his gloomy survey of the British scene not many will disagree that humanism is to be found in Russia despite all her political shortcomings and mistakes. His three protagonists—a man on the make, a novelist and a newspaperman—are never the same after a protracted stay in Moscow before and during the war. Disaster strikes their personal life and the only one to survive is the spiv. The other two belong to Coventry, where they are sent in no time at all. A most interesting and extremely well written controversial novel about the ideological Ishmaels of the modern age; but obviously its very publication refutes one of its implied criticisms of the world's most tolerant democracy.

Mr Macken goes back to the Ireland of Daniell O'Connell and the great potato famine, which gave considerable impetus to the emigration which Behan can complain about a century later. It is a warmly written novel, and, though by no means original, is impressive in a quiet way. This is because of the author's vigorous but never melodramatic prose. Eike Behan, its central character, Dualta Duane, is proud of his country and finds new hope no matter what setbacks.

Peter Ferguson's novel is the story of a misfit. While still at school, Simon Clough is warned by the chaplain that an urge to go it alone could, in time, turn a man into a monster. This philosophy is the basis of the book, and we see Simon, single-minded, individualistic, deservedly unpopular with his fellows, devoting his whole being to perfecting his prowess at athletics. Finally, as his peak is passed, he is left with nothing but emptiness ahead. This brilliant psychological study is the second book of a young writer.

The publication en bloc of five of Mr Greene's novels affords just the opportunity that the author himself so often takes advantage of: a drawing back from involvement in the strong tide

of his narrative and a look at the whole in perspective. "The Power and the Glory", first published in 1940, is the earliest of these five novels, and "Our Man in Havana" that modestly named "entertainment", the latest, in 1958. These 18 years have seen Mr Greene lose none of his craftsmanship but gain in the skill of displaying a firmly planted sincerity and a rare genius for telling a story.

The reprint of Professor Leacock's pleasant exercise in lunacy should prove a shot in the arm for the most jaded reader. All 5 c.c. shots, they pack at least 100 c.c. punch.



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## CATAclysm

The San Francisco Disaster. By M. Sutherland. (Barrie & Rockliff, London, Blackie, Calcutta, 18s.)

April 18, 1906, is a date remembered as marking one of the most fearful natural calamities to strike a city: the day the earthquake and monstrous fire ravaged San Francisco. It is estimated that the earthquake destroyed property worth \$20 million and that earthquake and fire together accounted for another \$400 million. Miss Sutherland's informative book recreates days of horror in rich detail, and offers much hitherto unrecorded evidence provided by old-timers who were victims of the tragedy and others who are able to recall tales they were told.

It is an impressive picture she draws of courage and resolute, of resource and self-sacrifice, of human baseness too at times. The book is enlivened by anecdote. Caruso was in the city on the day of the disaster; "instead of snatching up his clothes and valuables, he threw open his hotel window, and just to see that his voice was unaffected, let out what he afterwards said were the grandest notes he ever hit in his life. After that he hurried down and sat upon his valise in the middle of the street". Later he summed it up: "Give me Vesuvius".

Apart from the story of the earthquake and fire itself, Miss Sutherland writes in a scholarly way of early settlement in San Francisco; a wild, lawless, debauched terrain where search for wealth dominated, and moral values scarcely existed. That part of the book offers a diverting study of a localized aspect of American colonization, and there are a number of photographs that must be historic now.

## MATHEMATICS

The New Mathematics. By Irving Adler. (Dennis Dobson, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 18s.)

Defects which limit the usefulness of the system of natural numbers (the whole numbers used for counting) have caused mathematics, one of the oldest of the sciences, to expand into new areas of investigation. The mathematician now sees the number system as a complex of inter-related groups and through a penetrating analysis of the associative properties of these groups has evolved a new concept of number. The core of this book is the systematic construction of larger and larger number systems, using the natural number as a foundation, for the purpose of eliminating the defects of the ordinary number system.

The student of new mathematics is introduced to a variety of structures such as groups, rings, fields and vector spaces. Although these names are new and at first sound unfamiliar, they are closely related to such familiar things as addition and subtraction. The book is not a refresher course in high school mathematics and is recommended mainly to the specialist and to students in advanced mathematical courses. But although ideas are advanced the presentation is elementary and should provide enjoyment to anybody with a knowledge of high school algebra and geometry.

## REPRINTS

The Bible in Spain. By George Borrow. (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.)

G. K. Chesterton: Autobiography. (Arrow Books, 5s.)

A new edition of "The Bible in Spain", edited with an introduction by Peter Quennell, is in Macdonald's series of "Illustrated Classics" and is admirably printed and produced.

## Larger Than Life

Rafi Ahmad Kidwai. By Pran Nath Chopra. (Shiv Lal Agarwala, Agra, Rs 9.50)

Rafi Ahmad Kidwai was larger than life, generous to a fault, a friend more loyal than wise; at the same time a peerless party tactician who outwitted his smartest opponents—no hard feelings on his side. As an administrator, he has left behind a reputation which a long succession of Central Food Ministers has found impossible to live down. He made a controversial Communications Minister who has left us the "all-up" air mail service (pro) and the Own-Your-Telephone scheme (con). He displayed a healthy contempt for statistics. His beaming smile and catholic outlook illumined many stuffy Central Secretariat corridors and puritan echelons of the Congress Party.

Rafi, let us face it, was a great man with the contradictions of such. Nearly six years after his death we wonder whether it was his impish humour or a Machiavellian bent of mind (besides his loyalty to Mr Nehru) that made him walk out of the Congress and walk back into it, to be followed in either case by his unquestioning army of admirers. And what was his precise rôle in the dramatic events that led to Sheikh Abdullah's arrest and Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's rise? (Popular fancy has it that he "saved the day" for India.) Again, he often rocked the Congress organization: was it to shake it out of its complacency, or, like Puck, to watch some innocent fun?

One looks in vain for an answer to questions such as these in Dr Chopra's biography. A most rewarding and challenging assignment for any biographer has clearly eluded the grasp (and pen) of the writer. The pity of it is that, even before setting out to begin his labours, Dr Chopra has (in a preface) given up the unequal struggle, nevertheless proceeding to write 217 pages on the subject Mr U. N. Dhebar, in a foreword, has commended the work for leaving out the controversial aspects of Rafi Saheb's life. We hold the contrary view.

Dr Chopra's uncritical and rather naive catalogue of other people's opinions about a giant's life and work will distress those who loved Rafi Saheb, and respected him for what he was—a great man with human failings. More so because, in the process, the writer has sought to secure for himself the status of a "Rafian"—as the leader's friends were jocularly called—by self-illustrations, both in the form of photographs and in the body of the book.

## FOR JUNIORS

A Trio Breaks Covert. By Mary Garnett. (Harrap, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 6s 6d.)

Mary and Martin are ten-year old twins who live next door to a mink farm. One of the minks, Silver Flash, seems to be unhappy, so the twins secretly release her and she goes off to make her home in the river-bank. They watch her hunt trout, make a nest and rear her "kits" taking time off to do so from the lessons given by a very understanding private tutor. Finally they make up to their neighbours for their misbehaviour by raising the alarm when there is a night-raid by thieves for minks, as everyone knows, for minks, as everyone knows, are little animals.

## ON THE RUN

The Lonely Battle. By Desmond Wettern. (W. H. Allen, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 18s.)

When the Japanese shelled and sank the British gunboat Peterel in Shanghai, one of the survivors was Jim Cuming, who hid in the city for four years hunted, hungry and lonely. Mr Wettern writes simply yet vividly of his adventures. Cuming was befriended, at risk to themselves, by a Danish family, by Free French and White Russian friends, and was of assistance to British espionage. Better books have been written on such themes, but here is a tale of individual grit and determination.

## SAUCE

How to Make Chutneys, Pickles, Sauces and Ketchups. By Frances Carmichael. (Herbert Jenkins, London, D. B. Taraporevala, Bombay, Rs 1.75.)

Frances Carmichael's chutneys are concocted from apples, plums, peaches, bananas, gooseberries and such-like assorted fruit, aided by sugar and spice and the inevitable vinegar, "adding an occasional red chilli". The less jaded European palate might perhaps enthuse over the piquancy of these recipes but in India something more "terrid" than "an occasional red chilli" is usually demanded to follow the national dhal-bhat or dry chapatti down the throat.



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The Theory of  
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## ON THE COUCH

The Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique. By Karl Menninger. (Imago, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 25s.)

A very readable and clear presentation of the principles of psychoanalytic practice was written for students, there being very little literature on the subject. But there are many others who want to know what happens on the psychoanalyst's couch; for them going through the book should be profitable.

Briefly, therapeutic psychoanalysis has been presented as a contract in which one party engages another for assistance in changing himself. The obligation of the patient consists in making a continuous communication of his thoughts, memories, fantasies, dreams and emotional reactions. As he proceeds, there develops a mounting expectation that, as a result of all the information freely given, the analyst will respond with instruction or "verbal magic" which will relieve the suffering. The silence and abstemiousness of the analyst in the face of the expectation gives rise to such disappointment that the patient resorts to techniques and objectives characteristic of his childhood—which are the root of the trouble. After a period of resistance, and hostility to the analyst, there is a turn in the regression and the patient admits new facts, new understanding, into consciousness. With enlightenment the mature ego is able to deal with the unsolvable dilemmas of childhood.

Apparently the question of fees is very important. The patient must be made to feel he is sacrificing time and money, or will unconsciously delay the process.



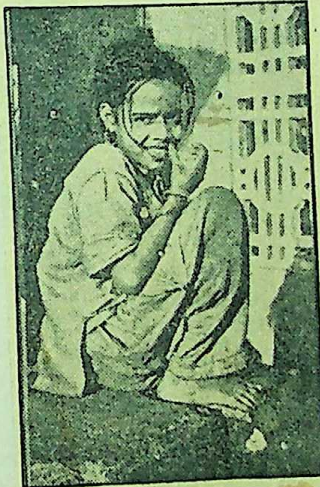
Sunshine of Hawaii.

## MAGIC EYE

Children of the World. By Sam Waagenaar. (André Deutsch, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 8s 6d.)

Children always make the most appealing photographs—provided they are sufficiently young—but the man who can tell most about the snags that can befall the photographer in getting the picture is Sam Waagenaar whose book "Children of the World" will charm all except the sour few who can't stand children.

Waagenaar has spent years photographing the young of all races in all countries in all postures and moods. The popularity of a photograph of a smiling Chinese boy gave him the idea and he found children universally photogenic from the melancholy young of Korea to the laughing faces of Laos and Thailand. He discovered the secret in what he describes as "the magic of their eyes which



A certain smile.

are never-ending sources of mystery." The photography, needless to say, is perfect, the contents overwhelmingly natural and the subjects anything from brimful of joy to peevish. Four understanding essays on children introduce the even more enlightening photographs.



## IN TWO

1918—The Last Act.

Allied Publishers.

Letters to T. E. Lawrence.

Cape, London.

The Alexander Memoirs.

(Cassell, London.)

A CRITICAL analysis of the war should only be written ten half a century after it has been fought, when emotions have long since subsided and the view of all those who took part in it has been put in the hands of the chairmen of the field. In this analysis, the war of 1914-18, also known as World War I, will emerge as a thoroughly inept piece of work. The trial for this inappropriate objective is slowly coming to be. Alan Clark in "The Keys" has already given the first year, when both sides threw themselves into the France where they were till almost the end. R. E. R. followed it with "Push", a push which went out in a few miles with killed and 35,000 wounded. The futility of the Somme, through 1916. Now B. in "1918" adds well-documented information concerning the fateful year, which brought a total of dead and injured nations up to 9,998,629,512.

By the beginning of other diversions, all other diversions had failed to victory and an Europe was watching the act of the drama which stuck to the Swiss Front. Allies, reinforced by a bunch of Americans, enthusiasm but empty experience, were grouped under Papa Foch. They were recovering slowly, near mutiny, while Pershing were both for authority. Foch's contribution to any new was to propound the phrase "Toujours l'attitude". The German side, on the other hand, advised by Tannenburg, was slowly throttled by the allies. Two kings, one on each side, both initially naval, were advising and while presidents and among the so-called jostling the generals intimately and otherwise.

The Germans were strike, but ground to some initial success by a lack of supplies. They were surprised than prepared was to follow, the enemy army disintegrated in their turn. They were weary walk across took them into Germany. The war was over. later the Reich was that her armed never been defeated. Seeckt, the ablest of them all, was to re-organize the evaporated force. European threat. Hitler, in 1918, an Austrian corporal, guard prisoners-of-war, a turn to greater confidence. He had undertaken with the same zeal. Berrie Pitt pres



# IN TWO WORLD WARS

**1918—The Last Act.** By Barrie Pitt. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 30s.)

**Letters to T. E. Lawrence.** Edited by A. W. Lawrence. Cape, London. D. Willis, Calcutta, 35s.)

**The Alexander Memoirs 1940-1945.** Edited by John North. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

A CRITICAL analysis of any war should only be written half a century after it has been fought, when emotion no longer tints the view and when all those who took part, either chairborne or in the field, have had their say. In this sort of analysis, the war of 1914-18, also known as World War I, will emerge as a thoroughly inept piece of work. The material for this appropriate adjective is slowly coming into being. Alan Clark in "The Donkeys" has already given us the first year, when both sides dug themselves into the mud of France where they were to stay till almost the end. R. B. Gardner followed it with "The Big Push", a push which petered out in a few miles with 10,000 killed and 35,000 wounded in the futility of the Somme, half way through 1916. Now Barrie Pitt in "1918" adds well-documented information concerning the last fateful year, which brought the total of dead and injured for all nations up to 9,998,771 and 6,295,512.

By the beginning of 1918 all other diversions, alarms and excursions had failed to achieve victory and an exhausted Europe was watching the last act of the drama which stretched stickily from the Channel Coast to the Swiss Frontier. The Allies, reinforced by a green bunch of Americans full of enthusiasm but empty of experience, were grouped uneasily under Papa Foch. The French were recovering slowly from a near mutiny, while Haig and Pershing were both scheming for authority. Foch's sole contribution to any new proposal was to propound parrotwise the phrase "Toujours l'attaque". On the German side an aging Hindenburg, advised by a Ludendorff who had lost the fire of Tannenberg, was slowly being throttled by the allied blockade. Two kings, one on each side and both initially naval persons, were advising and interfering, while presidents and politicians among the so-called Allies were jostling the generals both legitimately and otherwise.

The Germans were the first to strike, but ground to a halt after some initial successes, starved by a lack of supplies. More surprised than prepared for what was to follow, the Allies advanced in their turn to find the enemy army disintegrated. A weary walk across the Rhine took them into Germany and the war was over. Some years later the Reich was to claim that her armed forces had never been defeated, and von Seeckt, the ablest soldier of them all, was to reorganize this evaporated force into another European threat. Had he foreseen Hitler, in 1918 an obscure Austrian corporal guarding Russian prisoners-of-war awaiting return to greater confusion, would he have undertaken his task with the same zeal?

Barrie Pitt presents a vivid

picture of this dramatic final year, a picture made all the more authentic by its careful documentation and its wide coverage from the highest down to the only heroes, those who died in the trenches. The excellent photographs also will not encourage anyone who still believes that war is a legitimate continuation of policy by other means. One of the best books about World War I.

While the Western Front was mired down by mud and more mud, skirmishes in the Middle East were making and unmaking kingdoms, a process which like an intermittent volcano still seems to be spewing lava around. Out of these skirmishes emerged T. E. Lawrence, friend of Feisal, author and exhibitionist, a man who believed in hiding his light under the most transparent bushel he could find. Originally built up by Lowell Thomas as a journalistic scoop, Lawrence remained in the public eye for a number of years, later to be slowly denigrated into oblivion. "Letters to Lawrence", edited and published by his brother, is a filial attempt to restore a reputation.

The selected letters seem to fall into three main groups: those from old Middle Eastern hands, those from politicians and those from writers. The first group includes Gertrude Bell, the Doughtys, Feisal and Wavell. They are genuinely interested in Lawrence as a friend. The second group includes Churchill, Lloyd and Balfour, and they seem to be interested in Lawrence as a phenomenon. The third group, which is by far the largest, includes an impressive list from H. G. Wells and Shaw through John Buchan, Kipling, Sassoon and Yeats, to Conrad and Coward. They seem interested in Lawrence merely because it is necessary to be so and after all, with "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" he does join their egoistic, precarious profession. Unfortunately these letters as a whole better reveal the personality of the writers rather than of the recipient, but are interesting as a slightly dimmed mirror of the period. As a show of adrenalin to revive a reputation, the book scores a magpie rather than a bull. To the uninitiated this means 2 out of 4.

To turn from World War I to World War II. When it was first announced that Field Marshal Alexander was at last publishing his Memoirs, there was both excitement and apprehension. At last the real story was coming out and various myths, particularly the myth of Monty, were finally going to be resolved. The blurb outside has exploited this interest, but the inside is disappointing. First of all the book jumps irritatingly from scene to scene, following no particular sequence or chronology. The Desert is followed by Dunkirk, then Burma, then Italy. Secondly the Field Marshal and his collaborator, John North, have nothing particularly new in what they have to offer and are tritely discreet in its presentation. For example the verdict on Monty is "personal charm... unwise in taking all the credit to himself... opinionated... ambitious... great success as a commander... restless energy... travels round the world on missions... for which he is not suited at all... personally, I owe Monty a lot as we all do". Perhaps one expected too much.

## ON THE LAND

**Tropical Agriculture.** By Gordon Wrigley. (Taraporevala, Bombay, Rs. 34.)

**Agriculture in South India.** By P. A. Venkateswaran. (Ministry of Food and Agriculture, New Delhi, Rs. 7.50.)

**Agriculture in Hill Regions of North India.** By Padam Singh Jhina. (The same, Rs. 5.)

**Fruit Nursery Practices in India.** Compiled by L. Venkataratnam. (The same, Rs. 2.25.)

**Agricultural Workshop Equipment, Materials and Procedures.** By D. N. Kherdekar. (The same, Rs. 5.)

**Agriculture under Communism.** By Lord Walston. (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.)

"Tropical Agriculture" covers a wide range, being more concerned with Africa and the West Indies than India. However, its detailed studies of soils, manures and climate, and of crop protection against pests and diseases will be useful to agriculturists in all tropical countries.

"Agriculture in South India" pays particular attention to soils and manures. It also deals individually with all the most important of the wide range of crops grown in South India. The book on the North Indian Hill Regions is briefer but equally to the point. It has a useful chapter on irrigation, drainage and terracing. The one on Fruit Nursery Practices is a symposium concerned almost entirely with methods of propagation. A very necessary subject amply explained with illustrations, but hardly enough to justify the title. Workshops both for training village artisans and for producing the necessary equipment are widely needed. Mr Kherdekar gives brief practical accounts of both implements and manufacturing processes, with a wide range of photographic plates.

A book concerned with the social and political conditions of agriculture is by no means anti-Communist. The author, himself a farmer, discusses both the advantages and disadvantages of large-scale farming. He also traces the historical context. He points out, however, that agriculture may improve as much or more under private as under State ownership. In this connexion he compares postwar developments in East and West Germany.



# About C

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# About Communism & Socialism

**China's Population.** By S Chandrasekhar. (Hongkong University Press, and Oxford University Press, HK \$4.00.)

Communist China's recent noisy clumsiness in South Asia comes close on her Big Leap Forward in various fields and the still bigger leaps of her population growth in the last decade. It is ridiculous to talk seriously of Lebensraum in the atomic age. China's massive economic reconstruction programme seems to need all the population that she has at the moment. But "a net annual addition equivalent to the population of two Australias" is a serious enough matter. Yet this would hardly have aroused a quiescent India's anxiety had not 53,000 sq. miles of her territory been suddenly claimed by China.

This handy book paraphrases two Chinese official handouts published in 1954 on the conclusion of the all-China population census. The census took a year and the procedure quoted at length by the author leaves one in some doubt about the technique. Technically, the census had many flaws. But what China really needed on the eve of her economic programme was a nose-count in village and town and not demographic refinements. (Some nations, oddly enough, prefer demographic refinements to economic programmes.) Characteristically of China's practical and logical mind, this enormous administrative feat, together with the elections, became at once a symbol of China's unity and central power. The author has recorded some statistics on births, deaths and infant mortality which suggest an astonishing degree of competent registration. If vital statistics sustain this degree of accuracy, the next census of China will certainly satisfy the fastidious demographer.

While Krotevitch and Taeuber are more objective, the prejudices that the author's flesh is heir to find their way in superfluous adverbs and adjectives and the inconsequential conclusion. But the central facts are lucidly made to stand out hard and clear, 588 million in mainland China in 1953 and an estimate of 673 million in 1958, crude birth and death rates of 40 and 10 in 1953 and 46 and 6 in 1957 in Shanghai city, an all-China death rate of 17 in 1953 and 11 in 1957, a maximum infant mortality rate of 87 (Harbin) for any of nine principal cities in 1952, and a corresponding rate of only 44 (Chang Chun) in 1956, a rural infant mortality rate of 110 in 1955.

**The Long Road.** By Arthur E. Morgan. (Navajivan, Ahmedabad, Rs 2.)

**Nazism and Social Change in Germany.** By Surindar Suri. (Firma, K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta, Rs 2.)

**Democratic Socialism.** By Asoka Mehta. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, Rupa, Calcutta, Rs 2.)

Social reformers usually fall into two, both transparently false, schools of Confucius and Marx. Confucius held that, if you reform men's characters, social conditions will improve automatically. Marx that, if you reform social conditions, men's characters will improve automatically. Mr Morgan tends to the side of Confucius. It is not only his great success as a practical man (he was chairman of the T.V.A.) that gives his books success in America, but an intense idealism. In the present book, now reprinted with an introduction specially written for the Indian edition, he urges the formation of small groups (neighbourhood, professional, or other) to combat the various kinds of corruption, inefficiency and oppression that vitiate modern life. It has been known to work in America; where, however, the most used view is that the probe is worse than the racket.

In appearance a rather unprepossessing little study of Nazism turns out on reading to be able and well written. The main theme is that Germany became modernized from the industrial viewpoint while retaining a pre-industrial social and political system, and that Nazism was the bourgeois revolution which swept the old order away. Post-war West Germany is the heir to this revolution and has nothing to fear from either the old authoritarian classes or socialist movements, both of which Nazism destroyed. This view, though obvious nonsense, stimulates thought.

Mr Mehta's study of democratic socialism began in 1950 as a series of lectures; too little has been done to bring it up to date. Soviet rejection of the Stalin myth should at last have been noted.



## Places & People

The Middle Passage. By Rupa. Calcutta, 25s.)

The Early Years of Alec Two Lives. By Peter M.

MR Waugh reacted enthrallingly to the beauty and predictable frenzies of the Indies, but he is only a visitor. Mr Naipaul has cast his joint from inside. He sits skulk beneath the skin and derlines the comic predicaments of the black, white, and Indians, with unpathos. He has revisited Caribbean and produced something more than a travelogue. His rich, larger than life, racial characters from the British Guiana, Surinam, Guianique and Jamaica, tell more than social or political history ever could.

He suggests the ethnography of a people, vigorous but flawed by modernity, uncreative and generous at home, having only hero in the external materialistic and irresponsible condition for which colonialism alone cannot be blamed. He is delightfully irreverent, suspects Mrs Jagan of Colette in bed. Of Dr Jagan says, "he seems to be moving continually from repose to repose". In Surinam nationalists hope to Dutch with Negro English sweet simplicity of which he found in a brilliant fiction.

A self-acknowledged writer, Mr Alec Waugh has his claim to knack of narrative in recollections of his years. His father was managing director of a firm which published Dickens, and himself was to introduce public his brother Evelyn's man Douglas, Oliver Onions, Ford Madox Ford. His hood was happy and his of Flanders and life as of war, far from "the b

## Fiction: On

The World They Wanted. 30s.)

The Flames of Art. By P. Record of John. Christop Harvest-Home Come Sund 15s.)

The Feud. By Amelia Be Place Mill. By Barbara Doctor of Blue Valley. 35c.)

State Fair. By Phil Stor Hell is for Heroes. By C Good Bye, Ava. By Rich

MR Kastle is deeply concerned with the spirit of man. He insists that his characters have difficulties and lems to surmount. There is one in this book who fighting a battle—within himself or herself as well as with the outside world. One result of a happy one, is that the has developed a rugged, muscular prose style highly satisfying.

Alberta Wheeler, the English heroine of "The of Art", remains unaware of her artistic genius until she Then a chance sketch and desultory tuition from her bring her fame and acclaim. The setting is Paris. An artistic career is supposed free from the usual domestic but in the domestic field has her problem. How to man who is prepared to with her whims and be to play second fiddle genius? Neatly told, but emerges as rather irksome not entirely credible.



## Places & People In Retrospect

**The Middle Passage.** By V. S. Naipaul. (André Deutsch, London, Rupa, Calcutta, 25s.)

**The Early Years of Alec Waugh.** (Cassell, 30s.)

**Two Lives.** By Peter Marshall. (Hutchinson, 16s.)

MR Waugh reacted enthusiastically to the beauty and unpredictable frenzies of the West Indies, but he is only an outsider. Mr Naipaul has cased the joint from inside. He sees the skull beneath the skin and underlines the comic predicament of the black, white, coloured and Indians, with unstated pathos. He has revisited the Caribbean and produced something more than a travelogue. His rich, larger than life, multi-racial characters from Trinidad, British Guiana, Surinam, Martinique and Jamaica, tell more than social or political tracts ever could.

He suggests the ethos of a people, vigorous but flawed by modernity, uncreative and ungenerous at home, having their only hero in the cricketer, materialistic and irresponsible, a condition for which colonialism alone cannot be blamed. He is delightfully irreverent. He suspects Mrs Jagan of reading Colette in bed. Of Dr Jagan he says, "he seems to be able to move continually from passion to repose". In Surinam the nationalists hope to replace Dutch with Negro English, the sweet simplicity of which is to be found in a brilliant quotation.

A self-acknowledged "minor writer", Mr Alec Waugh proves his claim to knack of narrative in recollections of his first 32 years. His father was managing director of a firm which had published Dickens, and Alec himself was to introduce to the public his brother Evelyn, Norman Douglas, Oliver Onions and Ford Madox Ford. His childhood was happy, and his account of Flanders and life as prisoner of war, far from "the bannered

broidery, that covers crime and calls it 'history', seems sensitive and honest even to a sensibility blunted by subsequent wars. Soon after the war, he gave up his job in publishing, which was then shedding its staidness and taking to publicity, and travelled to Tahiti, the West Indies and the States to find the experience which had eluded him in his early disastrous marriage.

A victim of polio at the age of 18, Mr Marshall has written of his "Two Lives", before and after. He did not have a great deal to build his second life on, as only his left arm escaped paralysis. Through his story runs a fierce determination to become a writer, not just an invalid in a wheel chair.

### SCIENCE

**Science and Progress.** By P. C. Chaudhuri. (Mrs D. Chaudhuri, Delhi, Rs 6.)

**Physics for You and Me.** By Wilhelm H. Westphal. (Harapp, 15s.)

**The Science Myth.** By Magnus Pyke. (John Murray, 18s.)

Mr Chaudhuri tells us what is wrong with scientific progress in India, of much of which the public is aware, but the Government apathetic or worse. He makes a powerful plea for greater resources for research.

"Physics for You and Me" is really for junior school children or for anyone with a superficial curiosity. Hot soup, creaking door hinges, raw and boiled eggs, such questions.

My Pyke attacks science and its achievements, but the hard things he has to say apply really to what we have made of science. It is unfair and inexact to blame the invention of television for the soap advertisements.

Miss Bean knows how to tell a story. She has chosen a conventional western theme—a range war—and has made an exciting, readable and intelligent story of it. She builds her novel round an actual bit of Arizona's history. There is plenty of rough stuff and many killings (we learn with surprise from the author's note that she actually left out a few), and the characters are fairly well drawn.

Katherine adored her elder brother Nicholas but he never paid much attention to her. After the defection of his father from the Royalist cause, Nicholas leaves home to prove at least his own worth to the King. He returns in difficult circumstances and subsequent events show him that Katherine was no longer an insignificant little sister. Barbara Softly handles a thin theme with enough finesse to give her characters some life.

"Doctor of Blue Valley" is a pleasant romance with a dash of intrigue thrown in. It is about a young lady doctor, Barbara Davies, and the two men in her life: the man she shared her Blue Valley practice with, Dr Richard Blake, and John Lowton, a recluse because of his physical disability.

The annual State Fair was something everyone looked forward to, most of all the Frake family; especially with Abel Frake's boar competing for the

best hog, and his wife Melissa's pickles competing in the cooking section. But this time the State Fair had in store something more than usual for Wayne, their son, and Margy, their daughter. Phil Stong's book is a picture of some likeable Americans.

"Hell is for Heroes" is a fairly well-written realistic story of American soldiers plugging a gap against a German advance, of the behaviour of men and the futility of war.

Richard Bissell's hero Frank's dream girl was Ava Gardner. But this did not deter him in his activities with the other sex. In spite of being the main character Frank fails to make as much of an impression as his friend, Clive Valentine.

## Fiction: On Personal Problems

**The World They Wanted.** By Herbert D. Kastle. (W. H. Allen, 30s.)

**The Flames of Art.** By Peter de Polnay. (W. H. Allen, 18s.)

**Record of John.** Christopher Woodforde. (Dent, 15s.)

**Harvest-Home Come Sunday.** By Ursula Bloom. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

**The Feud.** By Amelia Bean. (André Deutsch, 16s.)

**Place Mill.** By Barbara Softly. (Macmillan, 13s 6d.)

**Doctor of Blue Valley.** By Francis Dean Hannock. (Bantam, 35c.)

**State Fair.** By Phil Stong. (Bantam, 40c.)

**Hell is for Heroes.** By Curt Anders. (Bantam, 40c.)

**Good Bye, Ava.** By Richard Bissell. (Bantam, 60c.)

MR Kastle is deeply concerned with the spirit of man. He insists that his characters have difficulties and problems to surmount. There is no one in this book who is not fighting a battle—within himself or herself as well as with the outside world. One result, and a happy one, is that the author has developed a rugged and muscular prose style that is highly satisfying.

Alberta Wheeler, the scrawny English heroine of "The Flames of Art", remains unaware of her artistic genius until she is 27. Then a chance sketch and some desultory tuition from her lover bring her fame and acclamation. The setting is Paris. Alberta's artistic career is surprisingly free from the usual doldrums but in the domestic field she has her problem. How to find a man who is prepared to put up with her whims and be content to play second fiddle to her genius? Neatly told, but Alberta emerges as rather irksome and not entirely credible.

Mr Woodforde's story of a few months in the life of a 16-year-old grammar school boy is simplicity itself. John Wretton, artistic, solitary and indifferent to his exceptional ability at games, moves quietly through his pleasant suburban environment till his death in a street accident.

During "Harvest-Home Come Sunday, sinister village undercurrents are revealed. Henry, whose chief concern has been to snatch honours for the best vegetable exhibits from his hated brother, is suddenly disturbed to discover his gay widowed daughter showing an interest in a flashy young man. Daphne, a woman novelist, is jolted out of the tranquility of her second marriage by the first husband, who comes with intent to blackmail her. The normally amiable Rector despatches him with an effective piece of counter-blackmail.



## Fiction: A

Before My Time. By N  
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The Banderillas. By I  
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On the Rocks. By Rich  
Another Country. By J  
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The Sign of the Four. I  
His Last Bow. By Arthu

NICCOLO Tucci is a writer whose first published nearly ten years won him literary acclaim comes his mammoth work 600 pages—"Before My Time." The story is about a rich Russian woman who travels through Europe at the end of the 19th Century. She moves about with an entourage of relatives, hangers-on, servants. Hotels have to moderate the furniture arrangements from one of her before she will take up residence. She behaves like a woman with a portable palace. A woman of tyrannical strength, she can destroy as well as create. The daughter's story, that of emotional entanglement with a young, idealistic doctor, is shadowy and secondary to her quest for novelty and in

To translate is in itself difficult, but to make a translated novel retain its work language-wise is one of the tasks of all. Of course, if the task, then the translator finished at the start. With empathy between author and translator, little can be achieved. Mochtar Lubis, who appeared the first time in English in form, is admirably served by his translator, Claire Holt. The first paragraph one reads that, yes, this is how they and talk in Djakarta.

"Twilight in Djakarta" is a thoughtful and timely novel that depicts with great clarity the insight the pitfalls facing the young people of the present Asian nations. But it is only his scenes of corrupt high places that impress: is clearly an author who understands the Little People writes best when he writes them, or rather, for their outspoken, and apparently accurate, is he that he has been in prison without trial since mid-1961. His is the first novel to appear in a series, "Voices in Translation," issued in association with the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

If Lubis's work is darkly magnificent, Miss Monesi's is gloriously dull. Ultra-Gallic in color—the slow fading away of the nothingness of a love complicated by homosexual undertones—it is probably read at a closed and select reception. In the original, perhaps it might have had some merit. In translation, it is virtually non-existent and symbolism becomes heavy. Only in ideas does the work impress—but ideas unsupported by narrative strength do not make a good novel.

Strikingly different is AKA, a hilarious romp. With an believably light touch, he



## Fiction: Assorted foreigners

**Before My Time.** By Niccolo Tucci, (Jonathan Cape, 25s.)  
**Twilight In Djakarta.** By Mochtar Lubis. (Hutchinson, 21s.)  
**The Banderillas.** By Irene Monesi. (Peter Owen, 18s.)  
**Do You Believe In Angels?** By John Einar Aberg. (Hutchinson, 18s.)  
**On the Rocks.** By Richard Cavendish. (Heinemann, 18s.)  
**Another Country.** By James Baldwin. (Michael Joseph, 25s.)  
**The Gilded Ruie.** By Michael Sheldon. (Hutchinson, 16s.)  
**The Sign of the Four.** By Arthur Conan Doyle. (Murray, 3s 6d.)  
**His Last Bow.** By Arthur Conan Doyle. (The same, 3s 6d.)

NICCOLO Tucci is an Italian writer whose first novel, published nearly ten years ago, won him literary acclaim. Now comes his mammoth work—over 600 pages—"Before My Time". The story is about a fantastically rich Russian woman and her travels through Europe at the end of the 19th Century. She moves about with an entourage of relatives, hangers-on and servants. Hotels have to accommodate the furniture and trappings from one of her homes before she will take up residence. She behaves like a queen with a portable palace. A figure of tyrannical strength, she exercises indiscriminate power that can destroy as well as sustain. The daughter's story, that of an emotional entanglement with a young, idealistic doctor, is as shadowy and secondary as she is herself to the older woman's quest for novelty and intrigue.

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Strikingly different is Aberg's hilarious romp. With an unbelievably light touch, he describes

the adventures of an innocent plunged by Mother into the cold world of business. If brevity is the soul of wit, pace must be the soul of humour. This Swedish author understands both precisely—and so does his translator, Ian Tate.

"On the Rocks" is a pleasant, light hearted account of life in New York's Bohemia. Philip Wellard, a young Englishman in search of change, gets a job in a small private detective agency. His first client is a harassed executive in a stockbrokers' who suspects his wife's adultery with a beatnik poet but has no proof. Conscious of his amateur status, Wellard searches for evidence with bulldog determination and in doing so meets a weird collection of Americans, unearths quite a few skeletons and himself becomes romantically involved.

In his third novel Mr Baldwin, an American Negro, seems to have taken all the woes of his community on to his shoulders. The scene is New York, throbbing and bursting with life: the theme is love black, white, homosexual, heterosexual and invariably doomed. "Another Country" is a passionate novel in every sense of the word. But, for all the author's vehemence, energy and talent, his characters seldom come really alive; there is no doubt, however, that his *cri de coeur* rings with sincerity and the problems, both social and political, that he puts forward are very real.

The world of public relations is a good setting for an excellent first novel by Michael Sheldon. An immigrant to Canada from the old country, Peter Ferris lands a job in the Information Department of a famous bank. The department is run by an exotic character, Warren Sproule. He is a man with a mission: he spends his life trying to identify himself with the image—helpfully paternal—as he sees it. He takes his mission so seriously as to involve himself in the lives of his staff. Peter, however, is an independent thinker and, soon after their initial friendship, they clash. The well-thought-out story then moves inexorably to a stunning dénouement.

Available now in paperback form are two Conan Doyle reprints—one full-length Sherlock Holmes novel and the other offering eight stories dealing with the exploits of the detective. In themselves interesting as ever, they also offer entertaining contrast between the leisurely technique of crime literature in Conan Doyle's day and the quick-fire stuff so dear to the modern reader. Also an unexpectedly correct title for the first.

## RELIGION

**Swami Vivekananda: Rousing Call to Hindu Nation.** Compiled by Eknath Ranade. (Swastika Prakashan, Rs 2.)

**Patriot Saint: Vivekananda.** Edited by Tarini Sankar Chakravorty. (Swami Vivekananda Birth Centenary Celebrations Committee, Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Allahabad, Re 1.)

**Pearls of Wisdom.** By D. S. Sarma. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs 2.)

**Chandogya Upanisad: Samkhya Point of View.** By Anima Sen Gupta. (The author, P. O. Patna University, Rs 3.)

**Sri Bhagavatam.** Edited by A. C. Bhaktivedanta. Vol. 1. (Universal Book Distributors, Rs 16.)

**Voice of the Self.** By Swami Nityananda. (P. Ramanath Pai, 8, Hanumantha Rao Road, Madras-14, Rs 2.)

**Indian Culture and Religious Thought.** By M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar. (University of Calcutta, price not stated.)

**Comparative Studies in Philosophy (Eastern and Western), Part 1. Analogous Systems.** By Anadi Kumar Lahiri. (The author, 9/1/1, Arpuli Lane, Calcutta-12, Rs 5.)

**Stories of King Madana Kama.** Retold by V. A. K. Ayer. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs 2.)

**War Without Violence.** By Krishnalal Shridharani. (The same, Rs 2.)

The first of two books is a compilation from the writings and speeches of Swami Vivekananda, the second a symposium, partly by contemporaries describing aspects or periods of his life, partly by later admirers. The former, as the title shows, draws upon his appeals to Indians to stand up and be worthy of their heritage. They show what a keen mind and what ardent enthusiasm he had. Although conditions have changed considerably, it is surprising how modern many of them still are. The latter contains both instructive articles and little known photographs.

Prof Sarma's "Pearls of Wisdom" are verses from the Upanishads and the Bhagavadgita arranged in chapters according to subject, each chapter with a brief introduction.

While admitting that the Upanishads are primarily advaitic, Dr Sen Gupta sees the germ of Advaitin in their postulation of Prakriti and the gunas. Where the Advaitin sees Prakriti as mere manifestation of Purusha, she prefers to stress the prakriti-consciousness.

Swami Bhaktivedanta's translation of the first canto of Sri-mad Bhagavatam is accompanied by Sanskrit text and verse-by-verse commentary in not very good English.

There is much wisdom in the sayings of the late Swami Nityananda, here collected under the title "Voice of the Self", confused and ungainly though they often are. The translation is not felicitous.

Ashutosh Mookerjee dedicated a lectureship at Calcutta University in memory of Upanishads and the Bhagavadgita arranged in chapters according to subject, each chapter with a brief introduction.

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## fiction: War, Pe

the Patriot. By Evan Conne  
 ill Me Another Morning. B  
 16s.)

the Morning and the Evening  
 Joseph 16s.)

you are Mine. By Camilla C

the Rising Sea. By Michael

the Open Gate. By Christine

or Promised Joy. By Carol

the Prison Life of Harris F

and Spottiswoode 16s.)

the Garden. By Katherin Pe

nurse with Two Loves. By P

11s 6d.)

the Gilded Lily. By Erle Star

o with a Splendid Heart. B

THE Patriot" is an extreme  
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"You are Mine" is a  
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## Fiction: War, Peace And Between

*The Patriot*. By Evan Connell. (Heinemann, 18s.)  
*Call Me Another Morning*. By Zdena Berger. (Michael Joseph, 16s.)  
*The Morning and the Evening*. By Joan Williams. (Michael Joseph, 16s.)  
*You are Mine*. By Camilla Carlson. (Heinemann, 15s.)  
*The Rising Sea*. By Michael Hastings. (Macdonald, 15s.)  
*The Open Gate*. By Christine Pullein-Thompson. (Burge, 9s 6d.)  
*For Promised Joy*. By Carol Brooke. (Hurst and Blackett, 11s 6d.)  
*The Prison Life of Harris Filmore*. By Jack Richardson. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.)  
*The Garden*. By Katherin Perutz. (Heinemann 13s 6d.)  
*Course with Two Loves*. By Phyllis Martin. (Hurst and Blackett 11s 6d.)  
*The Gilded Lily*. By Erle Stanley Gardner. (Heinemann, 13s 6d.)  
*Go with a Splendid Heart*. By Robin Cranford. (Jarrolds 18s.)

**T**HE *Patriot* is an extremely good American novel of the last war which, unlike many others, does not rely on foul language and sex for its entertainment value. The hero, Melvin Isaacs, is a 17-year-old cadet in the Naval Air Force. During the arduous training (which is vividly described) Melvin proves to be one of those unfortunates who is always getting into trouble—often through no fault of his own. As the course reaches a close Melvin balks at the prospect of having to take another man's life, even if he is the enemy, and exchanges the glitter of wings for the bell bottoms of an ordinary seaman. The war over, he seems doomed to continue along the same ineffectual road. He studies Art instead of Law, which infuriates his already despairing father, marries and ends up reading gas meters. But even a worm may turn and finally Melvin exchanges mediocrity for rebellion.

Of all the stories to come out of the last war those of life in Concentration Camps are among the most depressing. Zdena Berger's account of a young girl's life in German concentration camps is based on her own personal experience. Tania is fourteen when she and her family are removed from their home to start the long and terrible trek from camp to camp. Eventually Tania alone survives the appalling hardships. This is a horrifying record of human brutality. It is also a record of how a young girl managed to retain her dignity, integrity and will to live even when there seemed to be no reason for living.

Set in a small town in Mississippi, "The Morning and the Evening" is a simple, moving, tale about a middle-aged man who has been dumb since birth. Jake lives with his mother and within his very limited capabilities helps her to run their small holding. When she dies Jake is left to the mercies of the generally well meaning but inept townsfolk who do not understand him. Their blundering efforts to help him lead to a tragic outcome. The author handles what could have been an embarrassing theme with great skill. Her portrait of the gently simple mute is a remarkable achievement.

"You are Mine" is a first novel by a young Norwegian author. Helen Bredegaard was only 16 when she gave birth to a son. Her horrified parents refused to allow her to keep the child and forced her to sign the adoption papers. Miss Carlson tells the story of Helen's search, 13 years later, for the son she adores and has barely seen, and in a series of flashbacks, the ordeal of her pregnancy. It is extremely well done without a trace of mawkish sentiment. The author is particularly deft with her picture of the puritanical parents who are prepared to sacrifice their daughter's happiness rather than risk their reputation.

Mr Hastings leaves out none of the usual ingredients in his new tale of adventure. Tropical island background, a discontented European wife, clandestine meetings on palm fringed beaches, mysterious cults and uprisings among the Polynesians and the dedicated but disillusioned missionary, are all there. He makes it plausible and moderately exciting and, as human passions rise, Nature lays on a splendid tidal wave to provide a fitting climax.

"The Open Gate" is a sequel to an earlier book, "The Empty Field", yet may be read as a story by itself. Seven friends with the common bond of enthusiasm for a riding school get together again for their summer vacation. But their plans are spoiled as on the very first day they discover the havoc wrought by a gang of motor-bike fiends. The tracking down and capture is well told, while the seven main characters do their part valiantly throughout. They are not all very good, nor all very brave, but all very true to life.

Fiona was an adopted sister but to Laura she was better than a real sister. Fiona was self centred and vindictive, but it wasn't till she had nearly wrecked Laura's new-found happiness that the other was willing to admit this. To have every personable young man within reach seemed Fiona's aim, in spite of having a loving husband; but it was this which led to her tragedy. As romances go, "For Promised Joy" is pleasant reading.

Harris Filmore was the President of a Bank, convicted for a crime which he committed with the best of intentions. Yet, once convicted, he accepts his sentence with resignation and proceeds to Audton gaol. The story deals mainly with his adjustment there; so well in fact does he eventually fit in that, when he is let out again, he leaves with the firm intention

of returning as soon as possible. And as we reach the fitting finale we agree with the gleeful satisfaction which accompanies this aim. Something to be said for life in prison after all!

Two years in an exclusive, expensive girls college in New England: "The Garden" has a look at life in such a place. Rules, morals, discipline, everything is slack. Teenaged girls get drunk, spend the night out with barely known boys, girls form curious attachments for other girls—all people from the best and richest families possible. Yet in spite of all this the book possesses an inexplicable charm. Perhaps it is the youthful naïveté of the narrator, Kathy, a seventeen year old intellectual. She observes it all, even engages in some of it herself, but intrinsically seems to remain unsullied and untouched.

we have two cousins Cheril and Naomi. Cheril has loved the boy next door, Griff Beresford, all her life, and he apparently loves Naomi; but this feeling is not reciprocated, for Naomi loves someone else. Misunderstandings, heartaches, further ramifications follow before it is all straightened out, as foreseen. How nice, if you get that far.

Ann Roann Bedford had a criminal record—it was over nothing serious really; yet if the magazines got hold of it they could make it seem really ugly. So when Stewart Bedford, very much in love with his wife, and well able to afford the loss of a few thousand dollars, was approached it was not difficult to make him the victim of blackmail. But who is the real blackmailer? Were the blonde and the ever-so-apologetic Binney Denham cover-ups? And if so, was this mysterious Delbert the real brain? To complicate matters Denham gets murdered, and the police book Bedford for the murder. Here Perry Mason steps in to work out the angles of the "Gilded Lily".

Robin Cranford's new novel has a South African setting. The Stratten family, left an inheritance, leave the safe and familiar surroundings of England to make a new home in Natal. We get to see the controversial problems of the Union through their eyes. Henry and Sarah Stratten's dealings and difficulties with their native servants; Penny's association with the courageous but narrow-minded and bigoted Boers; Keith's love for an Indian girl, forbidden by the hated Mixed-Marriages Act. The author leaves us to judge and pass the final verdict for ourselves.

## TWO PROS

*A Victorian in Orbit*. By Cedric Hardwicke. (Methuen, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 25s.)

*What a Performance!* By Constance Tomkinson. (Michael Joseph, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 18s.)

Born a Victorian and always allegedly retaining the Victorian outlook on the theatre, Sir Cedric wishes that the days of the old actor-manager had not altogether departed and that modern actors had the ability of their forbears to appear to the world larger than life. An extremely witty autobiography will interest particularly those who are keen on the stage, as valuable advice on acting technique is tucked away in the many amusing anecdotes, particularly about his great friend Bernard Shaw. Shaw once told Sir Cedric: "You are my fifth favourite actor, the other four being the Marx Brothers".

Miss Tomkinson never achieved stardom in the theatrical world, but has written a gay and pleasant piece of autobiography. The daughter of a Canadian Minister, she was determined on arrival in New York to set the theatrical world on fire. She found, however, that to study and learn the method of Stanislavsky was by no means a passport to finding employment in America during the depression. To keep herself fed and clothed she was obliged to take up any job that was available, and that was how she found herself as a dancing teacher, night club dancer and a member of a theatrical party employed by a holiday camp





THAT'S

**The Legacy of Him**  
Brown. (Mac

**Y**OU have to be Indian, Englishman, but you can't be American. You can't live the way of life. Hungarian. Dr Edward Teller, American citizen in age of 33. He has since known as the Father of the Hydrogen Bomb. Stephen Potter at the gate up man makes it clear cannot take all the blame quite all of it anyway. de Hoffman had accepted Teller's idea in but would not joint report, holding that it was his own idea rather than the counted.

The story of the perhaps the most part of the book for tions. "I am convinced of Oppenheimer's lent their moral su USA would have s years from the time country to develop bomb..." "Why s the current?" asks You can't put the You shouldn't try t self snowballing do the brink. Safety ca with escalation. M difference between military progress, D his damndest to s of a limited nuclear American mass. I ment, human life and moral issues point is made that the test moratoriu nuclear testing sho been or be stopped and U-2 are conve looked. According gers of fall-out hav generated even as Hiroshima—did n people die in one n in a fire-bomb ra goes so far as to a one Japanese Fukuryu Maru, w the Bikini test of hepatitis. "which m unrelated to p osure" He asse poisoning of the e phere is within "permissible dose". explain what rig America or Franc mit" any dose to

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## THAT'S TELLING 'EM

**The Legacy of Hiroshima.** By Edward Teller with Allen Brown. (Macmillan, 30s.)

**Y**OU have to be born an Indian, Englishman or German, but you can become an American. You can attain to a way of life. Hungarian physicist Dr Edward Teller became an American citizen in 1941 at the age of 33. He has since become known as the Father of the Hydrogen Bomb. Leaving Stephen Potter at the gate, this one-up man makes it clear that he cannot take all the credit—not quite all of it anyway. Frederic de Hoffman had actually projected Teller's idea into a design, but would not jointly sign the report, holding that the suggestion rather than the execution counted.

The story of the H-bomb is perhaps the most interesting part of the book for its revelations. "I am convinced... if men of Oppenheimer's stature had lent their moral support... the USA would have shaved four years from the time it took this country to develop a super bomb..." "Why swim against the current?" asks Dr Teller. You can't put the clock back. You shouldn't try to stop yourself snowballing down towards the brink. Safety can be ensured with escalation. Making little difference between scientific and military progress, Dr Teller tries his damndest to sell the idea of a limited nuclear war to the American mass. In the argument, human life is devalued and moral issues shirked. The point is made that Russia broke the test moratorium and so nuclear testing should not have been or be stopped. Camp David and U-2 are conveniently overlooked. According to him, dangers of fall-out have been exaggerated even as the sin of Hiroshima—did not as many people die in one night in Tokyo in a fire-bomb raid? Dr Teller goes so far as to argue that the one Japanese fisherman of Fukuryu Maru, who died after the Bikini test of 1954, died of hepatitis, "which may have been unrelated to radiation exposure." He asserts that the poisoning of the earth's atmosphere is within "the maximum permissible dose." He does not explain what right Russia or America or France has to "permit" any dose to humanity.

With all the specious logic of Madison Avenue, he pleads that fall-out radiation is much smaller than natural background radiation from drinking water, bricks in brick houses and luminous dials of time machines. As for mutation, did you not know that one simple cause is the increase in temperature of the reproductive organs, and that "our custom of dressing men in trousers causes at least a hundred times as many mutations as present fall-out levels"? There should be no disarmament either, because Dr Teller holds that "historically there is no clear evidence that disarmament will ensure peace".

That there is no clear historical evidence that armament ensures peace or that a limited

nuclear war will stay limited does not prevent Dr Teller from calling upon the American people to change their way of thinking about nuclear weapons and war. Stop washing your hands for the guilt of Hiroshima, he says; and save the stability and peace of the world from Communism. Yet according to the eloquent Dr Teller the consequences of scientific discoveries are the responsibility of the people. The world would perhaps be safer if scientists stuck to science and did not straddle the soap box as well.

## HOPEFUL TRAVEL

**Meteor out of Africa.** By Peggy Hervey Jackson. (Cassell, London, Allied Publishers, Calcutta, 35s.)

**Small Boat to Bavaria.** By Roger Pilkington. (Macmillan, 28s.)

Armchair travellers, even if not greatly interested in history, will be pleased by Mrs Jackson's account of her travels in Africa with her husband; the general notion being to cover anew the route followed by Stanley on his historic search for Dr Livingstone. Their task was far from easy and involved a considerable volume of patient research among old records and maps, and personal inquiry among aged inhabitants. Even with all the resources available to the modern traveller, their 1,000-mile journey was far from comfortably completed. The author brings to her narrative unusual observation of topography, flora and fauna and local mores; at the same time, calling to her aid evidence available from old records, she produces a sympathetic study of Stanley himself, about whom many opinions exist. There is an interesting map showing the route followed by Stanley, and a number of good illustrations.

In Mr Pilkington's record of his voyage by motor-barge along the Rivers Neckar and Main, as with his previous books on travel along European waterways, he again shows himself a competent reporter not only on immediate events but on a variety of subjects—history, legend, folklore, and such things, all told with humour and delicacy of touch. Pleasant little drawings, too, by Richard Knight.

## CATS 'IN CLOVER

**Cats in Clover.** By May Eustace. (Michael Joseph, London, W. D. Willis, Calcutta, 12s. 6d.)

Mrs Eustace is a respected British breeder of Siamese cats, known on television too. She offers a study in tarn tender, humorous and, when necessary, sternly realistic. The serious breeder will profit, and the casual cat-lover will discover unexpectedly human traits of feline character. The many photographs by Brian Eustace are of a quality that might convert the most resolute allourophobe.



## SEMPER FIDELIS

**Women and Children First!** By Jean-Jacques Sempé. (Perpetua Books, 21s.)

The cartoons of Jean-Jacques Sempé, who makes his début in book form, have a cosmopolitan flavour despite the fact that they are basically Gallic—or is it that good humour is universal? At any rate, it is this that gives him much of his appeal as a recorder of the funny side of life. Subscribers to Punch will no doubt have noticed his drawings appearing there with some regularity.

In this collection Sempé attacks nobody. He gets his fun out of the more human foibles of homo sapiens, and out of situations rather than characters. A typical cartoon shows Father being soothed by three youthful violinists while Son advances to present his school report. Sempé excels in the serial-cartoon. This form has been abused by some cartoonists who cannot compress their ideas into a single "frame". But with Sempé every drawing in the serial is given meticulous attention and serves to make delivery of the punch-line in the final cartoon all the more enjoyable. His is undoubtedly a fresh and joyous spirit.





# Reliving

By ASHWINI BHATNAGAR

FESTIVALS have become a fashion. Almost every week one hears of the holding of government sponsored festivals, one performing art or the other, each varying in variety—from desert festival to the festivals of temple dances. The trend for the festival was set by the Khajuraho festival, now over a decade old. In its second year is the Vrindavan festival, Sharad Utsav. Like Khajuraho, it is a festival of temple dances. Unlike, however, the utsav is celebrating both a legend and a living faith.

The legend of Krishna and Radha has been a perennial source of inspiration for the arts. Whether in music, painting or in dance, the legend is intrinsically woven into complex patterns of luxuriant life. Lord Krishna as a prankster, a lover, a king, philosopher and finally an incarnation has moved devotees all over India but around the world. Combining the two aspects which encompass the 16 *kalas* of personality, Krishna has brought to the spiritual side of the arts, the need of the person to express himself on a multi-dimensional plane in harmony with the celestial music—*murlī dhun*.

The richness of the music is amply displayed at the three-day Sharad Utsav in Vrindavan on October 27, 29 and 30. The setting for the festival could not have been more appropriate for it was here, the land to which Krishna belonged. It is here that he performed his *leelas* to illustrate that god belongs to all and all belong to the god. The magic of Krishna still lives and even a casual visitor to this *dev bhoomi* cannot be but moved by it.

The festival which coincides with Sharad purnima, the night on which a full moon is closest to earth, has been aptly timed with a religious belief. According to the legend, Krishna performed his *maha ras* in the bowers of Vrindavan on this night. It is still believed fervently that Lord comes to Vrindavan to perform the leela under a rainbow moon. Thousands of devotees from all over the country come for their annual tryst with their god. Bhakti, kirtans and the continuous chanting of 'Radhe, Radhe' make the *Krishna maya*. The effect is similar to the misty, cool full moonlight on a day who has been sunburnt earlier in the day.

It is, therefore, no wonder that a very large portion of the audience at the festival comprised not only officials but sadhus, fakirs, satsangis and devotees who had come to Vrindavan on this auspicious occasion. About 8,000 to 10,000 people watched Krishna's leelas every night on the open lawns of Jaipur terrace. Its massive gateway, intricately carved, served as an impressive backdrop to the stage. A living faith in the life and deeds of Krishna pervaded the performance of the legend which has been handed down from generation to the next.

The setting for the dances was such that Begum Abida Ahmed, MP, and wife of the late President Fakhruddin Ahmed, remarked that it looked unreal. "It is hard to believe that the gateway and the two neem trees are not stage set," she said. "Even the moon appears so big so close that it looks more like a stage prop than natural," she added.

In such a setting, it is but obvious that Sanjukta Panigrahi's performance had a dream like quality. This current first lady of Odissi has a creeper like quality, like the p



# Reliving the Krishna legend

By ASHWINI BHATNAGAR

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The legend of Krishna and Radha has been a perennial source of inspiration for the arts. Whether it is in music, painting or in dance, the legend is intrinsically woven in complex patterns of luxuriant hues. Lord Krishna as a prankster, lover, king, philosopher and finally as god incarnate has moved devotees not only in India but around the world. Combining the two aspects which encompass the 16 *kalas* of personality, Krishna has brought to the fore the spiritual side of the arts. The need of the person to express himself on a multi-dimensional plane in harmony with the celestial music of life—*murli dhun*.

The richness of the muse was amply displayed at the three-day Sharad Utsav in Vrindavan on October 27, 29 and 30. The setting for the festival could not have been more appropriate for it was held in the land to which Krishna belonged. It is here that he performed his *raas leelas* to illustrate that god belongs to all and all and all belong to the god. The magic of Krishna still holds sway and even a casual visitor to this *dev bhoomi* cannot be but moved by it.

The festival which coincides with Sharad purnima, the night on which a full moon is closest to earth, has been aptly timed with a religious belief. According to the legend, Krishna performed his *maha raas* in the bowers of Vrindavan on this day. It is still believed fervently that the Lord comes to Vrindavan to perform the leela under a radiant moon. Thousands of devotees from all over the country come for this annual tryst with their god. Bhajans, kirtans and the continuous chanting of 'Radhe, Radhe' make the *Krishna-maya*. The effect is similar to the misty, cool full moonlight on one who has been sunburnt earlier in the day.

It is, therefore, no wonder that a very large portion of the audience at the festival comprised not of officials but sadhus, fakirs, satsangis and devotees who had come to Vrindavan on this auspicious occasion. About 8,000 to 10,000 persons watched Krishna's leelas everyday on the open lawns of Jaipur temple. Its massive gateway, intricately carved, served as an impressive backdrop to the stage. A living faith in the life and deeds of Krishna pervaded the performance of the legend which has been handed down from one generation to the next.

The setting for the dances was such that Begum Abida Ahmed, MP, and wife of the late President Fakhruddin Ahmed, remarked that it looked unreal. "It is hard to believe that the gateway and the two big neem trees are not stage set", she said. "Even the moon appears to be so big so close that it looks more like a stage prop than natural", she added.

In such a setting, it is but obvious that Sanjukta Panigrahi's performance had a dream like quality. This current first lady of Odissi has a creeper like quality, like the plant

she is tentative at first, gently probing the atmosphere around her and then quickly growing to cover the facade of the audiences' mood with the lushness of her art. Her art grows more luxuriant with the passing of each moment. Starting with the traditional piece of invocation, Mangalacharan, Sanjukta warmed up to a *pallavi* which is a pure dance item showing the profile of Odissi and its statuesque grace. It was followed up by the abhinaya of a Surdas pada, and another *pallavi* in raag Bageshwari. Dashavatar and *moksha* marked the climax of her performance.

Like always, Sanjukta was in her elements. Despite being on the wrong side of the 40's, she displayed uncanny control over footwork and remarkable facial mobility in rendering the *abhinaya Moksha*, the last piece, showed the dancer going far and beyond till she becomes one with the almighty. The pure dance finale reflected the mood of the dance—dancing with gay abandon, drunk on the *bhakti* of the Lord.

In sharp contrast to the classical style was the rendering of the Krishna *maha raas* by Swami Hargovind and party in the typical Braj form. Five chapters in the Bhagavat Purana are devoted to raas. The *Raasleela* of Braj is the most important because it is here that innumerable legends of Krishna's life have been danced in an unbroken tradition since the 16th century. The *nityaraas* with which the *raasleela* commences is of great significance as it has a strong affinity, with today's kathak. The devotional music that follows includes *dhruvadis*, *keertans*, *ashtapadis* etc. Stories from the rich Vaishnava tradition and literature are danced and enacted with lucid gestures and abhinaya.

Though the style lacks the finesse of the classical forms, it is characterised by the directness of approach and an earthy quality. The unsophisticated rendering in the local dialect makes it particularly

## Dance

endearing not only to the Braj vasis but even to a casual spectator.

Swami Hargovind's troupe rendered the episode in which Krishna defeats Madana who had challenged him to a fight and then joins Radha and the gopis fulfil his Sharad Purnima promise of dancing with them under the full moon. Krishna disappears when he sees that the Gopis have become proud of being his dance partners. In anguish, Gopis relive his leelas and are cleansed of their pride. Krishna joins them and performs the *mayur nritya*. The simple tale was lucidly narrated and performed by artistes none of whom were more than 14-year-old. It was a creditable performance by all accounts and deserves state encouragement.

The diversities of rendering the theme of Krishna leela were again on display on October 29 when three distinctively distant styles were presented. The heritage of Kerala was put forth through Mohini Attam, the far east was represented by Manipuri *maha raas* while the heart of India was represented by the highly sophisticated kathak dance form.

Dexterous Bhaarti Sivaji and her nubile daughter, Vijayalakshmi, kept the audience spellbound with the near extinct yet extremely well crafted form of Mohini Attam.

Vijayalakshmi, both in her solo item showing a sakhii playing ball and in a pure invocation duet with her mother, amply demonstrated that she is all set to take over as reigning queen of Mohini Attam from her mother.

The progressive Artistes Laboratory, Imphal, presented Manipuri *maharaas*. It recounted the same story which Swamy Hargovind's troupe had done on the inaugural night. However, in this form a new dimension of aesthetics has been incorporated making it pleasing not only to the eye but also to the finer senses. The dance is performed in the typical temple style complete with puja and honouring of the artistes. The dance is still lone in Govindji temple in Imphal.

London-based Pratap and his wife Priya Pawar rounded off the evening with a kathak performance. Priya's grace, artistry and lucid abhinaya and Prataps command over footwork, made the day for dance lovers.

The curtain went down on the festival on October 30 but not before four scintillating performances had been staged before an enthralled audience. It was also the evening which saw an experiment in classical dance and the unique Charkula nritya, a native of Braj which has never been performed outside from select villages.

Bharatnatyam exponent, Saroja Vaidyanathan along with her troupe presented an experiment in the classical form. Four young danseuses troupe danced through the opening notes in unison before three of them formed a tableaux depicting scenes from Krishna's life while the fourth danced to the rhythm provided by musical composition of notes. It was a pure dance item expertly handled by Saroja and executed by youngsters Maitheli, Geeta, Prerna and Sangeeta.

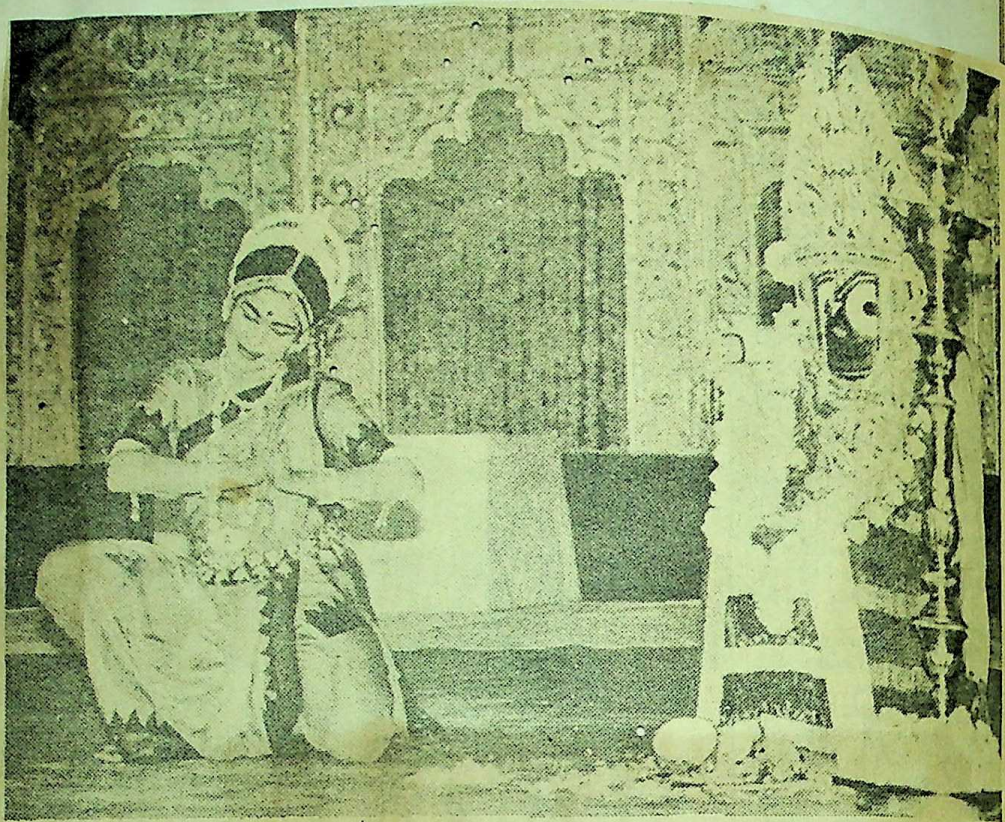
Another interesting piece was the *charkula nritya* a folk tradition from Braj. To the accompaniment of nagara, kartals, chimtaas and dhols, a woman dances with a load of one and a half maunds on her head. The load is a charkula which is a huge wooden frame fitted with iron loops in which are placed hundreds of lighted diyas (earthen lamps). Three to four men lift the charkula and place it on the head of a Braj maiden who starts her effortless dance steps while holding two brass lotas with lighted lamps in her hands. The songs gather momentum with the dance and one by one a number of women perform this acrobatic dance.

Contrasted with the rural form were the professional handling of Geetopadesh by International Centre for Kathakali Delhi and Krishna Leela by Natya Ballet Centre, Delhi. Both the groups have sharpened their performance to the point of perfection.

Though programmes were scheduled for October 31 also, they were cancelled post haste on directive from the government. The officials, it appeared, had forgotten that Mrs Indira Gandhi's death anniversary fell on the date. The items were accommodated on October 30 itself.

The festival was organised by the UP cultural affairs and tourism departments. While the former spared no effort to organise the meet efficiently, tourism department officials were conspicuous by their absence. They also made no special effort to divert tourist traffic going to the Taj for Sharad Purnima and contented themselves with only party funding the function.





Sanyukta Panigrahi at a dance performance during the dance festival in Vrindavan.

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# Poverty, Chastity and Obedience

By Zenka Bartek

Against All Reason. By Geoffrey Moorhouse. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 3gns.)

GEOFFREY MOORHOUSE has chosen both an apt and an imaginative title for his history of religious orders, "Against All Reason." It is the kind of phrase that would sum up most people's reaction to the idea of anybody joining an order nowadays, although what is against reason has for all of us its own magic in other ways.

We feel perhaps that what attracts people to the contemplative life lies in qualities which most of us could not, nor would not, aspire to. Mr. Moorhouse, being primarily a top-grade journalist, has treated the whole subject as a special assignment and taken great care in his prodigious assembly of facts. On occasion we get too much detail: he refers to a library as having 100,000 volumes, 400 MSS and 792 incunabula.

But the advantage of a fact-finding mission is that we also get the tit-bits of history: the legend of Benedict who started it all 1,400 years ago after leaping into a bed of nettles one night because he was so ashamed of his capacity for erotic love; or the 18th-century habit of the nobility who liked to keep a tame hermit in their grounds, no doubt as a status symbol, less showy and noisy than peacocks. (Hermits, paradoxically, have always managed to be courted by the world

from the moment they announce they are shunning it; no hermit worth his salt has lived and died unnoticed.)

This book has been dedicated to the Little Brothers and Sisters of Jesus in the Taizé community, a Protestant order now working in Burgundy which Mr. Moorhouse feels is nearer the spirit of the early founders than any of the well-known Roman Catholic orders, however severe. What makes this book so valuable is just this direct link with the past which enables the direction and development of the various religious orders to be seen so clearly.

Mr. Moorhouse has followed up the Vatican Council's decree of 1965 for the revision of religious orders because he is so concerned about their place in our society. He has listed some very interesting reactions. The Dominicans, for example, decided to adopt modern research techniques and sent out an enormous questionnaire to their members asking how they thought the order should be adapted to the 20th century.

Mr. Moorhouse makes the dry observation that a question requiring no more than five lines of reply without proof, or 15 lines with, had already had "several hefty volumes" written on that very subject. What place in fact is there for those whose framework for living is bounded by the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and whose life-work is prayer? And what kind of people are they who will accept such a life? Mr. Moorhouse does not attempt to answer these questions, but provides more than sufficient material for thought, and allows the postulants to speak for themselves. As one nun explained:

It a candidate for the religious life has had first-hand experience of sexual love in its fullness it would be far truer to say that the call to the religious life is the completion of the human experience. In my own case I was engaged. We both realised there was a call from God not to abandon our love for each other but to take it into the most complete form of dedication of which we were capable.

While it is not unknown for there to be transcendental moments in any love affair of depth, the strength of character needed to make that dedication is certainly not given to many, even if there is some logic in not carrying over a supreme human love into the everyday, domestic world.

A number of the monks confess to feeling that a capacity for love is what is all important, and perhaps the most moving story is that of a homosexual Benedictine monk who writes:

...a human love which had for years divided me against myself now comes newly alive at the centre of my life as a growing point, carrying with it a wholly new certainty, a wholly new sense of oneness with everything and everybody. All the classical, monastic doctrines now take on a new fullness of meaning.

It is surely a compliment of the highest degree that Mr. Moorhouse should have been able to elicit such intimate, personal statements from those whose contact with the outside world has always been minimal. These extracts from the chapter on "Vocation" are pointers to the way in which the whole book has been written, with concern and the wish to understand.



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# **CHURCHILL, MAN OF DESTINY**

By H. D. Ziman

Churchill: Four Faces and the Man. By A. J. P. Taylor, Robert Rhodes James, J. H. Plumb, Basil Liddell Hart and Anthony Storr. (Allan Lane The Penguin Press 30s.)

PERHAPS all that ludicrous and rather shaming controversy about Churchill plotting the assassination of Gen. Sikorski has, after all, served a purpose. It may induce a generation dissatisfied with its elders' valuation of Churchill as a hero to investigate what he was really like.

Those of us who, with good reason, look back on him with gratitude cannot expect our successors' views to be similarly coloured. They may still recognise Churchill as the greatest Englishman since the Duke of Wellington without taking any kinder view of his political career.

We had last year a volume of intimate portraits of him by some of those who were close subordinates during and after the second world war. Anyone who ignorantly wonders whether there may not be some truth, after all, in the allegation about Sikorski's death ought to read that book — called "Action This Day" — and then reflect whether the man shown there was so impersonally concentrated on victory at all costs that treachery to an ally would be taken naturally in his stride.

Now a group of cooler and more distant admirers, who expose Churchill's faults at least as plainly as his virtues, have contributed to a new symposium called "Churchill: Four Faces and the Man." A. J. P. Taylor first examines Churchill as a statesman. Robert Rhodes James deals more systematically with his political career, J. H. Plumb with Churchill the historian. Sir Basil Liddell Hart considers Churchill as a military strategist, and Dr. Anthony Storr, a psychiatrist who never met Churchill, with "the Man."

Between them they bring out the complexity of Churchill's personality. It is well, for instance, to remind readers accustomed to regard him as a consistent upholder of Imperialism and military strength that his first impact on politics was made as a rebellious Conservative attacking Army estimates who went on as a Liberal Minister to propound self-Government for the defeated Boers. Churchill himself was unlikely to answer the accusation of warmongering by recalling his readiness up to 1909, and again at intervals between the wars, to cut down expenditure on the Navy.

The vigour with which he took up causes that experience led him to discard was one of the reasons why he aroused so much public distrust. But it was emotion, more often than calculation, that entrapped him, and he could be obstinate, as about India and the Abdication, when a greater sensitivity to current opinion might have controlled his impetuosity. As Mr. Taylor emphasises, Churchill was never a conventional backbencher or an obedient member of a political party. He was an erratic individual, driven forward by wilful ambition and self-confidence.

Certainly he is known to have shared at times the general belief that his career had turned out a failure, but he must more often have been sustained by a contrary faith that he was the Man of Destiny, whose time would come. It did indeed come, and his countrymen suddenly discovered in him the indomitable expression of their national will.

Sir Basil Liddell Hart, who finds unsuspected merits in Churchill's two interventions in the Low Countries in 1914, must be unique in underestimating the effect on British morale in 1940 of Churchill's speeches. One may accept his criticism of the initiative taken in that year off the coast of Norway and the expedition later sent to Greece. Indeed, there is hardly any decision taken by Churchill during the second world war that hindsight cannot query. The fact remains that we won the war under his leadership, and there is no other man whom one can imagine as a substitute.

As a historian of his own times, Churchill is unique among modern statesmen. In his narratives one finds a warmth that one would look for in vain in his only possible rival, Gen. de Gaulle. There is, moreover, a majestic sweep in the presentation of the Churchill war histories that covers with its authority some careful manipulation of the material.

But he was by no means a historian of his own time alone. The most interesting observation in Prof. Plumb's article — at least to the non-historian — is his suggestion that Churchill's study of the past for his "Maiden Voyage" and the more workaday "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" was an essential qualification for his wartime leadership.

There was, he says, "a constant dialogue between Churchill and the nation, in which the past was constantly invoked to fortify the present. And yet he was using a past which died with the war."

As Man of Destiny, one might say, he had played the principal role in the greatest historic drama of the century. No quite suitable part for him was to be found on the post-war stage, though he still insisted on appearing. In the present era of political farces he would have been singularly out of place.

ENDLESS controversy has surrounded the loss of the White Star liner Titanic, with 1,502 lives, after collision with an iceberg on the North Atlantic run in 1912. Geoffrey Marcus's "The Maiden Voyage" (Allen & Unwin, 50s) is the most thorough probe into documentary and eye-witness evidence to date.

The full truth, he admits, is never likely to be known, but he has no doubt that ships' warnings of ice and bergs ahead were not properly heeded, and a vital one was actually shelved by the wireless operator. To keep to sched.



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# RAMSAY MACDONALD: A FRIEND OF INDIA

## BRITAIN'S FIRST LABOUR P.M. DIED A DISILLUSIONED MAN

By B. SHIVA RAO

**T**WO men stand out in British public life for a strange destiny that seemed to link their careers closely with the problem of India.

One was Edwin Montagu, with an attachment to India almost amounting to a passion. In a short, brilliant but stormy career, Montagu had the satisfaction of planting India firmly on the road to responsible government in the middle of World War I. He had a vision of a unified and free India in a distant future, with provinces and princely States welded together into a federal structure. The vision came true and much sooner than he had dared to hope, though many years after his death.

Ramsay MacDonald came on the political scene, soon after Montagu's inglorious eclipse, with the advantage of an intimate knowledge of India's administrative needs and her political limitations. As a member of the Royal Commission on Public Services (with Gokhale as a colleague), he learnt much that proved to be of value later. He was able, as Prime Minister, to make the first British Labour Government in 1924, to make a bold declaration on India's ultimate destiny in the Commonwealth.

His Government's tenure was brief and precarious, less than six months. But in that short period MacDonald committed the Government to a far-reaching policy statement on India: "Dominion status for India is the idea and the ideal of the Labour Government". In the following year, the Labour Party, by that time out of office, was more explicit in the resolution adopted at its annual conference, recognizing "the right of the Indian people to full self-determination".

The conference welcomed "the declarations of representative Indian leaders in favour of free and equal partnership with the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations". This was only seven years after Lord Pentland had sent Mrs Besant into detention for preaching the same doctrine!

The significance of the resolution of the Labour Conference was somewhat obscured, in the following four years by MacDonald's nomination of Mr (now Lord) Attlee as the Party's representative on the Simon Commission. The boycott of the Commission by practically all political groups of any importance represented but one phase of the Indian national movement.

Almost unnoticed at the time, much constructive thinking had gone into the framing of the Commonwealth of India Bill—the product of three years' sustained labours in committees and conferences—before its formal first reading in the House of Commons in 1926. But it was a private member's Bill, introduced by George Lansbury, a large-hearted, genuine friend of India.

### MRS. BESANT FAILS

Mrs Besant had striven hard but without success to persuade MacDonald to let it be an official Labour Party measure. He was unwilling to commit the party to all its provisions; possibly he was influenced to some extent by criticism from some of its left-wingers of the graded franchise in the Bill, universal for village panchayats but increasingly restrictive for the legislatures.

Another consideration that seemed to have weighed with MacDonald was the absence of positive Congress support for the Commonwealth of India Bill. C. R. Das, whom Mrs Besant went to see at Darjeeling a few weeks before his death, was prepared to support it if, on her side, she would agree to civil disobedience in the event of its rejection by the British Government. Mrs Besant, however, with her strong convictions against

civil disobedience as a movement designed to weaken respect for law and order and, therefore, dangerous as undermining the foundations of the structure of the State, did not find it possible to accept the proposal. Gandhiji had taken the line, in an article in his weekly, *Young India*, even before the publication of the final draft of the measure:

"Swaraj means undoubtedly India's ability to declare her independence if she wishes. Swaraj, therefore, will not be a free gift of the British Parliament. It will be a declaration of India's full self-expression. That it will be expressed through an Act of Parliament is true. But it will be merely a courteous ratification of the declared wish of the people of India, even as it was in the case of the Union of South Africa. Not an unnecessary adverb in the Union scheme could be altered by the House of Commons. The ratification in our case will be of a treaty to which Britain will be a party."

MacDonald agreed, as a compromise with Mrs Besant, to the Commonwealth of India Bill being sponsored by George Lansbury. The first reading in the Commons was as far as it went. Its failure to make further progress seemed, however, to matter little. Pandit Motilal Nehru utilized the experience gained through the technique adopted in its preparation and final drafting for the completion of the report associated with his name. One of his most valued collaborators in this task was Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the main architect of the Commonwealth of India Bill.

### DOMINION STATUS

The Nehru report, pointing definitely to Dominion status for India in her external relations and an all-India federal structure including the princely States, had an obvious impact on MacDonald on the eve of his assumption of office for a second time in 1929 as Prime Minister.

It was not the Nehru report alone that provided him with guidelines for action as the head of the new Government, though again as a minority administration. The concept of a Round Table Conference was Motilal Nehru's practical suggestion for solving the Indian problem in his speeches in 1924-25 in the Central Legislative Assembly. His argument in favour of such a settlement on the basis of the procedure first adopted by Australia and later copied by South Africa in the first decade of this century—with a scheme prepared by a National Convention and only formally ratified by the British Parliament—had moved Sir Malcolm Hailey, the Government of India's main spokesman in the debates, to make a grudging concession in its support.

He had posed certain questions which seemed to carry with them important implications:

(1) Was Dominion self-government to be confined to British India only, or was it to be extended to the Indian States; and under what terms were they to come in?

(2) Were they to be dependent on the Crown or to accept the control of the new Government responsible only to the Indian Legislature, instead of to a Government responsible to the British Parliament? Some kind of federation (he thought) was inevitable as the ultimate objective to be kept in view. But no conception of full Dominion self-government seemed possible to him which remained in the hands of an authority other than the Dominion legislature the protection of minority communities in India.

MacDonald's first instinct, as Britain's Prime Minister, appeared to be in the direction indicated by Motilal Nehru. He vacillated at times in his Indian policy (because of the minority position of his Government) and was not always firm or consistent in his declarations.

But one must bear in mind, in judging him, the perils he faced at the hands of the Tory party, formidable in numbers and in debating power in the Commons. It was no small risk he took in authorizing the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, to declare, even before the first session of the Round Table Conference, that "it was implicit in the declaration of August, 1917, that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress as there contemplated was the attainment of Dominion status".

The Prime Minister improved on it in inaugurating the plenary session of the first session of the Conference with the following assurance:

"The attendance of representatives of the Dominion Governments is an earnest of the interest and goodwill with which the sister-states in the Commonwealth of Nations will follow our labours. Nor is it without significance that we, who, though not of India, also seek India's honour, are drawn from all three parties in this Parliament."

With an eye on Gandhiji and the Congress leaders then in detention, but hopeful of their active participation in the subsequent proceedings of the Conference, MacDonald went somewhat further in elaboration of that assurance in his concluding speech at the end of the first session:



"The view of His Majesty's Government is that responsibility for the Government of India should be placed upon the Legislature. Central and Provincial, with such provisions, as may be necessary to guarantee, during a period of transition, the observance of certain obligations and to meet other special circumstances, and also with such special guarantees as are required by minorities to protect their political liberties and rights. In such statutory safeguards as may be made for meeting the needs of the transitional period, it will be a primary concern of His Majesty's Government to see that the reserve powers are so framed and exercised as not to prejudice the advance of India through the new Constitution to full responsibility for her own government."

#### NEHRU MISSED

It was India's tragic misfortune that Motilal Nehru did not live to participate in the later stages of the Round Table Conference. Gandhiji was, no doubt, the soul of responsiveness as the Congress representative at the second session in 1931. Nothing could have been more moving than his midnight appeal at a plenary session of the Conference to the British Government:

"India, yes, can be held by the sword! I do not for one moment doubt the ability of Britain to hold India under subjection through the sword. But what will conduce to the prosperity of Britain, the economic freedom of Britain—an enslaved but rebellious India, or an India, an esteemed partner with Britain in her misfortunes? Yes, if need be, but at her own will, to fight side by side with Britain—not for the exploitation of a single race or a single human being on earth, but it may be conceivably for the good of the whole world! If I want freedom for my country, believe me, if I can possibly help it, I do not want that freedom in order that I, belonging to a nation which contains one-fifth of the human race, may exploit any other race upon earth or any single individual. If I want that freedom for my country, I would not be deserving of that freedom if I did not cherish and treasure the equal right of every other race, weak or strong, to the same freedom. I would love to go away from the shores of the British Isles with the conviction that there was to be an honourable and equal partnership between Britain and India."

Nevertheless, it is my conviction that Motilal Nehru's presence would have made a considerable difference to the final shape of the Government of India Bill. The tide was running strongly against India after the disastrous general elections in Britain in 1931, half-way through the second session of the Round Table Conference. MacDonald was a sad, disillusioned man. Prime Minister only by title, leading a strongly Conservative House of Commons over which he had little real influence.

#### LUNCH AT NO 10

A vivid recollection of a conversation at 10 Downing Street comes to my mind, which throws light on MacDonald's mood after the Labour Party's defeat. His erstwhile colleagues had found it hard to forgive him for negotiating with the Tory leaders, without their knowledge, the terms of a coalition to tide over the country's financial worries. To one of the lunch parties given by the Prime Minister at his official residence to delegates to the Conference I was an invitee. As we gathered round MacDonald, the Maharaja of Nawanganagar (Ranji of immortal fame) made a casual reference to the fate that had overtaken the Labour Party in the general elections. In a tone betraying

deep sadness MacDonald remarked, "Do you know how it feels when you want to keep a man quiet and hit him on the head but find him dead?"

That remark explained a great deal. MacDonald was never again the confident head of the Government that he was at the first session of the Conference. It is to his credit that at the end of the second session he was able, despite the heavy odds against him, to repeat the assurance given to India a year earlier. But the spirit of the first session had departed from St. James' Palace. In the Tory Party, returned to Westminster in a massive majority, were men like Churchill, ready to pour contempt on the new Prime Minister, whom he described in a Commons debate on India in an outburst of devastating criticism as "a boreless wonder".

MacDonald had perhaps wandered somewhat far in the thirties from the robust idealism of his earlier years. But it would be uncharitable to suggest that the glitter of office had blinded him to the requirements of loyalty to the principles that had brought him and the other members of the British socialist movement together in tackling the many problems thrown up by World War I—India easily

#### MACDONALD'S GREAT VISION AND COURAGE

(Continued from page 6 col 6)

one of the most urgent amongst them.

It must have been painful and humiliating to him, isolated from his former colleagues, to watch the Tories convert the decisions of the Round Table Conference into legislative proposals, whittling down much that he had stood for. The safeguards "in the mutual interests of India and Britain" (in the words of the twin-Gandhi Pact) had finally merged in Neville Chamberlain's description as "all that the wit of man could devise" to protect British financial and economic interests. MacDonald's promise of a final review of the British Government's proposals by the Round Table Conference was unceremoniously shelved. He died at sea, a lone, disillusioned figure, before the final passage of the Government of India Act of 1935.

But whatever blemishes in his record contemporary criticism may spotlight, India cannot forget—and history will certainly not overlook—MacDonald's great vision and courage in chalking a course which, with all its turnings and pitfalls, led finally to her freedom. That course might have been shorter and more direct if mistaken tactics had been avoided—but by both sides, Britain as well as India.

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# Elizabethans In Hindustan



"Untutored English and Indian eyes looked at each other for the first time . . ." A Rajasthani miniature showing an Indian ruler in an English costume.

J. Nanporia

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"sottish" and "inconstant" and the rough justice of the Mughal emperors drew as much admiration as sharp disapproval. Fitch was probably the first Englishman to look at a Mughal miniature as an aesthetic object or to respond to the Indian architecture of the day. Fitch set the pattern of generations of Anglo-Indian prose by using words of Indian origin, in part because there were no exact English equivalents but rather more because he, like all the other writer-travellers of his time, wanted eagerly to achieve a note of authenticity.

## Tales Of Splendour

Professor Prasad's group of ten consists of three pioneers, two ambassadors, one "fakir", two merchant adventurers, and two chaplains. A varied bunch, yet identifiable in common as people with all the qualities of the dashing Elizabethan heroes, robust, energetic, optimistic, insatiably curious, adaptable, positive, and equipped with minds that were always on the move. Two features from which not even the chaplains were exempt were firstly, to impress readers at home and secondly, to keep a keen eye

on the Elizabethan equivalent of the cash register." From these arose legends of India's fabulous riches and the splendour of the Mughal court and also a meticulous interest in the trading commodities India could offer. Trade and profit were the prevailing moralities of the age, and this was reinforced by the conviction, shared by padre and merchant, that God was always reliably at their right hand. There is a faint survival of this in the habit American presidents have of invoking God in their public pronouncements but the Elizabethan adventurers who ventured into the unknown carried rather more conviction in this as in their descriptions of the gold, silver and jewels with which the Mughal scene was strewn.

For the Elizabethan reader, though uninstructed and naive, was not entirely without scepticism. He needed to be persuaded, all the more to enjoy the thrills he got second hand from the travel writers who had no organised media to sponsor their productions. The flat, unadorned style which they adopted was professionally astute. It brought out by contrast the hyperbole of those passages devoted to describing

Oriental magnificence and designed to shake the Londoner of the day from his complacency. Details of trade and missionary prospects, topography, history, religion and customs could be slipped in between paragraphs that dazzled the reader into credulous acceptance.

The writers never lost sight of their unspoken motives, to reconnoitre India for the greater glory of the Protestant God and the welfare of the English trader and to advance the sum total of human knowledge. All of which tended relatively to restrict their attention to the Mughal establishment with only a cursory glance at the manners, customs, beliefs and condition of the Hindus or "gentiles". In this arguably lie the roots of the pro-Muslim "bias" that coloured British attitudes of a later day which only research on Hindu philosophy, art and architecture has almost completely corrected in the twentieth century. There was a limit to what could be expected of the first travellers to India. The physical hazards of travel, of fighting the Portuguese and assorted bandits, of coping with Mughal intrigue; the toll taken by disease; the exertion of learning languages and summoning up the required adaptability. All these drained energies, however abundant these were.

## Christian Purana

Yet Stephens mastered the Marathi language and his Christian Purana was a prescribed text at Poona University as late as 1956. Coryat wore Mughal clothes, mastered "Hindustani Billingsgate" and delivered an oration before the Great Mughal for which he was rewarded a hundred rupees. Withington made a terrible journey through the Rajputana desert, encountering murderers and robbers. Terry found time to give us the first description in the early decades of the seventeenth century of dopiaza, a "popular dish" that is still with us today. Henry Lord in the same century gave us The Religion of the Parsees, surely one of the earliest books on the subject.

The range of interests and accomplishments of these men of many parts is truly astonishing. With what Joseph Addison described as an "invisible assistant" (i.e. God) at their elbow they were seldom afflicted by doubts of any kind. Sir Francis Drake's papers, Linschoten's work and Fitch's writings combined to convince the London merchants and later Queen Elizabeth of the need for an East India Company. If the Company had not been formed what course would Indian events have taken? Professor Prasad does not directly invite such reflections but it is a merit of this book that it nevertheless does.

EARLY ENGLISH TRAVEL-  
ERS IN INDIA: By Ram  
Chandra Prasad (Motilal Banar-  
sidas, Rs. 90)



Since Arthur Hailey wouldn't dedicate a book to his wife, Sheila, she dedicated her own book, "I Married A Best Seller" thus: "To my husband, Arthur Hailey, in the faint hope that this will

**Bhave asks Vajpayee to offer satyagraha**

The recruitment was made through selection tests followed by interviews.

According to a report received from Durg, senior district officials in the Bhillai staff recruitment board have declined to associate themselves with the selection of shop-floor trainees in protest against the recruitment procedures that gave little scope for the selection of local candidates.

Meanwhile the agitation for employment of local hands at the Bhilai steel plant is reported to have gained ground recently, with the district authorities in Durg expressing their displeasure at the "discriminatory" recruitment policy adopted by the Gawan unit.

But with the current slump in the world diamond market and the mounting cost of mining operations, the NMDC is finding it increasingly difficult to maintain its surplus workers. Among other things, their continued presence at Panna has given rise to labour trouble at the Majhi

and the eventual closure of its diamond mine in Pannam. The NMDC, since rendered surplus over 300 workers, The NMDC authorities have since persuaded 50 per cent of the voluntary retiring employees to accept the unyielding 150 are maintained on the payroll of the

NMDC's argument, According sources, the agitation "politically motivated". The stalemate continues.

Before fresh recruitment can be made. They, however, maintain that the workers to be brought in from Panama will form no more than 1 per cent of the work force required in Jagdalpur when the domestic agitators are not settled.

Bhagavad Ramanuja National Research



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shirts. 1000 packs of  
delicious Gaylord Ice-cream.  
5000 attractive, informative.  
Asian Games Albums.

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 First Prize!  
 A Weston Hitachi  
 Colour T.V. Set.  
 Or, equivalent  
 in cash.

In his reading of the Bible, when G came to the Sermon on the Mount, his reaction was not that this was something new but surely there was no distinction between Buddhism as represented in the Bhagavad Gita and "this revelation of Christ".

Concluding ex  
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GANDHI was a man of the soil. It came naturally to him to think of version not in terms of allegiance but of putting roots, reaching out, providing shade to the weary, and shedding a fragrance which, to continue the metaphor, is recognised by the observer, but of which the thinker himself is unaware. Gandhi had patience with self-consciousness and his breath was sometimes most taken away (but not for his large heartedness and of humour would come to him) by the arrogance of the genetically twice-born. Here was the same kind of brahminical-necked attitude that he found in the upper castes of his own community. In short Gandhi was for a change of heart, in fact, the whole technique of satyagrah was based on this, and he believed the humblest peasant to be perhaps more capable of it than the intellectual or any other member of what he called "the class".

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He singles out the inacceptability of once for all atonement, vicarious suffering, of conversion (in the light of following one's own swadharma), of a "sin" against God-man, and the belief that there is none other name through which man can be saved. He had a special corner for Christian friends with their theological difficulties, for C. S. Lewis, Andrews, his brother in the spirit, who had misgivings over some of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the "barrier" Elwin who at one time was a full foul of ecclesiastical authority, and to whom he wrote comfortably. "Your church is in your heart. Your pulpit is the world, the earth. The blue sky is the roof of your church." Could it be that in answer to the thundering evangelical battering which he patiently endured on many a day in South Africa, "There is power in the Blood!" — something which is quite offensive to anyone with imagination, let alone to a man with Jain roots and who was to react with revulsion to Kali worship — he thought out his own rejoinder, the power of soul-force, an inward strength which would grow through discipline, be fed through fellowship and fortified



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Concluding excerpts from Margaret Chatterjee's book *Gandhi's Religious Thought* (Macmillan Co. of India Ltd.)

GANDHI was a man of the soil. It came naturally to him to think of conversion not in terms of credal allegiance but of putting down roots, reaching out, providing shade to the weary, and shedding a fragrance which, to continue the metaphor, is recognised by the observer, but of which the tree is itself unaware. Gandhi had no patience with self-conscious piety and his breath was sometimes almost taken away (but not quite, for his large heartedness and sense of humour would come to his rescue) by the arrogance of the evangelically twice-born. Here was the same kind of brahminical stiff-necked attitude that he found in the upper castes of his own community. In short Gandhi was all for a change of heart, in fact the whole technique of satyagraha was based on this, and he believed the humblest peasant to be perhaps more capable of it than the intellectual or any other member of what he called "the classes".

For Gandhi, a change of heart is seen in changed relationships, for example between employer and employed, between Hindu and Muslim, between caste Hindus and the so-called untouchables. But this was a very different matter from changing one's label, turning one's back on the traditions of one's forefathers and giving intellectual assent to a set of alien concepts which could find no answering chord in the hearts of those whose traditional symbols were of a very different kind. It is a token of Gandhi's sympathetic response to the New Testament and to its central figure that he did not dwell on the things in it which strike an alien note to anyone steeped in the Indian tradition, including in this the Jain and the Buddhist streams (for example, the Gadarene swine episode).

He singles out the inacceptability of once for all atonement, of vicarious suffering, of conversion (in the light of following one's own swadharma), of a single God-man, and the belief that there is none other name through whom man can be saved. He had a soft corner for Christian friends with theological difficulties, for C. F. Andrews, his brother in the spirit who had misgivings over some of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and for Carrier Elwin who at one time all foul of ecclesiastical authority and to whom he wrote comfortingly, "Your church is in your heart. Your pulpit is the whole earth. The blue sky is the roof of your church." Could it be that in answer to the thundering evangelical battering which he patiently endured on many a day in South Africa, "There is power in the Blood!" — something which is quite offensive to anyone with imagination, let alone to a man with Jain roots and who was to react with revulsion to Kali worship — he thought out his own rejoinder, the power of soul-force, an inward strength which would grow through discipline, be fed through fellowship and fortified by grace?

His last word to the theologians is epitomised in his advice to a correspondent, that God is not "encased in a safe to be approached only through a little hole bored



THE ETERNAL JESUS: An allegory

## "Your church your pulpit is

in it," but that He can be approached "through billions of openings by those who are humble and pure of heart". God is not to be captured in theological nets. Those who come nearest to Him are indeed, for Gandhi, those of whom it is written in the Sermon on the Mount. This brings us to the positive part of Gandhi's response to the New Testament.

Gandhi records in his Autobiography that the understanding of Christianity "in its proper perspective" would not be possible for him unless he knew his own religion thoroughly. His study of the New Testament and of the Gita went on simultaneously, not only in London, but in South Africa and throughout his life. He seems to have started reading the Old Testament and got as far as the Book of Exodus! He listened to famous preachers in London and attended Dr. Parker's Thursday midday talks in the City Temple. Joseph Doke, who wrote the first biography of Gandhi (their number is now legion), and knew his friend well, notes that, in his reading of the Bible, when Gandhi came to the Sermon on the Mount his reaction was not that this was something new but that surely there was no distinction between Hinduism as represented in the Bhagavad Gita and "this revelation of Christ", concluding that "both must come from the same source". He found the message of renunciation and living service in both....

The years 1909-10 were memorable for Gandhi's correspondence with Tolstoy. His understanding of the New Testament deepened through reading Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God is within you* and Tolstoy's interpreting of this Kingdom as the reign of "inward perfection, truth and love". Both Tolstoy and Gandhi looked forward to a new order where a transformed inner life would find natural expression in a transformed community. Both great men found in the message of "Resist not evil" not a passive principle but the positive power of soul-force, "the infinite possibilities of universal love". He was to meet another great-souled and kindred spirit a few years later.

Gandhi first met C. F. Andrews on the quay at Durban on January 1, 1914 and the latter bent to touch his feet. The influence that started then was to work both ways. The basis for friendship was their mutual faith in the ship was their mutual faith in the power of love and their concern for the dispossessed of the earth.

Not only C. F. Andrews and Romain Rolland, but Sir George Romain Rolland, a member of the commission of inquiry in Champaran, compared Gandhi with St. Paul because of his passion for self-discipline. (Andrews also compared him with St. Francis of Assisi.) There is something ironic about the Pauline comparison because Gandhi was not particularly attracted to St. Paul. He wrote in 1928: "I draw a great distinction

between The Sermon on the Mount and the Letters of Paul. They are a graft on Christ's teaching, his own gloss apart from Christ's own experience". And yet when he was in Motihari in connection with the Champaran campaign he wrote to his nephew Maganlalbhai, sending him as a "gift", Paul's famous passage in I Corinthians, Ch. 13: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels... But the greatest of these is charity."

At his prayer meetings, Gandhi sometimes gave discourses on the Bible and there were often people who voiced objection to this practice. In November 1926 he ran a series of articles in *Young India* on the Sermon on the Mount, concluding "Thus Jesus has given a definition of perfect dharma in those verses." But he was worried over Matt. Ch. 5, v. 22, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of judgement", and he comments: "These words are inconsistent with the ahimsa of Jesus". All this, the reader may note, was interspersed in the same article, with discussions on the practical problem of dealing with mad and stray dogs about which Jains

The sequence of baptism, fasts, is readily intelligible as a successive discipline of self-purification, the man must submit.

were exercised. 1926 was a year of retirement from public life for Gandhi and withdrawal to his ashram in Sabarmati. It was during the same year that he gave special discourses on the Bible. But he left for Wardha on December 3, 1926 and the discourses were incomplete. He had, however, already made clear that the Sermon on the Mount contained yamas (cardinal spiritual exercises) and that the Lord's Prayer "contains everything that the few letters of the Gayatri Mantra mean... one whose ideas can be reproduced in the language of every religion".

In this way he turns the tables neatly on those who later were to speak of the unknown Christ of Hinduism. In a significant statement made towards the end of his life he is reported to have said the following: "He added that an Jesus Christ might be looked upon as belonging to Christians only, but he did not belong to any community, inasmuch as the lessons that Jesus Christ gave belonged to the whole world." This echoes what he had said to Mrs. Polak decades earlier, that to be a good Hindu was to be a good Christian and that there was no need to "become" a Christian in order to be "a believer in the beauty of the teachings of Jesus or to try to follow his example". Orthodox Christianity, he wrote to a Swiss

MARKS ALLOTTED TO EACH QUESTION

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"The view of His Majesty's Government is that responsibility for the Government of India should be placed upon the Legis-

deep sadness marked. "Do you know how it feels when you want to keep a man quiet and hit him on the head and him doesn't re-

# "Dedicating a book is making love in public"

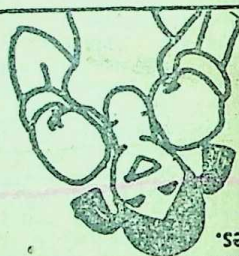
Since Arthur Hailey wouldn't dedicate a book to his wife, Sheila, she dedicated her own book, "I Married A Best Seller" thus: "To my husband, Arthur Hailey, in the faint hope that this will



## Bhave asks Vajpayee to offer satyagraha

PAUNAR, October 30 (PTI): The Bhoadan leader, Acharya Vinoba Bhave, today advised the BJP pre- selection tests followed by interviews. The recruitment was made through for the selection of local students. ment procedures that gave little scope trainees in protest against the recruit- with the selection of shop-floor have declined to associate themselves the Bhat staff recruitment board from Durg, senior district officials in According to a report received steel plant authorities. recruitment policy adopted by the authorities at the "discriminatory" ed ground recently, with the district steel plant is reported to have gain- loyment of local hands at the Bhatl Meanwhile the agitation for emp- gawan unit. rise to labour trouble at the Majh- continued presence at Panna has given kers. Among other things, their con- difficult to maintain its surplus wor- the NMDC is finding it increasingly mounting cost of mining operations, world diamond market and the but with the current slump in the. Mr. Bhave diamond unit in Panna. maintained on the payroll of the ment. The unit yielding 150 are being workers to accept voluntary retire- since persuaded 50 per cent of the kers. The NMDC authorities have sure rendered surplus over 300 wor- about two years ago. The mine clo- and the eventual closure of its dia- mond unit at Kamikhera in Panna ratio. This led to persistent losses made in respect of the cost-output a legacy of NMDC's miscalculation The surplus workers at Panna are continues. "politically motivated". The stalemate NMDC sources, the agitation is NMDC's argument. According to agitators are not satisfied with starts functioning at full steam. The in Jagadpur when the domestic unit per cent of the work force required Panna will form no more than 10 the workers to be brought from made. They, however, maintain that before fresh recruitment can be

Asian Games Albums.  
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delicious Gaylord Ice-cream.  
shirts, 1000 packs of  
Cycles, 500 colourful T-  
1 super, smart Sports  
6501 Bonus Prizes.



Prizes worth 1000/- each, Or, Cash.  
Prizes worth 1000/- each, Or, Cash.

Fabulous  
First Prize!  
A Weston Hitachi  
Colour T.V. Set.  
Or, equivalent  
in Cash.

# WORLD'S GAMES AND CONTEST

## Why attacking abuses in the

lish, had so overtaken him to say nothing of superst created by theologians, tha become almost unrecognis But perhaps the most int question of all still remain did Gandhi think of the of Christ? At first sight, an what has already been refe under "theological diffi the answer may seem to evitably negative. But the is not so simple. Romain writes in his Dairy that way back from the Round Conference in 1931, when ed the Vatican Museum: sees on the altar a fourte or fifteenth - century cruci stiff and harsh; this is thing which moves him" documentary film on the tour has recorded this r and Gandhi is seen as moved by the sight of crucified. On the way ho S. S. Pilsna neared Bomba dhi was asked to give a C

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message. It was 4 a.m. on mas morning and dawn wa break. A group of Catholi testants, and Gandhi's own entourage sat on the floo Gandhi's shawled figure. his customary prayer hou message was this. Whe shone in individual and c life then only could we Christ is born. Christ's would then be a perennial ing illuminating the life o man. Christianity had n been achieved. When w love each other completel harboured no thought of tion, only then would our Christian. Had not Gandh of peace, of reconciliation into the heart of the tea the Prince of Peace?

But there is also eviden different kind. Comment letter of Raj Kumari published in Harijan Gandhi says: "There is in ism room enough for there is for Muhammed, Z and Moses. For me the religions are beautiful from the same garden. are branches of the sam tie tree." This can be in more than one way. I is infinitely hospitable. way is to find in the qu sense that Jesus is differ Muhammed etc. But the ent in what way? We







Quest

How to know that by which all may be known? To that haunting cry there must be an answer. What else is yoga?

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# Quest And Conquest

How to know that by which all may be known? To that haunting cry there must be an answer. What else is yoga?

by Sisirkumar Ghose

EVERY culture creates and claims its own masterpieces, technical articulations, religious, literary, scientific. To which of these categories would the 196 verses of the Yoga Sūtras belong? Whether it forms part of Raja Yoga or Raja Yoga forms part of it may be left to the exegetes, among whom are Vyasa, Bhoja, and Vijnana Bhikshu. That the mind comes from that which is beyond mind is an exciting news everywhere and at all times. Indeed what cannot but strike one is its dateless quality for ever contemporary. The closely-knit aphoristic axioms reveal a master mind just as the system, a series of practical advice, points to a complex hierarchy of knowledge. Essentially a knowledge-way—"tasya hetur avidya"—the Yoga Sūtras resemble mathematical formulae, singularly free from emotional obstructions and overtures, Kaivalya and samadhi are referred to with detachment, if not sang-froid. The yogi does not cower before the Kleshas, the misery and anguish of being human; he conquers these, quietly. The yogi's quest and conquest is absolutely untheatrical. What inquiry, observation, experiment and power of classification lie behind the cool, solid statements! One wonders what would have happened if the author had turned his mind to the natural sciences.

Patanjali takes many things for granted: a hinterland of inward interests and motivations guiding the four steps of the seeker's awakening of awareness: samadhi, sadhana, vibhuti and kaivalya pada. As the very first phrase, "atha", shows, the sutras, a sort of soteriology in shorthand, are part of a larger whole, a primordial pattern far removed from "I can connect nothing with nothing", of the modern times. As its key phrases indicate, these make for a traditional mosaic of purposive activity and understanding: citta, vritti, astanga, gunas, tanmatras, samyama, svadhyaya, siddhi and samadhi. A slight acquaintance with these tried concepts is enough to start a transvaluation of values. The result will depend on the nature of one's urgency, and one-pointedness, "fibra samveganam".

A science of subjectivity or consciousness, two of its renewable insights might teach us maturity in terms of self-discovery. First that consciousness is other and higher than the mind. Second, that matter and the material world are but expressions of states of mind and consciousness. That the hypothesis is related to the problem of suffering, unfree-

dom and happiness is easy to demonstrate. In a sense this is the pith of the argument: vishoka va-iyotismati — the serene and luminous states of the being. How to know that by which all may be known? To that haunting cry there must be an answer? "What else is Yoga?" A cure for the cohorts of Kleshas, the afflictions of the human condition, the Yoga Sūtras are a specialist's report, an impressive existence-clarification that has stood the test of time. It has something for everybody and everything or some. It is not surprising that in the midst of the modern crisis it has surfaced again. "Ye suffer from yourself." A single verse sums up the malady and the remedy: "The basic tensions of the mind, which cause unhappiness, are ignorance of truth, egoism, attachment, aversion

manner in which God has been introduced (1:23) suggests several speculations. Is yoga obliged to be theistic? What happens to Samkhya? Another paradox, to yoga, is the yoga-viyoga syndrome. Yoga, union, is also viyoga, separation. It begins by a discrimination between the seer and the seen, subject and object, purusha and prakriti. And when this has been done, they are found to be one. "Thus viyoga leads to yoga at a higher level," to other rhythms, levels or intimacies of soul and nature. For where is the terminus to the soul's experience?

After all freedom is the last word, the final consummation. Surely the ultimate knowledge is that which perceives and accepts God in the universe as well as be-

## Four Chapters On Freedom: Commentary On Yoga Sūtras of Patanjali: By Satyanand Paramhansa (Bihar School of Yoga, Rs. 40)

and fear of death." That this reality-therapy would have psychiatric implications is easy to see. How pregnant the leap or evolution of consciousness hinted at in sutra number two of the last section: "By the overflow of natural potentiality occurs the transformation from one substance — or birth — to another." The whole theory and practice in a nutshell.

Even without mentioning maya, yoga has its paradoxes. It may not be treated as a closed system. Not a regimented routine, a sandow-exercise of the soul; there must be other ways to the final end, to the mystery beyond the reach of mind. The sages speak with many voices. Patanjali himself hints — "adhyavedad", 4:12 — at more than one approach. The

yond it. The integral yoga must be that which, having found the transcendent, can return upon the universe and possess it, retaining the power freely to ascend as well as descend the great stairs of existence. This must be the task of the future, for the human journey is not ended. But even so, Patanjali is indispensable. His is the foundation. It is a great honour, richly deserved. Even a little of it is enough, to save.

This competent, orthodox translation and commentary of one of the basic books of mankind will help all genuine seekers. By a law of compensation their number is on the increase. Satyanand Paramhansa's own words may be applied to him: the cryptic meanings can be revealed only by a living master.



UNVEILING THE UNKNOWN: "Mysteries of the Zodiac" by Ram Kishore Yadav.

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Whatever the origins of this system, it proved tough and resilient. No ruling power could destroy it. All had to adjust to it. Every government at the Centre had to come to terms with the local society. The Central government had to coopt the substantial local men to act as intermediaries between the central authority and the local society. Only with their support could all-India control be built and maintained.

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# VICTI

IAN COLVIN has written another blank in the story of appeasement by writing a biography of the chief victims, Lord V. The author himself, a young correspondent of the *News Chronicle* in Berlin, is one of the three most calamitous victims. His account of how the ill-fated Chamberlain announced to them the facts about Hitler's designs on Poland, which they, reasonably informed as they knew already, is a last, convincing proof of the failure of the appeasers.

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# VICTIM OF APPEASEMENT

By COLIN R. COOTE

*Vansittart in Office.* By Ian Colvin. (Gollancz. 2gns.)

IAN COLVIN has filled in another blank in the squalid story of appeasement by writing a biography of one of its chief victims, Lord Vansittart.

The author himself was a young correspondent of the *News Chronicle* in Berlin during the three most calamitous years. His account of how he astonished Chamberlain and Halifax on March 29, 1939, by telling them the facts about Hitler's designs on Poland, which many reasonably informed journalists knew already, is a last and most convincing proof of the mentality of the appeasers.

They shut their ears, their eyes, and their minds to everything discordant with their obsessions. Fleet Street, in patches, was less bemused than Downing Street, though, as a whole, it was bad enough.

## Great Civil Servant

"Van" was extremely discordant. He was in the line of those great Civil Servants who really deserve the label "*éminences grises*"—perhaps "powers behind the throne" is as good a translation as any. Other examples have been Eyre Crowe, Maurice Hankey, Tom Jones, Maynard Keynes. Some have been a blessing, some a curse, but those who served in the Foreign Office were bred in the belief that no single Power should be the master of Europe.

That was the seed of "Vansittartism." It was not fertilised by any unreasoning racialism. Van was no dry-as-dust reactionary. He was a poet whose mind was equipped with sensitive antennae, conditioned to quiver at any danger to Britain. He was not fanatically Germanophobe. When a decent German wanted to tell an Englishman the truth he came, often at great risk to himself, to Van. His opinion of Ribbentrop was that the fellow who formerly sold champagne was selling sham peace; but he did his genuine best to get Ribbentrop's son into Eton.

He was not even violently Francophil. I well remember after the fall of France some caustic outbursts on the theme that the French deserved their fate. Only later did he give proper weight to the truth that the French collapse was largely the child of British appeasement.

## Unlucky With Masters

He was terribly unlucky in his political masters. The true father of appeasement was Sir John Simon, quite uniquely unsuited, in my view, to the post of Foreign Secretary. The only foreigners Simon understood were the ancient Greeks, and they had been dead a long time.

Sam Hoare was as cold and much more desiccated than the ice on which he loved to skate and through which, metaphorically, he so often fell. Baldwin's attitude towards Germany rather resembled that of the child pitying the poor lion who hadn't got a Christian.

Neville Chamberlain was ranked by Lord Birkenhead no higher than "a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year" and the

spectacles through which he looked at the world were so misted by obstinacy and vanity that he mistook the menace of lightning for the promise of sunshine.

His "cold grey power" was founded on the assiduous imbecilities of Sir Horace Wilson who, in Mr. Colvin's brilliant phrase, had "just sufficient knowledge of foreign problems to mishandle them." Halifax was the real puzzle. Nobody could dislike him; and yet he seemed sometimes to be in a coma. But he typified the wider puzzle of how well-meaning, patriotic and basically courageous men—and women—could have allowed themselves to be so gulled.

## Eden Turns Sour

How did this coterie manage to oust Van? One reason is that Eden, the only Foreign Secretary who was anything like a Vansittart apprentice, turned sour because Van, convinced that Germany was the only real danger, did not share his zeal for attempts to put Mussolini in his place. The result was that Van was not so much kicked upstairs as carried gagged to a sound-proofed attic.

Another reason was that Van was not as good a judge of men as he was of Germany. Mr. Colvin reveals that the egregious Sir Neville Henderson was actually Van's pick to succeed Sir Eric Phipps in Berlin. But in fact the appeasers were pretty good at eliminating the inconvenient.

By sneers, sniggers, and silences they succeeded in ignoring not only Van, but also Rumbold, Phipps, Leeper, Kennard, Ralph Wigram—all in the Foreign Service—and, ultimately, Eden himself, not to mention quite a large number of Ministers whom Chamberlain scathingly stigmatised as "the Boys' Brigade."

Like these Ministers, Van thought he could still exert influence better from inside than from outside. It was, as he came to realise, a profound mistake.

When he said that he might resign and stand for Parliament, Chamberlain's alarm was the same in cause and in extent as that excited in Shaw's Prime Minister by the King's threat to stand for Windsor in "The Apple Cart." It would have been shattering to have the dirtiness of the linen flaunted by the laundress.

The failure to resign finally left Van with only the barren satisfaction of having been a great prophet, when he might have been a great constructive nuisance. To be compelled to fret and fume in futility is always tormenting. To so vivid and dedicated a personality it would have been lethal but for the healing care of his wife.

The pamphlets and books which he wrote after the war started were fascinating glimpses into a mind well-furnished and wholly lovable, but they were not much consolation. They were good history, but negligible politics.

## Damned as "Hysterical"

Mr. Colvin's book should cause the reader to shudder at the nightmare memories it evokes; but it also reminds him that there were people like Van to save us from complete despair. His enemies and even, at times, some of his friends damned him as "hysterical." Would to God there had been more such hysteria—there might have been no war.

Some years before his death, he sent me his volume of poems composed in youth and age and therefore entitled "Green and Grey." I observed that he had marked one verse whose headline—"Envoi"—speaks for itself.

Yet if the hands of youth should ever rake

The ash of our sad times, it holds a friend

Whose heart was in the cause all warmth will make

Its own until the end.

I am grateful to Mr. Colvin for having wielded such a probing rake, and uncovered such a noble friend.

ent picture from the Report of the U.P. Zamindari Abolition Committee. tion. It is conceivable that some will manage to do without all three. Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.



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# Not The Last But The First Laugh

THE art of caricature in India dates from prehistoric times, but the style of caricature which we have adopted in our journalism has been borrowed from Europe. The modern comic art was introduced into the printed page during the middle of the 19th century.

Despite many technical disadvantages, a number of comic journals came into existence during this period. The cartoons, whatever their nature, political or social, were mostly published in the periodicals. The word "Punch" bewitched both

India, witnessed the publication of a series of comic periodicals in different cities and in different languages.

Calcutta presented the *Indian Charivari* in 1872, *The New Indian Punch* (Anglo-Bengali) and *Basantak*, the Bengali monthly, in 1874, *Oriental Figaro* (1875) and a monthly *Momus* (1886).

In Western India, there was a popular *Parsee Punch*, a leading Anglo-Gujarati periodical, published in Bombay. Founded by Nusservanji Dorabji Apakht-

Esplanade Row (East) office on November 15, 1872, and it was published for eight years.

During this brief period, it established a trend of wit which earned it a well-deserved reputation in the annals of satirical art; there was no journal to rival its exquisite draftsmanship. All the Viceroys, from Lord Northbrook to the Marquis of Ripon, and the Governors and Lt-Governors, were regular subscribers. The artists covered a wide range of topics, such as the annexation of the Fizi Islands, the Afghan War, the Vernacular Press Act, the Berlin Congress and the British General Election.

By KAMAL SARKAR

European and Indian cartoonists; numerous comic publications somehow included the term "Punch" in their titles.

*Delhi Sketch Book*, a monthly journal, actually pioneered this art of modern cartoon in India. Printed at the Delhi Gazette Press, its founder-editor was John O'Brien Saunders, who became proprietor of *The Englishman* in 1862. George Wagentriber succeeded Saunders and edited the *Sketch Book* until its last days. Unfortun-

yer, it later changed its title to *Hindi Punch* in 1888, an Anglo-Gujarati weekly which continued publication even up to this century. Lucknow presented a Urdu weekly *Oudh Punch* in 1877; Lahore followed with *Delhi Punch* and *Punjab Punch*. Even Bankipore, in Bihar, brought out an Urdu weekly *Al Punch*.

Madras and Bangalore published *Telephone* and *Kubber*. There was a well-circulated *Deccan Punch* in the South

"*Charivari Album*", the periodical's full-page feature in colour which was started by Caro, recorded its tribute to King Napoleon III, Lord Northbrook, Vidyasagar, Keshab Chandra Sen, and many other Europeans and Indians. Later on, the feature was run by Isca, the greatest of all contemporary caricaturists in India. Each major political event was covered by Isca. His interpretation of the political figures he caricatured—their policies, their successes and their blunders—were precise and vivid.

## Nemesis

The year 1878 was a notable year in the history of the Indian Press. Under Lord Lytton, the Act IX of 1878 was introduced—the Vernacular Press Act. On the promulgation of this act, the *Indian Charivari* published a cartoon "Nemesis or, the Native Editor's Vision" on March 29 which satirized Indian editors.

In March 1880, the General Election was held in England. The electorate voted against the Conservatives, and Gladstone was returned to power with an overwhelming majority. At this time, the *Indian Charivari* published a series of cartoons by Isca who caricatured both Disraeli and Gladstone. The "Rising the Devil" represented Gladstone's Midlothian victory.

The resignation of Lord Lytton reflected the political change in Britain and excited gossip about the new Viceroy in India. With the announcement of the name of the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy, a cartoon entitled "The Great Viceregal Lottery" (June 4, 1880) showed Prime Minister Gladstone picking up a lottery ticket with the name "Ripon", among the fancied names of "Northbrook", "Argyll" and "Dufferin".



hue", and it was hoped that this system would give an impetus to commercial agriculture.

The crucial question is whether this system improved the condition of the rent-paying raiyat. Dr Husain seems to evade the question, and makes the amazing statement that there was "massive growth of occupancy rights" in the late 19th century. But one gets a different picture from the Report of the U.P. Zamindari Abolition Committee.

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Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.



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and the British lion. The captive reads: "How happy could I be with either, were I other dear charmer away".

ately, it was forced to cease during the last decade of the publication after seven years. last century.

Next appeared the *Indian* however, was as rich thematically and artistically as the *Indian Charivari* of Calcutta. A fortnightly, the *Indian Charivari* was the finest of them all. Founded and edited by Col. Sir William Howard Russell of Percy Wyndham, it made its sensational appearance from its 4,

pean counterpart, was and had unlimited powers to impose taxes and raise funds. The land tax constituted the principal source of revenue; extra tax was imposed on peasants in the Gupta period. The water tax tended to disappear as irrigation became the concern of the feudal lord, not of the State. What was its impact on agriculture is not clear. Today it is virtually nil: the peasant won't pay it.

Since independence several Indian scholars have undertaken the study of land revenue policy and agrarian relations in the 19th century. Yet these are mostly regional studies which hardly offer a synoptic view, and R. C. Dutt's pioneer work on the subject still remains unsurpassed, although some of his views are not accepted by modern scholars. Dr Husain makes a detailed and scholarly study of revenue policy in modern Uttar Pradesh in the early 19th century. But it seems that the author is too much obsessed with tenures, assessment, and official views, and neglects the man behind the plough.

The central theme of the book is that the Mahalwari system, a "highly complex and sophisticated system", was an improvement over the Permanent Settlement and led to the development of agriculture. Evidently Dr Husain does not share Dutt's missionary zeal for extending the Permanent Settlement to the North. In fact official views were sharply divided on the introduction of the Permanent Settlement in the North, and the overriding consideration in favour of the temporary settlements was the financial needs of the Government, in a period when land revenue formed the principal source of revenue and the Government was extremely reluctant to embark on direct taxation. In the Mahalwari system the Zamindars were assured of "an increased proportion of the residue and a private rent over and above the amount of revenue", and it was hoped that this system would give an impetus to commercial agriculture.

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## THE SIRCAR

Indian Administration. By Asok Chanda. (Allen & Unwin, 32s.)

Very few studies of India's vast and complex administrative system existed in 1958, when Mr Asok Chanda first published his book. It received a deservedly wide welcome at the time. The second edition, now available, has attempted to bring within the range of the study many important developments since the book was first published; it also points out, not without some pride, that some of the suggestions made in the first edition, such as those relating to the establishment of the National Academy of Administration and a reorganization of the All-India Services, have since been accepted.

Mr Chanda's criticism of the unwieldy Cabinet Committees, and of the practice of making the Prime Minister chairman of all these committees, also seems to have been appreciated by Mr. Gandhi, but it remains to be seen if present-day Cabinet Committees will prove any more effective than those in the past. There are, however, a few notable gaps even in the second edition. For instance, in the discussion on the doctrine of ministerial responsibility for the doings of civil servants, there is no reference to the celebrated Mundhra-LIC inquiry. A third edition of the book would seem to be already overdue, what with the indestructible Administrative Reforms Commission churning out report after report, and the federal structure of the all-India administration having come under a not inconsiderable strain.

## IN THE STARS

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A book on astrology takes the reader from the basic premises, the divisions of the zodiac, to its obscure mystic reaches. Based on articles written over a period of four years for *The Astrological Magazine*, the book is intended for the "layman" and explains in workmanlike English the esoteric art (the author would call it science) of casting horoscopes and foretelling the future. Amateur astrologers are warned, however, that they will not be able to do without Lahiri's "Tables of Ascendants" and the Ephemeris for the year in question. It is conceivable that some will manage to do without all three.

Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.







**Revenue System in Post-Maurya and Gupta Times.** By D. N. Jha. (Punthi Pustak, Calcutta, Rs 25.)

**Land Revenue Policy in North India, 1801-33.** By Imtiaz Husain. (New Age, Rs 30.)

DR Jha's book, which like so many others has grown out of a doctoral thesis, supplements the findings of Dr Ghosal and Atin Bose on the revenue system in ancient India. What is particularly interesting is the analysis of the nature of monarchy. It has become almost a ritual to describe kingship as "benevolent monarchy". Dr Jha avers that monarchy in the post-Maurya period, like its European counterpart, was despotic and had unlimited powers to impose taxes and raise funds. The land tax constituted the principal source of revenue; extra tax was imposed on peasants in the Gupta period. The water tax tended to disappear as irrigation became the concern of the feudal lord, not of the State. What was its impact on agriculture is not clear. Today it is virtually nil: the peasant won't pay it.

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"Indira Gandhi" by M. F. Husain

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E. M. Forster

# The face

*"Few men of the West, none of them a statesman, can have had as much praise and of such a kind from the East...."*



**A**S I write this essay affectionate recollections of Mr. Forster come rushing to my mind. I do not wish to drive them away even though they might make a dispassionate appraisal difficult. Just as he found it impossible to resist India, his friends find it impossible to resist him.

I have had the good fortune of calling Mr. Forster a friend for fifteen years: it is largely to him that I owe such awakening as has befallen me. I have said elsewhere that a part of myself, such as I am today, has been moulded and permanently influenced by him.

His writings and his personal example have made us aware, if not capable, of higher things. He cured many of us of some of our baser ambitions and instincts: if, to adapt a familiar saying, we can't beat them, we don't want to join them either. The result is that his "aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky" gets short shrift in the rough and tumble of everyday life. Yet it never gives up, never gives in. Its members are to be found in three generations of Indians who have had the pleasure to call Morgan Forster a friend.

## Triple Vision

A meeting of minds may not have always been achieved but the hearts did meet. The radiance of his triple vision—friend, critic, creative artist—has helped some of us in "the building of the rainbow bridge that should connect the prose in us with passion" so that we might "connect without bitterness until all men are there". That is the essence of *Passage to India*, the reason why it found answers, "to the problem of India's political future, but because it promotes the idea that without love you cannot connect". The "undeveloped" which ruled India, failed "in their work and laid in "panic" and "emptiness".

There, full, honest men and women at the Indian situation from a different point of view.

The literary intelligentsia were shocked and deeply disturbed. Forster made the British Raj stick in their throats and it wasn't a com-

monly known and judgment has been passed on him almost wholly on the basis of *A Passage to India*. The *Hill of Devi* evoked an India that was not popular in the Nineteen-fifties. In a letter to me in 1954 Forster wrote, "Yes, I am afraid the book will be as uncongenial to the new India as *A Passage* was to the old Anglo-India. The outlook of both the books is much the same. I think it is the political situation that has altered". It was misunderstood as an apology for the Princes Order. No one remembered that as long ago as 1922, in his remarkable essay, "The Mind of the Indian Native State", Forster had said, "An alliance between the British and the Princes against the rest of India could only lead to universal disaster, yet there are people on both sides who are foolish enough to want it".

But there is a hard core of admirers who are aware of the deep and powerful influence he had on the moral outlook of the Nineteen-hundreds, and to them he came as a blessed relief after Kipling.

Having mentioned Kipling's name, I must pause and say something about him in relation to Forster. For the first quarter of the twentieth century the English speaking world, perhaps including Mr. Forster looked at India through the eyes of Rudyard Kipling. In his tribute to Ross Masood, Forster says: "Until I met him, India was a vague jumble of Rajas, Sahibs, Babus and elephants, and I was not interested in such a jumble, who could be? Well, a great many Englishmen were, for that is precisely the India which Kipling very nearly succeeded in immortalising. At that tosh about the white man's burden and the stiff upper lip which made the Sahibs at Poona and Chekenham feel very pucca only widened the gulf between India and Britain. Forster to some extent provided a corrective, but the damage had been done.

## Extensive Travel

Forster has been to India three times. His first visit was in 1912-13, in the company of Lowes Dickinson and R. C. Trevelyan. It was during this trip that he met, through Sir Malcolm Darling a non-establishment Civil servant—the Maharaja of Dewas Senior—Bapu Sahib; "he was certainly a genius and possibly a saint". During this visit Forster travelled fairly extensively and made many friends.

Such behaviour was not likely to endear them to a free India just as the behaviour of their fathers had not endeared them to Forster.

Forster would have been spared

Forster has acknowledged his debt to India and Indians. It is time we acknowledged our debt to him. Even at the best of times Forster has been aware of the excesses of his nationalism and for a long time his attitude to Indian nationalism was cautiously sympathetic, not noisily and erratic like Bertrand Russell's. In spite of having "causes", he has

women who have seen nothing in life that is neither chaos nor mechanism, who have not confused happiness with possessiveness, or victory with success, and who have believed in love.

K. Natwar Singh

Left: Mahatma sepoy, 1773.  
Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.

In spite of the bomb incident at Delhi, the India of 1912 was politically very dull and inactive and the Indian National Congress, in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru—who had just returned to India after seven years at Harrow, Cambridge and London—"very much an English-knowing upper class affair where morning coats and well-pressed trousers were greatly in evidence. Essentially it was a social gathering with no political excitement or tension". Gandhiji was still in South Africa and relatively unknown.

## Visit To Santiniketan

The second visit was from April to November 1921. He spent most of his time at Dewas where he was Private Secretary to the Maharaja. It was during this trip that Forster "saw so much of the side of life that is hidden from most English people".

Forster last visited India in 1945. He came to attend the Indian PEN Conference. His two great friends, Masood and Babu Sahib had both died in 1937. He travelled to Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay and Hyderabad. Finally, he visited Santiniketan "the home and creation of Tagore". I spent a night there, and understood why it has exercised a mystic influence on many of its sons. You will either know a great deal about Santiniketan or else you will never have heard of it. It is that kind of place. Its name means "The Home of Peace".

"And did I do any good?" Forster asks himself. "Yes, I did. I wanted to be with Indians, and was, and that is a very little step in the right direction".

Forster is perhaps the only Englishman, certainly the only English writer, to have inspired half a dozen Indian writers to present a book of Tributes to him.

In March 1963, Santha Rama Rau and Raja Rao were in my apartment in Manhattan. Santha's dramatisation of *A Passage* was still being talked about. Raja Rao's second novel in twenty-five years, *The Serpent and the Rope* had received attention in serious literary circles in America. Mr. Forster's name naturally came up. Raja Rao said I should postpone my "study" of Forster and edit instead an Indian Tribute to him as an offering on his 85th birthday. He added that nobody had done more for his writing than Forster. Both his first novel *Kanthapura* and *The Serpent and the Rope* were published with



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Forster's help, and became successes in their own right. So a decision was taken to get on with the project. Forster gave his affectionate blessings and by permitting inclusion of selections from his Indian writings—among them his virtually unknown but deeply moving and perceptive tribute to Gandhiji—made publication possible.

The book when it appeared attracted attention in unexpected quarters.

The "Wall Street Journal", as befits a sound financial paper posed the most pertinent question observing that

"Few men of the West, none of them a statesman, or in what C.P. Snow calls the Corridors of Power, can have had as much praise and of such a kind from the East... What was this accomplishment that won such feelings for an Englishman writing as a novelist about India: a circumstance that could have, and often has, engendered hostility".

*A Passage to India* describes the "human predicament". It also describes an India that has altered very considerably since 1924, but despite subsequent works on India by westerners, it remains the outstanding example of an Englishman's honest effort to understand and interpret this country and its complex people.

## Impact On Britons

What impact, if any, did it make in England forty-five years ago? What impact did it make in India? Forster has himself provided the answer to the first question. In 1962 I asked him what were the Indian and British reactions to *A Passage to India* when it appeared in 1924?

EMF: For a long time no one took any notice. Then a paper called the "Morning Post" reviewed it favourably. After a year or two it started—the reactions to the book I mean. I also received a few abusive letters from Anglo Indians.

Q: What is your own assessment of the political influence it had on the "Indian Question" of the time? Do you think its political influence was accidental and exaggerated?

EMF: It had some political influence—it caused people to think of the link between India and Britain and to doubt if that link was altogether of a healthy nature. The influence (political) was not intended; I was interested in the story and the characters. But I welcomed it.

There is no doubt that thoughtful, honest, liberal minded Englishmen and intellectuals both in Government and outside began to look at the Indian situation from a different point of view.

The literary intelligentsia were shocked and deeply disturbed. Forster made the British Raj sick in their throats and it wasn't a com-

fortable or comforting sensation to live with. Looking beyond and beneath the brilliance of the writing they began to ask, "What are we up to in India". As a novelist it was not Forster's responsibility to find political solutions. Morally there could be no justification for one race ruling over another. The problem was posed and an indictment made—the British Raj might win a few battles but it was losing the war. The English and the Indians could not be friends as long as the Raj lasted. That Indo-British relations took the turn they did during Mountbatten's time is a vindication of what Aziz said to Fielding at the end of the book. Hope was not abandoned, it was only postponed

## No Indophile

Forster was the first serious English writer to portray Indians as human beings and not merely as caricatures or doubtful and shifty natives. But he is no Indophile. There are indignant and highly critical portions in *A Passage to India*—he noticed and commented on our inattention to detail, our idleness and incompetence. The Hindu's pre-occupation with intrigue and suspicion did not go unnoticed. "Intelligent though they are over intrigues, Indians too can get confused and identify hopes with facts. One is reduced—as they are—to siding with people one likes". He was helpless in the presence of the wide-spread Hindu habit of referring to almost all religious and metaphysical matters by a periphrasis.

We took it from him (even Godbole's highbrow incoherence) for two reasons. One because he was harder on his own people. "Nothing enrages Anglo-India more than the lantern of reason if it is exhibited for one moment after its extinction is decreed". Second because he seems to have taken to heart the words of Tagore, "Come to India, accept all her good and evil: if there be deformity, then try and cure it from within, but see it with your own eyes, understand it, think over it, turn your face towards it, become one with it".

Forster's portrayal of Anglo-India has been disapprovingly commented upon. It has been labelled as exaggerated, uncharitable and over-done. But this view does not stand up to close scrutiny. The men who "ruled India", did behave badly, did snub Indians and their women "knew none of the politer forms (of Urdu) and of the verbs, only the imperative mood". They were all the time outraging Indian sentiments. Even after independence sections of the British community in certain cities ran their own clubs on racial lines. Such behaviour was not likely to endear them to a free India just as the behaviour of their fathers had not endeared them to Forster.

Forster would have been spared

Forster has acknowledged his debt to India and Indians. It is time we acknowledged our debt to him. Even at the best of times Forster has been aware of the excesses of his nationalism and for a long time his attitude to Indian nationalism was cautiously sympathetic, not noisily and erratic like Bertrand Russell's. In spite of having "canes", he has

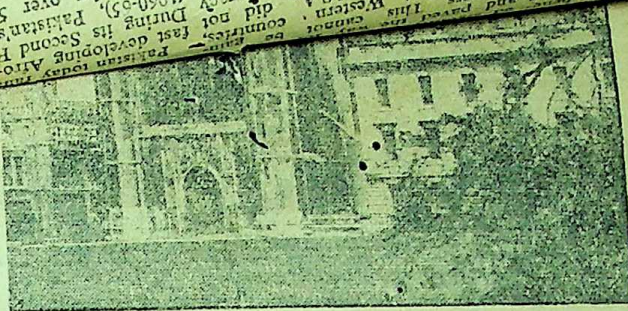
women who have seen things in life that is neither chaos nor mechanism, who have not confused happiness with possessiveness, or victory with success, and who have believed in love.

K. Natwar Singh



[illegible]







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King's Commissions in the fighting arms were for the first time granted to Indians in 1917. reservation of ten vacancies for Indians at Sandhurst was made. The Escher Committee Report of 1919 recommended improved conditions of service for Indian ranks. When the report was discussed in the Legislative Assembly in March 1921 Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer moved a series of resolutions demanding the Indianisation of the Army, reduction

Committee of 1944 had proposed a really effective civilian Defence Minister with overall charge. Mahatma Gandhi knew the importance of the Army. He hoped that when Independence came soldiers would "form the national militia for defensive and protective purposes alone. They will have a voice in the moulding of the affairs of the nation."



Left: Maharashtra sepoy, 1773.  
Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801



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# Indian Army

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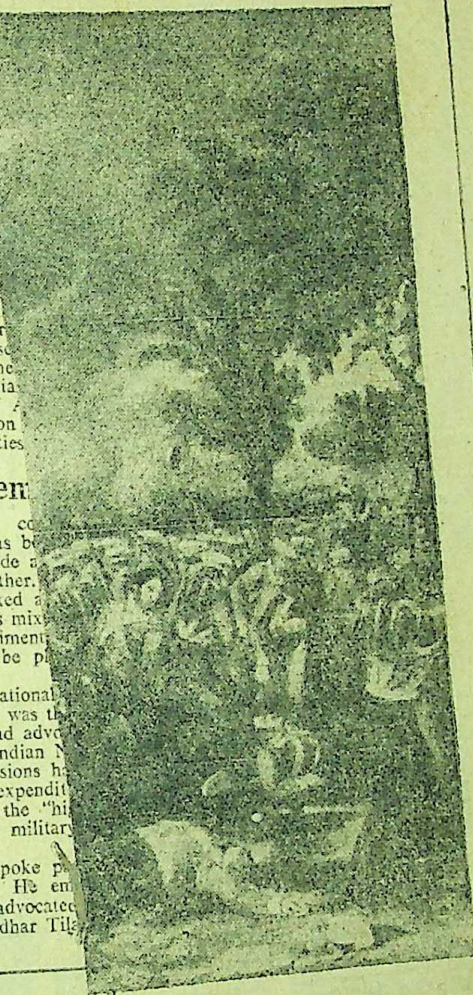
Gradually the atmosphere officers were thrown out of their organizations of 1796 and 1824 est officers and Indian troops, and officers to insignificant positions. at Vellore in 1806 showed the Trouble kept simmering and erupted but the British did not foresee the 1857 shook the British empire foundations. The Army came in for The Peel Commission of 1858 set tern. Fear and suspicion were the. Guns were withdrawn from India. debarred from the regiment of officers were edged out of position growing contempt for their qualities.

## Counterpoise System

A system of balancing or counterpoise was developed. This counterpoise was between the British and the Indians on one side and one Indian community and another. Indian to British troops was fixed at one and three to one. A promiscuous mixture of communities and castes in each regiment so that one community could be pitted against the other.

Meanwhile the Indian national gathering strength and "Swaraj" was the early Raja Ramamohan Roy had advocated Indianisation of the Army. The Indian Congress in its very first three sessions had been against an increase in military expenditure and the entry of Indians into the "high" and the establishment of a military India.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale spoke in favour of the Indian soldier. He emphasized the need for military training and advocated a citizen's army. Bal Gangadhar Tilak



Left: Colour Havildar, 95th Russell's Infantry, 1912.  
Right: Madras sepoy, 1830.

was a popular Defence Minister, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army was no longer the supreme commander of the armed forces. In fact the designation was changed to Chief of the Army Staff and C-in-C (subsequently the suffix was dropped). The Army was brought closer to the people and the concept of martial classes was dropped—the Army was open to every eligible Indian.

Partition brought its own problems. Though 23rd of the Army remained with India, most of the training centres and cantonments went to Pakistan. The composition of the units underwent drastic change and most of them remained under strength. The officer cadre was badly depleted. There was bloodshed, misery and disorder. The Army was called upon to assist the civil authority. Hardly had that been achieved when the J&K operations started in October 1947.

The Army of the young Republic—born withstanding its many travails and the comparative inexperience of its officers who had jumped two to three ranks higher—gave an excellent account of

Minister, the Sapru Committee of 1944 had proposed a really effective civilian Defence Minister with overall charge. Mahatma Gandhi knew the importance of the Army. He hoped that when Independence came soldiers would "form the national militia for defensive and protective purposes alone. They will have a voice in the moulding of the affairs of the nation."

New patterns were set after Independence. There

Left: Madras sepoy, 1771.  
Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.



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Enough was happening to traders into an imperial coterie ready to snatch power and establish their rule. The flag followed trade and the sword was drawn in the cause of commerce. The Sepoys became the sword arm of the British. There was honour in soldiering and Indian officers enjoyed positions of pre-eminence. Sepoys were never wanting in gallantry. They had had a rich background of martial traditions and military prowess. The English acquired faith in them.

Gradually the atmosphere changed. Indian officers were thrown out of their posts. The reorganizations of 1796 and 1824 estranged the British officers and Indian troops, and relegated Indian officers to insignificant positions. The Sepoy Mutiny at Vellore in 1806 showed the changed temper. Trouble kept simmering and erupting at other places but the British did not foresee the events of 1857.

1857 shook the British empire in India to its foundations. The Army came in for a severe scrutiny. The Peel Commission of 1858 set the future pattern. Fear and suspicion were the dominant notes. Guns were withdrawn from Indians, Indians were debarré from the regiment of Artillery. Indian officers were edged out of position and there was a growing contempt for their qualities of leadership.

### Counterpoise System

A system of balancing or counterpoise was developed. This counterpoise was between the British and the Indians on one side as also between one Indian community and another. The ratio of Indian to British troops was fixed at two to one and three to one. A promiscuous mixing of all communities and castes in each regiment was suggested so that one community could be played against the other.

Meanwhile the Indian national forces were gathering strength and "Swaraj" was the goal. Quite early Raja Ramamohan Roy had advocated the Indianisation of the Army. The Indian National Congress in its very first three sessions had protested against an increase in military expenditure, demanded the entry of Indians into the "higher grades" and the establishment of a military college in India.

Gopal Krishna Gokhale spoke passionately in favour of the Indian soldier. He emphasised the need for military training and advocated an inexpensive citizen's army. Bal Gangadhar Tilak too spoke



Left: Private, 9th Bengal Infantry 1890.  
Right: Havildar Major, 25th Punjabis, 1904.

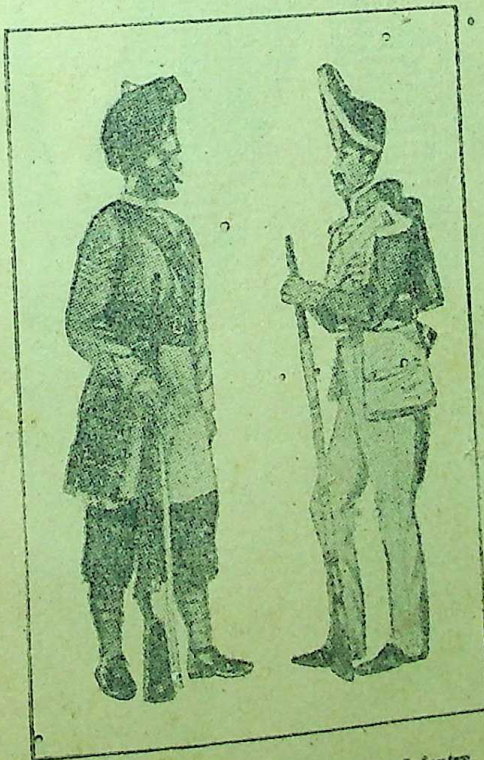
in military expenditure, discussions on matters of defence and popular control over the Military Department.

Eight units of cavalry and infantry were selected in 1923 for being officered totally by Indians. Two years later, the Sken Committee — Motilal Nehru and M. A. Jinnah were members of this — recommended rapid Indianisation, the opening of a Military College in India and the scrapping of the 8-unit scheme. The recommendations of the Committee were not accepted except that the reservation for Indians at Sandhurst was raised to twenty. In 1928, the Report of the All Parties' Conference (Motilal Nehru Report) was published. The Conference urged the transfer of control over the Army and recommended the appointment of a responsible Minister answerable to the Legislature. This rebutted the Simon Commission which had thrown cold water on Indian aspirations and roused nationwide indignation. The first Round Table Conference in 1930 followed. The Defence Sub-Committee of this Conference devoted its attention to Indianisation. Tej Bahadur Sapru, Srinivasa Sastri, Phiroze Sethna, M. R. Jayakar, Dr. M. S. Moonje and M. A. Jinnah spoke fervently, showed their impatience and brought out the urgency of fixing a time limit for the Indianization of the Army. One good result was the opening of the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Doon in 1932.

### Post-Independence Patterns

Seven years later came World War II which resulted in tremendous expansion of the Army. Once again Indian officers and men fought with daring. Lt. (now Lt.-Gen.) P. S. Bhagat was the first Indian officer to win the Victoria Cross; Major (later Chief of the Army Staff) Rajendrasinhji was the first to obtain the Distinguished Service Order and Brigadier (later C.O.A.S.) K. S. Thimayya was the first Indian officer to command a brigade in war. K. M. Cariappa was promoted a Brigadier in 1944. A Ministry of Defence to deal with civil defence and cantonments etc. was set up with Feroze Khan Noon as the first Defence Minister. The Sapru Committee of 1944 had proposed a really effective civilian Defence Minister with overall charge. Mahatma Gandhi knew the importance of the Army. He hoped that when Independence came soldiers would "form the national militia for defensive and protective purposes alone. They will have a voice in the moulding of the affairs of the nation."

New patterns were set after Independence. There



Left: Colour Havildar, 95th Russell's Infantry, 1912.  
Right: Madras sepoy, 1830.

Left: Maharaja sepoy, 1773.  
Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.



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Wide range of colours  
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"SANFORIZED" Cotton  
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After 1948 the emphasis for a number of years was on the peace time role of the Army. New customs and traditions were sprouting, new training institutions with accent on inter-service co-ordination were opening up and Hindi words of command were introduced. They were used for the first time at the Republic Day parade in 1955. The erstwhile State forces were integrated with the Army, a large number of ex-Servicemen were resettled, new gallantry awards were instituted and salary scales and pensions were revised. At home Jawans were performing yeoman service in moments of distress and national calamities, and abroad they were winning laurels in international peace assignments in Korea, Indo-China, Gaza, Lebanon, Yemen and the Congo.

### "Battle Inoculation" Given

Some effort was made to expand the Army in 1960. But manpower itself was not enough. There was paucity of equipment. It was only after the Chinese aggression in 1962 that a good deal of thought and attention was devoted to defence problems. A Rs. 5,000-crore 5-year Defence Plan (1964-69) was formulated. The strength of the Army was raised to 8,25,000. Mountain Divisions with higher mobility and greater fire-power which were specially tailored to the needs of defence in the Himalayas were raised. More and more stress was laid on training under actual battle conditions: both officers and men were given these "battle inoculations". Commando courses were introduced and a number of new training centres were established. New weapons and equipment were designed and the "teeth and tail" ratio of the Army was adjusted. The Army took on the stupendous task of re-organizing, raising new units, training intensively and also re-equipping itself—all at the same time! This was a colossal achievement.

This planning and priming paid rich dividends in 1965 and again in September-October 1967 when Chinese guns opened up unprovoked at Nathu La and Cho La, the Jawans remained steadfast. Not an inch of ground was yielded; not a single Chinese gun remained unsilenced.

### VICTOR LONGER



Left: Maharaja sepoy, 1773.  
Right: Nalk, Bombay Grenadier Battalion, 1801.







# HE CARRIED MESSAGE OF BHAKTI THROUGH MUSIC

By A. Sreenivasan

THE name of, Purandara Dasa shines like a lodestar in the firmament of Karnatic music. Tradition has it that he was an incarnation of the Divine sage Narada—a doyen among the devotees of Lord Hari.

This spiritual savant is credited with having composed 4,75,000 songs out of which about 2,000 are still extant. Broadly speaking, Karnatic music owes its origin to the Musical Trinity, viz., Tyagaraja, Shyama Sastri and Dikshitar. In fact, long before these three leading lights, Purandara Dasa had laid the ground-work for Karnatic music.

Saint Tyagaraja has paid an eloquent tribute to Purandara Dasa in his opera "Prahlada Bhaktivilayamu." Tyagaraja's mother taught him many compositions of that great master and we can clearly discern traces of the latter's influence in several songs of Tyagaraja. In the compositions of Purandara Dasa we find a confluence of Karnatic, Maharashtra and Hindustani music.

Purandara Dasa gave a new dimension to the Haridasas movement. The Haridasas were servants of God and dedicated their lives to the service of Lord Hari. Purandara Dasa was born in the year 1480 A.D. into a world of conflicting ideals. At that time, "people were wading through a bewildering welter of cultural ideas." The Muslim menace was looming large on the horizon and fissiparous tendencies were in the ascendant. Purandara Dasa lived at a time when the Vijayanagar empire was at the meridian of its greatness and was ruled over by Krishna Deva Raya—an illustrious monarch, and passed away in 1564.

Towards the close of the 13th century there lived at Purandaraghada near Pandarpur in Maharashtra, a diamond merchant by name Varadappa Naik who was fabulously wealthy. He was a pious Brahmin and his wife too was equally devout. For many years they had no children. The couple went on a pilgrimage to Tirupati and prayed fervently to the Lord to fulfil their wish. Lord Srinivasa blessed them with a son who was named Seenappa Naik. The child was endowed with sparkling intelligence. After schooling he was inducted into his father's profession and he married a virtuous girl called Saraswati Bai.

Seenappa Naik's one passion was to amass wealth and he was

pittance. Seenappa Naik saw that the nose-ring resembled his wife's jewel. Curiously enough, the Brahmin went away without taking the nose-ring or money. Seenappa Naik sealed the jewel in a packet with great care, and sent his servants to ascertain the whereabouts of the Brahmin. The servants told him that the Brahmin entered Vithoba's temple and disappeared. Seenappa Naik rushed to his house and asked his wife to show her nose-ring. Though fear filled her, she adroitly replied that she had kept the nose-ring in a box as it was damaged. When her husband became insistent, she resolved to put an end to her life. The moment she raised a cup of poison to her lips, her nose-ring fell into it with a plop. She gave it to her husband who was stunned. One can imagine his feelings when, disbelieving his eyes, he went to his treasury to see if the nose-ring was there. He found it missing.

This was the turning point in Seenappa Naik's life. After eliciting the details about the nose-ring affair from his wife, he was convinced that it was God's test. He was filled with pensive sadness. He gifted away his all to the people of Purandaraghada and left the place along with his wife and son in order to lead the life of a mendicant.

One day Lord Panduranga appeared in his dream and ordered Seenappa Naik to proceed to Hampi and become a disciple of Sri Vyasaraaya Swami. Vyasaraaya Swami accepted him and ordained that from that time onwards Seenappa Naik should compose songs in praise of Lord Hari under the pseudonym "Purandaravithala." Incidentally, he was given the name "Purandara Dasa" after Purandaraghada, his native place. His compositions extorted the admiration of his Guru so much so that he called them "Purandaropani-shad" and even worshipped them.

Purandara Dasa visited almost all the sacred shrines of Bharata Varsha, singing the glories of Lord Hari and appealing to the masses to try to escape from the cycle of births and deaths by constantly uttering the holy names of the Lord. He was every inch a "Jeevan-muktha." His fame spread far and wide and even King Krishna Deva Raya was all admiration for his spiritual greatness.

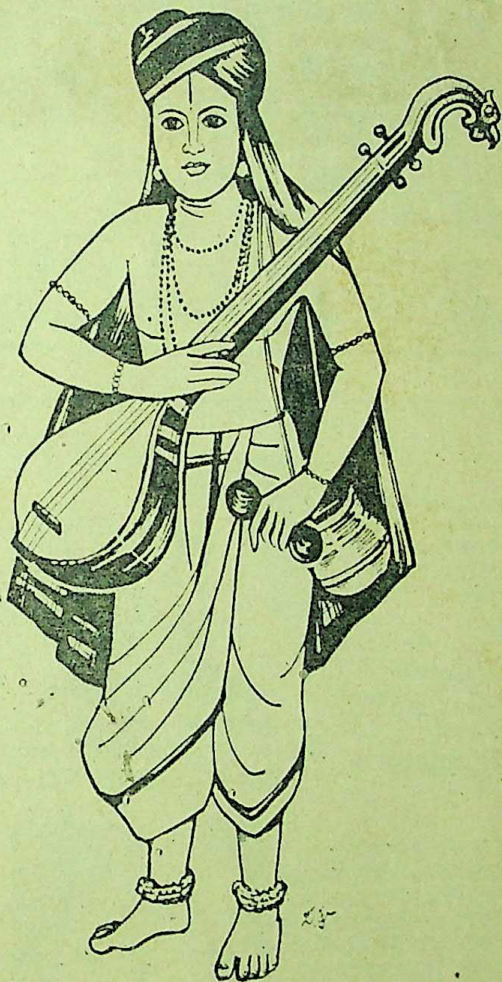
Most of the Kritis of Purandara Dasa are dedicated to Lord Hari and are interspersed with puranic anecdotes. In fact, they may be said to contain

his direct experience to Saraswati Bai and implored her to help him. Saraswati Bai, who was unlike her husband very pious and charitable, gladly gave the Brahmin her diamond nose-ring.

The next day the Brahmin took the nose-ring to Seenappa and offered to sell it for a

spirit of devotion to the masses through the medium of music. His compositions are a harmonious blend of "Sangeetha" and "Sabithya." The songs were composed in Kannada and were language employed by him is so simple, chaste and mellifluous that it touches the deepest chords in our hearts.





a miser. One day an old Vaishnava Brahmin approached Seenappa Naik for help to perform his son's upanayanam. Though Seenappa Naik dismissed him unceremoniously, the old man continued to pester him, for six months. When the latter offered him a small copper coin, the Brahmin refused to accept it.

The old Brahmin was none but Lord Hari Himself in disguise who had come to save Seenappa Naik from worldly ways. After refusing the coin the Brahmin went to Seenappa Naik's residence and narrated his bitter experience to Saraswati Bai and implored her to help him. Saraswati Bai, who was unlike her husband very pious and charitable, gladly gave the Brahmin her diamond nose-ring.

The next day the Brahmin took the nose-ring to Seenappa and offered to sell it for a

the cream of Ramayana, Mahabharata and Bhagavatha. As Dr. M. V. Krishna Rao succinctly puts it, "the simplest songs of Purandara Dasa have in them the ring of genuine inspiration which constitutes a real addition to our spiritual wealth. They possess some scintillation of the higher incommunicable element which is a source of perennial delight." Some of the songs are in the nature of moral sayings designed to instruct and enlighten the masses. Besides, he composed a few songs satirising the sinister features of Kali Yuga.

Purandara Dasa carried the spirit of devotion to the masses through the medium of music. His compositions are a harmonious blend of "Sangeetha" and "Sahitya." The songs were composed in Kannada and the language employed by him is so simple, chaste and melodious that it touches the deepest chords in our hearts.

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By Peter Knight

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How many kinds of muscles are there?—Broadly, two—"voluntary" and "involuntary". Those that require your will to bring them into action to perform some act, like throwing or work on their involuntary ones. These questions about your muscles?

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## Meet Vir Singh

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The worst deprivation suffered  
by women is that of regular star-  
vation. Professor Amartya Sen  
has said that women, including  
small girls, are systematic losers  
in conflicts over access to food.  
The greater mortality and lower  
life expectancy of Indian women  
compared with men relate to  
their being persistent losers in  
food battles and other related  
battles as in getting medical at-  
tention.

An analysis of the statistics on  
lower female life expectancy,  
higher female illiteracy and lower  
female employment reveals an  
alarming trend. "There is growing  
evidence," writes Mukhopadhyay,  
"to support the claim that in  
India women in a specific age-  
group die in greater numbers than  
men in the same age group, that  
they expect to have shorter  
lives than men, and that the pro-  
portion of women in the popula-  
tion is less than men and is de-  
creasing. What is most disturbing  
about these facts is that this trend,  
which was discernible from the  
early decades of this century, has  
accelerated since Independence."

The strength of the book lies  
in presenting concrete ideas on  
how to arrest this steady deterio-  
ration in the status of women.  
First of all, it must be recognised  
that poor women are neither  
only nor primarily homemakers.



WHO'S THE PARASITE?: It is  
ners and not

# They walk tall in a w

which has benefited  
from the process of  
at — the upper and  
some group. Mrs Gan-  
is the supreme em-  
of the dazzling achieve-  
ment of the women of this  
stragedy is that the high  
middle class women  
to blackout rather than  
the plight of the vast  
our women who are  
rate and constantly la-

Mukhopadhyay's fo-  
on the minuscule per-  
high profile women.  
cerned with those who  
virtually by-passed by  
programmes. Her  
is the bleak portrait  
cent of our female  
which lives below the  
level and on the bor-  
between relative security  
deprivation." The  
before the majority of  
India today is, as she  
equality but survival."

Mukhopadhyay's conten-  
there is a strong sex  
the impact of poverty.  
encies working with the  
reported that even  
family, the burden of  
more heavily on  
on men in the same

there is not enough  
the family it is the  
who remain most hun-  
they who get less medi-  
on and, again, it is the

Nor is their worth limited to their  
reproductive role. In contrast to  
upper class women, poor women  
in our society have always played  
an economically productive  
role in supporting their families.  
In households below the poverty  
line, the income generating and  
income conserving activities of  
women are critical to the very  
survival of the family.

Not only that, traditionally  
Asian women have made a large  
contribution to the village eco-  
nomy. The famous Madhuban  
paintings of Bihar are made by  
women. Until the arrival of big  
freezing plants, the marketing  
of fish was almost exclusively  
in the hands of fisher-women  
living along our vast coastline.  
The sale of fresh vegetables, bas-  
ket weaving, making pickles, and  
the picking and grading of tea  
leaves are only a few examples  
of the integration of women in  
the rural economy.

The transition from an agra-  
rian to an industrial society and  
the resulting decline in house-  
hold industries has robbed hun-  
dreds and thousands of women  
of their means of livelihood. It  
has also transformed their role  
in the village economy from a  
productive one to that of econo-  
mic parasites.

The displacement caused by  
modernisation affects women  
more than men as there are many  
impediments preventing their ab-

sorption into the expanding in-  
dustrial sector. Men have greater  
opportunities of acquiring al-  
ternative skills. Again, it is men  
who find it easier to migrate to  
distant places in search of em-  
ployment.

With crusading zeal, Mukho-  
padhyay demolishes the myth of  
the Indian woman as only a  
housewife. More than the grim  
statistics it is the brief extracts  
from case studies and interviews  
with the women themselves  
which make a powerful impact.

Mukhopadhyay looks at the  
problem of women and develop-  
ment in a national perspective.  
The second book under review:  
**A Quiet Revolution: Women  
in Transition in Rural Bangladesh**,  
provides an excellent in-depth  
study of how an effective devel-  
opment scheme can be planned  
and implemented.

Having lived on the subcon-  
tinent for over two decades, author  
Martha Alter Chen worked with  
the Bangladesh Rural Advance-  
ment Committee (BARC) for  
five years. She helped organise  
over six thousand women into  
several small cooperative groups.  
These groups made it possible  
for women from the poorest  
households to generate some in-  
come to meet the minimum food  
requirements of their families.  
"It has been estimated that one  
third of the households around  
the world are headed and manag-

## for India

cheetah Sind and Afghanistan, Ba-  
Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Israel, the  
North Africa. The USSR, the  
Uzbekistan were  
homes of the Asian cheetah  
Iran has the Asian cheetah  
man's depredations. The  
status is undetermined.

The cheetah requires  
savannah type of low grass  
dry deciduous climate. It is  
unsuited for the hilly ter-  
rain. This is the only cat  
runs its prey. It can run  
a minute.

The cheetah's normal p  
on the gazelle, chinkara,  
the larger deer and antelope  
also hunt down the female  
after half a kilometre  
kilometre-long chase.

The main problem is of  
suitable site for reintrodu-  
cheetah. The young pairs w  
ted with radio collars before  
introduced into the wild.  
enable the wildlife experts  
their movement closely.

## ay' fizzles

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Another reason for the  
the agitation is that the effo  
NC (Farooq) to rope in  
court arrest met with little  
Most of the NC (Farooq) su  
did not want to court arre  
willing, wanted provision  
made for their families w  
were in jail.

The memorandum said  
July 2, 1984, all municipal  
been superseded, all town a  
mittees and notified area  
tees have been dissolved  
where defectors' chosen n  
were on the scene. The prem  
of Jammu and Srinagar are  
municipalities. All maj  
medium size towns are with  
area committees. Developin  
areas and notified areas  
tees were now being disso  
that they might pass on to b  
ratic stranglehold. Peopl  
ticipation is what they drea  
from 1953 after they auth  
vicious change in the state  
night of August 9, 1953 at  
followed it up by the pre-dav  
de et al of July 2, 1984."

The memorandum den  
elections to the legislative as  
dismissed by the "defector  
ment" elections to all local o  
power in rural and urban an  
restoration of the elected bo  
fresh elections.

## g Watchman sl dead

PATNA, October 27 (H  
chowkidar (village headma  
two other members of his  
were shot dead by un  
assailants near Nadaul railw  
tion under Masaurhi police  
in Patna district yesterday,  
ing to the police.

The chowkidar, his uncle a  
were guarding the field  
Naxalite-infested region wh  
assailants struck.  
No arrest has



direct evocations of pre-war China. Those who experienced something of its flavour before the war will find Ballard's intimations of it agreeable reminders of a city which, more than any other city of the recent past, has vanished for ever from the face of the earth.

Those who experienced something of Shanghai's flavour before the war will find Ballard's intimations of it agreeable reminders of a city which has vanished for ever from the face of the earth.

These days newspapers are seldom recognised as personalities in their own right which is why their biographers never get it quite right despite a skilful deployment of the facts. The kind of sensitivity which intuitively understands the tone and spirit of a paper can only be acquired by someone who has worked for it. The outsider is at a disadvantage; and it is no accident that the first four volumes of *The History of The Times* were

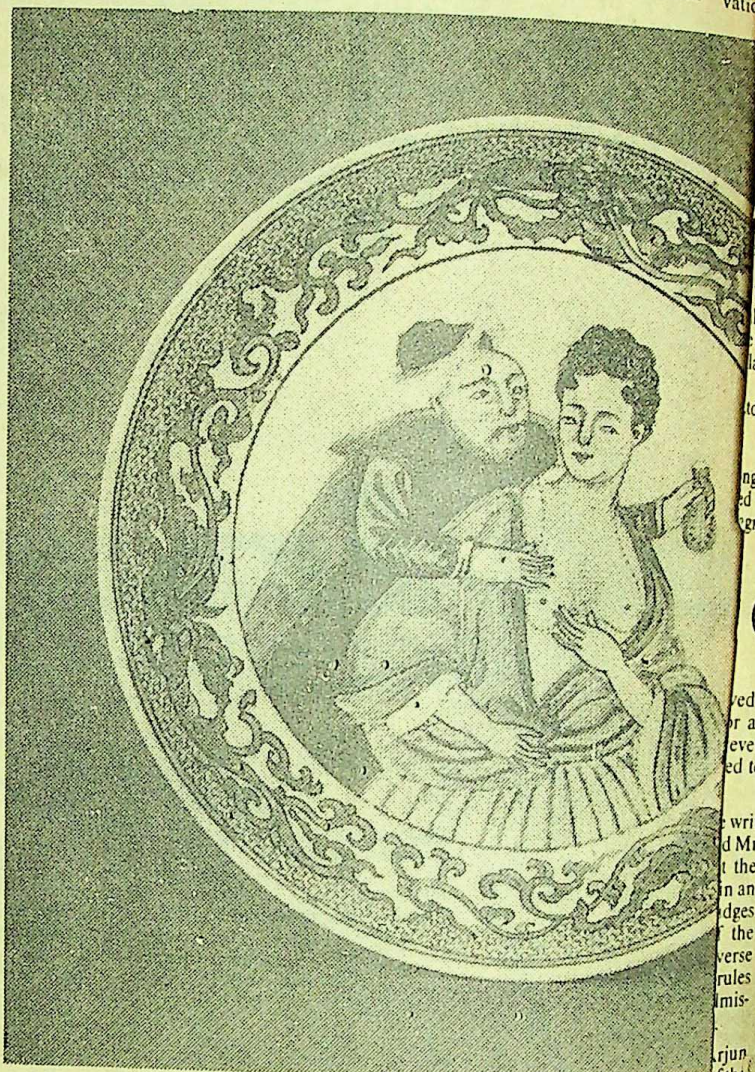
written by Stanley Morison and the final volume by Iverach McDonald (Times Books, £20) both of whom served the paper in senior positions.

Irrational rather than rational factors play a far greater role in the conduct of a paper than is generally suspected; and it is in interpreting them that the insider is better positioned than, for example, a detached and professional historian. Among other things, this accounts for the immense readability of the five volumes of history which never deteriorate as they might have done, into little more than a narrative account of the events through which *The Times* lived and helped to record. The final volume covers the period from

NOVELISTS are probably never more confounded than when their more literal-minded critics tax them with their alleged failure to stick to the facts. The description of the Japanese detention camp in Ballard's *Empire of the Sun*, these critics insist, is much too lurid and borders on fantasy; and there is the added implication that the author has piled on the horror solely for effect. Former internees in the Shanghai area confirm that Japanese brutality was minimal and living conditions were not as intolerable as Ballard makes out. The chances are that they are right for there was a correlation between Japanese beastliness and the degree of resistance they encountered. Shanghai's international settlement, unlike Hong Kong, was a walk-over and Japanese tempers remained relatively unprovoked.

Nevertheless, the critics seem singularly obtuse in their failure to distinguish between literal exactitude and emotional truth. Obviously Ballard needed to colour it up more than a little in the interests of the latter. The role of fact in relation to fictional truth is subordinate and supportive; and although Ballard has not taken liberties with the historicity of the events he describes it is plainly the larger reality behind them with which he is primarily concerned. Yet, he maintains that he has "soft-pedalled" the violence and horror which is in flat contradiction to his critics who evidently feel that he has abused his rights as a novelist.

All of which suggests that if retrospection finally reveals one kind of truth it tends to play havoc with the factual variety in one direction or the other. But this apart one wonders why so exhilarating and fascinating a city as Shanghai once was has figured so rarely in fictional or



ALL THINGS ANTIQUE AND ORIENTAL: There are some west  
is that of a conservationist. (Above) A porcelain saucer in the

[illegible]





Great Britain.

And while, basically, not much has changed since the time George Washington started it all, present-day elections are a lot more polite. The barbs, the vitriol, the below-the-belt aside may still pock mark today's campaigns, but no one in recent years has called a candidate for the highest office in the land a carbuncle-faced old drunkard, a howling atheist, a pickpocket, thief traitor, lecher, syphilitic, gorilla—all common epithets in the past, and indulged in alike by high hat and low brow. As Boller comments, "Historian William S. McFeely is right. 'Campaigns in recent years seem prissy by comparison.'"

Register

from Georgia Boller comments that "Americans like their Presidents to be religious, but not too religious. Some people including Ford himself were exasperated by Carter's religiosity." It was his legacy that prompted the question on being "born again", that caused equal discomfort to both Mr Reagan and Mr Mondale during the televised debate this time round.

Then spurn the offers of her  
sway/And kick the loathsome  
hag away". There is a lesson  
here for the self-inflated politi-  
cal pundit who has been having  
ferson again or as close as  
Jimmy Carter.  
Yale's clergyman-president,  
Timothy Dwight, thundered that  
if Jefferson were elected, church-

And believe it or not, one can even find echoes in America's Presidential campaigns of a major controversy in Indian elections.

Beginning with the first election which incidentally was "thoroughly undemocratic," with no contest and yet "the perfect expression of popular will," the book takes each one of the campaigns in turn, highlights the promises and the personalities of the key contenders, relates some anecdotes and moves on to the next. In the process one gets a very sugar-coated capsule of American history and the evolution of democracy in the USA.

There is the Federalist succession of John Adams; the Republican takeover with Jefferson's Revolution; the rise of "progressivism" with Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft; the Great Depression during the times of the other Roosevelt and his subsequent New Deal; there is Kennedy's New Frontier, Lyndon Johnson's Great Society; and finally Ronald Reagan's American renewal. The book ends with his 1980 election.

Wartime campaigns had extra fire-power. The first "khaki election" was in 1912, when the incumbent, James Madison, was running again in the midst of Britain's stepped-up interference in its former colony. And already one could see the stirrings of the groups which would become so visible in later elections: the coincided with war; critics harping on the Administration's mishandling of the situation; opponents making political capital; supporters crying for the need for all patriots to rally round the President and his continuation in office; even peace groups condemning military action and the Government for taking the country into war. Pacifists and conscientious objectors, certainly

The USA has, of course, fought different wars since Madison's one, and with different outcomes. The elections of 1916 and

(Continued on Page 11)

If one is looking for an earlier parallel for the conflict between the Church and the State which featured so prominently in the 1984 U.S. elections—whether it

es would become "temples of reason...the Bible cast into a bonfire.... our children chanting mockeries against God... our wives and daughters the victims of legal prostitution, soberly dishonoured". As for the Baptist

dynastic succession. In 1800, the Republicans spread the story that John Adams planned to marry one of his sons to a daughter of King George III, start an American dynasty, and reunite the United States and

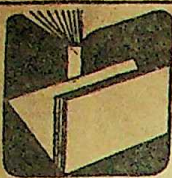
Keen Williams Ltd

immortal resonance of Don Quixote's windmills, of Proust's madeleine, of Huck Finn's raft."

immortal resonance of Don Quixote's windmills, of Proust's madeleine, of Huck Finn's raft."

iveness or a first rate  
reporter, presenting  
inventiveness of a  
the essays on H.



Speaking  
Volumes

Those who experienced something of Shanghai's flavour before the war will find

Ballard's in agreeable a city which led for the face of the

NOVELS

never than when minded critics their allegiance to the facts of the Japanese in Ballard's these critics lurid and boring there is the that the author horror solely internees in confirm that was minimal tions were no Ballard makes are that they was a correlation nese beastliness of resistance Shanghai's in ment, unlike the walk-over and remained relatively

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# Sunset at day

direct evocations of pre-war China. Those who experienced something of its flavour before the war will find Ballard's intimations of it agreeable reminders of a city which, more than any other city of the recent past, has vanished for ever from the face of the earth.

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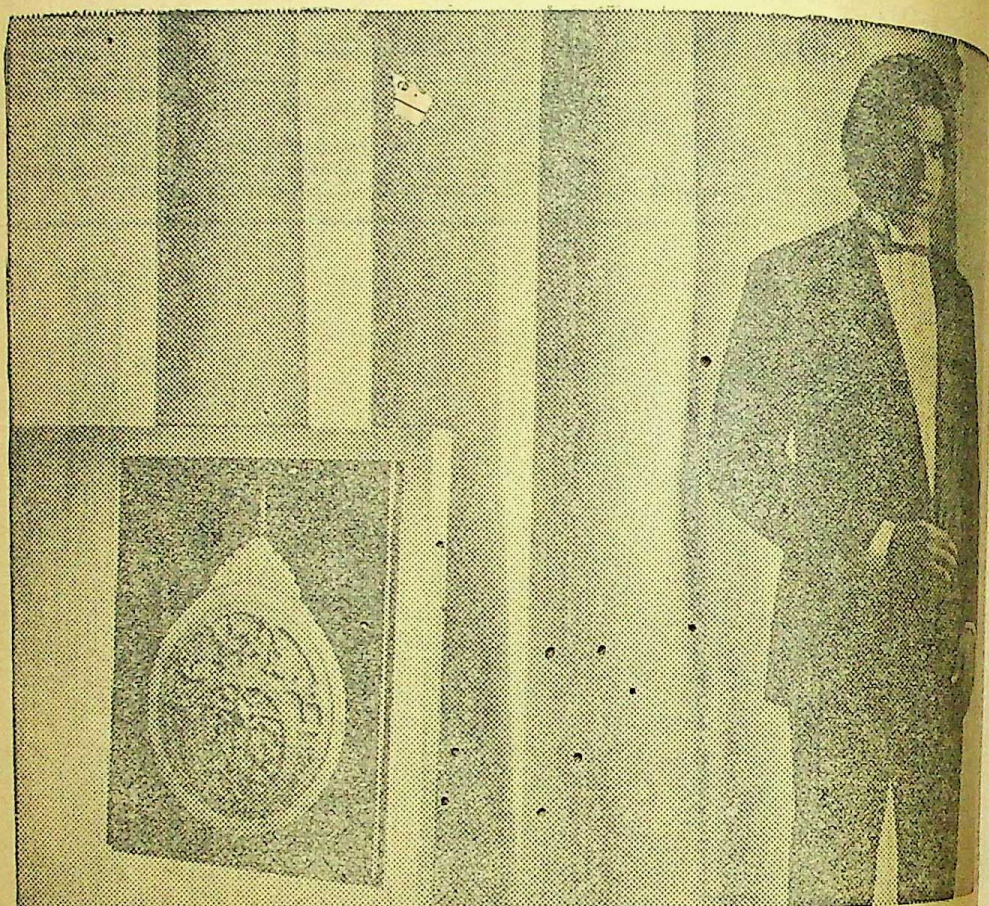
Irrational rather than rational factors play a far greater role in the conduct of a paper than is generally suspected; and it is

1939 to the Halsey began a paper liam editors like the fending of his

pers are sel-



a harmony in  
'Terene' & Wool



An "Astrolabe" in brass and copper.  
Navigational instrument, Mughal, 17th Century.

*Inspired by the  
heritage of traditionally  
dedicated mastercraftsmen.*

**GWALIOR**  
**SUITING**



PGR-84-54-ENG-A



# Vivekananda's Message Of Freedom

By R. K. Das Gupta

or political Vivekananda spoke of the "irresistible appeal" of his writings: Jawahar Lal Nehru found in him "a dynamic and fiery energy and a passion to push India forward". An Indian Pilgrim that Vivekananda gave him an ideal to which "I could give my whole being".

But how do we relate the Vivekananda who scrupulously eschewed politics to the Vivekananda who so inspired the Indian national movement? It is as if we are to imagine a St. Francis of Assisi as an inspirer of the political hopes of Frederick II's Italy or contemplate St. John of the Cross as one of the guardians of Spain as a Catholic power. But Vivekananda did not need to make any distinction between the sacred and the secular because he looked upon the question of

the Indian National Congress had no notion of the spirit of the Indian people and their civilization. To seize that spirit and to make it an active principle of national work was a matter of preparation. "Without the necessary preparation, what will mere shouting in the Congress avail?" he asked. And he knew that the Congress was not an organization of the masses; it was not even an organization for them. "In these days of dire famine", he asked in a letter to Swami Akhananda-nanda (February 21, 1900), "tell me where your Congressmen are?"

Vivekananda's patriotism or nationalism was not then a political patriotism or nationalism. And since his patriotism was rooted in his Vedantic monism it was not in the least warped by any form or chauvinism. Nor did he favour any kind of Hindu nationalism when he rejected all forms of sacerdotal authority in religious life. And there was no scope for a sectarian approach in a national activity which, he said, must begin with the education of the masses. Vivekananda contemplated this national activity as a spiritual activity. The monk was a warrior, and he did not cease to be monk when he was a warrior. Perhaps this was for the first time understood by the writers of his biography, published in 1913. "To him religion was no longer an isolated province of human endeavour, it embraced whole scheme of things, not only the Dharma, the Vedas, the Upanishads, the meditation of Sages, the asceticism of great monks, the vision of the Most High, but the heart of the people, their lives, their hopes, their misery, their poverty, their degradation, their sorrows, their woes."

A little over 15 years later Romain Rolland interpreted this new concept of religion in terms of its historical consequence in the Swadeshi Movement of 1905. "The generation that followed", he wrote in his *The Life of Vivekananda*, "saw, three years after Vivekananda's death, the revolt of Bengal, the prelude to the great movement of Tilak and Gandhi... if India today has definitely taken part in the collective action of organized masses, it is due to the initial shock, to the mighty 'Lazarus, come forth' of the message of Vivekananda."

Twenty-five years later Vivekananda's younger brother, Bhupendranath Datta, wrote his *Swami Vivekananda: Patriot-Prophet* (1954) to show how Vivekananda gave a complete programme for national regeneration through a rediscovery of our past, and a realization of our great role in the world's future. Thirty years after the publication of this important work we have now Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta's *Swami Vivekananda and Indian Nationalism* as a comprehensive and finely perceptive treatment of the subject. In his *India Wrests Freedom* (1932), Professor Sen Gupta said about Vivekananda that "when with ringing voice he said to his countrymen 'Arise, Awake', the listeners could not miss the deeper meaning that they could not rise without dislodging the usurper." This view of Swami Vivekananda's role in the Indian national movement is presented in this well-argued and well-documented monograph.

The first two chapters of the work appropriately present the background of the emergence of Vivekananda on the Indian scene, while the third chapter competently deals with his religion and philosophy. The chapter on Karma-Yoga prepares the reader for the two chapters that follow—Vivekananda on Nationalism.

(Continued on Page 11)



Swami Vivekananda (California, 1900)

tes these words of Vivekananda as the locus classicus of his nationalism: "Oh India, wouldst thou attain, by means of thy disgraceful cowardice that freedom deserved only by the brave and heroic... Oh Thou Mother of Strength, take away my weakness, take away my unmanliness and make me a man". Several months earlier Annie Besant had said in her presidential address at the 32nd session of the Indian National Congress held in Calcutta in 1917 that Vivekananda wanted his people "to look forward, march forward and make India brighter, greater, much higher than she ever was".

Vivekananda scorned politics and yet he had profound influence on the great leaders of our political movement. Mahatma

national regeneration as a spiritual question. He thought there was no freedom for a people who were slaves within themselves, and had no sense of their spiritual and moral dignity.

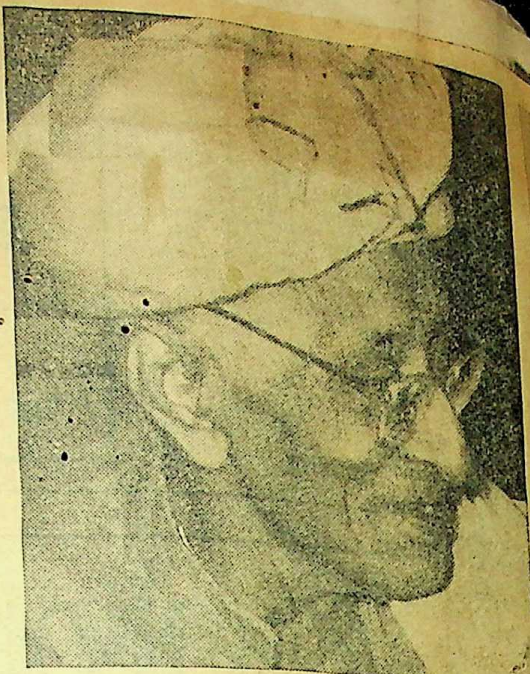
Politics, as he saw it at home and abroad, was not so much a pursuit of liberty as of power. "The powerful men in every country are moving society whatever way they like", he said, "and the rest are only like a flock of sheep". While he believed that there was no awakening of India without an awakening of her masses he did not believe that our masses would ever care for a political awakening. "In England or in America", he said, "if you want to preach religion, you have to use political methods. On the other hand, if you want to speak of politics in India, you must speak through the language of religion".

It was not really a question of... it was a question of...

Swami Vivekananda and Indian Nationalism

By Subodh Chandra





FRIENDLY OVERTURES: (Left to right) Raja Rao, Rajaji and Nelson

The author takes the reader on a journey over the years, sharing with him the joys of a vast and varied reading of books and many deep and abiding friendships.

by Krishna Kripalani

**D**IPLOMATS are not generally distinguished as writers. But some have been, and Natwar Singh is one of the few. He is in the line of K.P.S. Menon. But while Menon made his mark as a writer by utilising his experiences as a diplomat, Natwar Singh's career as a writer has followed an independent, though parallel, course. He has a free, easy and frank style, unencumbered by high sounding pomposities or diplomatic ambiguities. The book under review is ample testimony to his love of reading, his literary sensibility and his talent as a writer.

It is divided into three parts of more or less equal length: essays, reviews and letters. Though each part is independent and stands on its own right, they are not unrelated. It is obvious that the author became a writer because he was a great reader. Unlike some of his heroes, like E. M. Forster, R. K. Narayan or Raja Rao, Natwar Singh is not a creative writer. He writes about what he has read and the people he has known and admired. It is neces-

sary to stress "...and admired", for he has a large capacity for admiration. It is a fine quality in any man which unfortunately the modern generation is losing.

But though he wields his pen with the facility of a journalist, Natwar Singh is in fact a serious student of history in which branch of knowledge he graduated from St. Stephen's in Delhi and Corpus Christi in Cambridge. His biography of Maharaja Suraj Mal, the redoubtable founder of the State of Bharatpur, is a study of the rise of Jat power in western India in the eighteenth century. Being a scion of the same dynasty, the book is written with an obvious sense of belonging. A trace of a similar dynastic pride is visible in the essay in the present volume on the former Maharaja of Patiala who was his father-in-law.

### Personal Touches

The essays cover a wide range of personalities and contemporary events of international importance. Except in the essay on Mahatma Gandhi whom he was introducing to the people of Zambia when he was posted as India's ambassador to that country, almost every other writing is drawn on direct knowledge and is enlivened with personal touches. Of Jawaharlal Nehru he writes with great admiration and understanding, having grown up in a generation that was much influenced by Nehru's passionate patriotism and intellectual and humane outlook.

Perhaps the best essay in this collection is on Sri C. Rajagopala-

chari whom the author had the privilege of having as his guest in New York when Rajaji visited the U.S.A. in 1962 on behalf of the Gandhi Peace Foundation to plead with the American President for a total ban on nuclear tests. Rajaji was already 85 then, but the vigour and vivacity of his mind and the sharpness of his wit were unimpaired. His company and dialogues were stimulating and he succeeded in provoking Rajaji to confess that it was he who sold the idea of Pakistan to Mountbatten who later sold it to Nehru and Patel.

There are essays on Nelson Mandela, the Black revolutionary who "has spent nearly 20 out of his 60 years in South African prisons" and whose spirit is undaunted and more defiant than ever, on African writing through Indian eyes, on a famous Peking opera star, on non-alignment and Commonwealth meet, on Indian literature in general and on Rabindranath Tagore and Prem Chand, etc....

The author's admiration of E. M. Forster whom he has known since his student days in Cambridge borders on adulation. This is understandable in view of his confession that "it is largely him that I owe such awakening as has befallen me." His admiration of Nirad Chaudhuri is, however, less easy to understand. Natwar Singh is carried away by his sentiment of loyalty to friendship. How else can one explain such a statement as the following? "The Indo-British encounter produced many books. A Passage to India

and The Ar...

Not many... Bolan pass he... is either... Quetta, across... literary... and from Laho... might have... Peshawar and... judgement... and he has done... referring to... other than the... the English... of wanting to... sense of adventur... Frontier (Hodder... of the... 9.95) is unaffec... narrative but with... chment that con... relating the... to each other... controlled brew in... of the first... of the second... reconciled.

### CURTAIN

Natwar Singh

penetrating, v... easy and knowle... a relaxing book w... the sound of any... There is an eve... of the dense In... there is also an in... about why the "I... that so much to... countrymen in the... second time... been shortlisted fo... and many of u... fingers crossed n... partisan spirit b... in Custody (H... 95) is a very c... persuasive cont... other formidab... of the Su... (Gollancz, £... time Shanghai w... of those ye... the dimini... of an eleven...

ships. Curtain raisers, indeed, revealing many scenes and many actors.



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# Through heat and dust



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are beautifully  
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a theme for which there could not be a more pointed context than that of old-time Shanghai and its International Settlement. The unpretentious rawness of life in that truly unique city was made rawer still by the Japanese occupation; until, in the corruptive chaos that ensued, both material and psychological, partisanship, choice or preference no longer had any meaning. The British were as much as enemy as the Japanese or the Chinese, right was as wrong

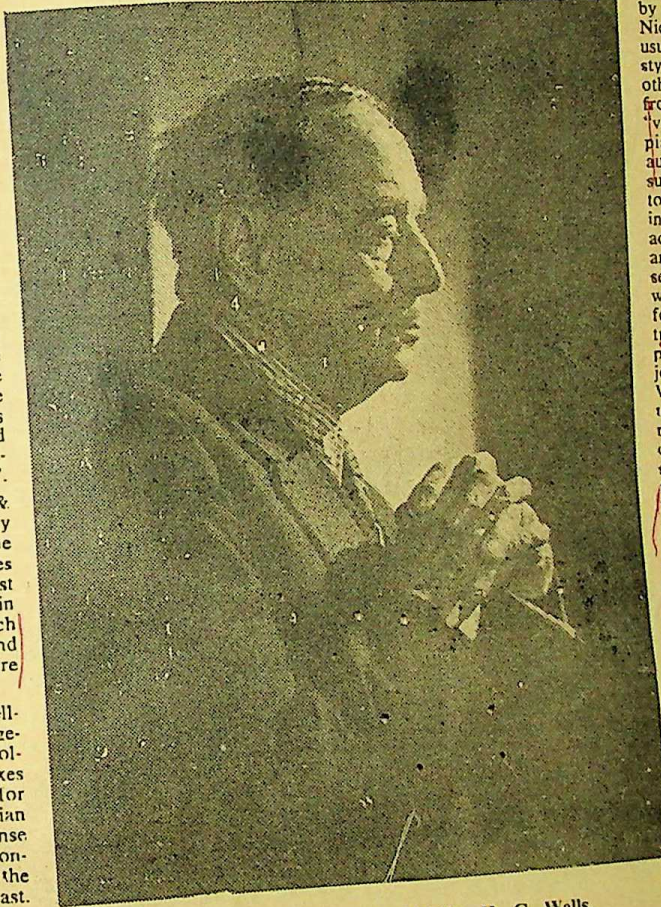
all time.  
Anita Desai's *In Custody*, with its fine delicate touches relentlessly dissecting the nature of disillusionment, exudes a power qualitatively comparable to that of Ballard but it is on a miniature scale lacking the resonance of the larger landscape. One is inclined to put one's money on Ballard with the much less than remote possibility that the judges will this time opt for Anita Desai.

Does a poet's or novelist's work

enhance or detract from our appreciation of his poetry? Can or must or should poetry be related to factors outside itself to become aesthetically intelligible? It nowadays seems a commonplace that eminent writers often lead miserable private lives. But is a revelation of their particular miseries, so fascinating and marketable, always as justifiable as it is made out to be?

This is a question that can be aptly asked in relation to another biography, that of Kenneth Clark by Meryle Secrest (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £ 12.95) which does the usual job, in the contemporary style, of telling us that Clark, like other eminent people, suffered from human weaknesses. He was "vain" and "superior" on an olympian scale. But what of it? The author of *Civilisation* and other such works, one fancies, had much to feel superior about; and vanity in achievers is surely not an unacceptable quality. Nor are we any forrader in any substantial sense by knowing that Clark's wife was an alcoholic, except in reinforcing the point that in dispensing tribulations life is no respecter of persons. Not that we do not enjoying being told these privacies. What is questionable is the pretence that they are enormously relevant. However, there is a redemption of sorts in this book in such items as Clark's comment on the success of *Civilisation* that "there must be something wrong with any bestseller."

If it is true that for every three new books there is an old out-of-print one that is better worth reading the reprint industry is serving us exceptionally well. One would normally never have imagined that there is still a market for Wells's *Experiment in Autobiography* (Faber & Faber, 2 vols. £ 8.95 each) but apparently there is, though one suspects that the reasons have something to do with period flavour. Wells's idea of a world state is less interesting than the fact that he had it at the time he did. Similarly Chesterton's *The Club of Queer Trades* or Bennett's *The Card* or W.W. Jacobs's novels, all now available in paperback, illuminate the time in which they were written more than anything else, and can be re-read with the relish one easily concedes to anything that is gracefully dated. Among the more unusual titles expected to be out this month is *Letters to the Press*, a collection of more than seven hundred letters culled over the years from the British press and published by Secker & Warburg (£ 12.50) an item that should be of some interest in a country with more than its share of industrious and irrepresible letter writers to the press.



VISION OF A NEW WORLD: H. G. Wells.

as wrong was right, national causes dissolved one into another, and the detention camp was as much a refuge as a confinement. This is a powerful autobiographical novel that says much about human capability, as it expresses itself in the single individual under pressure in separate moments of time and isolated from the normal supports of nation, cause, ideology and organisation. At a more obvious level there is much to devour those with memories of old light those with memories of old Shanghai, with its tone and style that are now unreplicable, for

become the more graspable if one knows a little more about his private life? The point is arguable though those who answer yes will find much reinforcement in Peter Ackroyd's *T. S. Eliot* (Hamish Hamilton £ 12.50), a remarkable reconstruction of the poet's life achieved entirely without the co-operation of the estate. It is in a sense a highly successful piece of literary detective work, but does the "knowledge" that Eliot's precarious physique probably had something to do with the element of "doom and disaster" in his work

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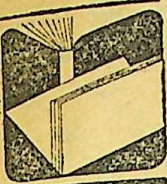
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# The memsahib's memsahib

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there is such a thing as quintessential Punjabism, as indubitably there is, here it is neatly packaged almost a century ago by a hardworking, observant Victorian memsahib.

LITERARY indebtedness unlike the money kind is almost impossible to measure but it can safely said that a great many of the recent crop of books and programmes on the British owe something directly or indirectly to Flora Annie Steel. An ICS officer, she arrived in India in 1868, wrote novels, an educationist, supported for women, studied Indian history and folklore, roughed it station to station, tried all to satisfy an insatiable curiosity, went "native" quite unhesitatingly, cultivated the eccentric and disreputable as well as the eminent, and wrote a little on the art of housekeeping in India.

A catalogue of her many activities, seemingly endless, including intervening to settle husband-quarrels among the British country stations as a result of which she was often threatened with violence. She lived to the age of eighty-two and no study of India in the late nineteenth century can escape a reference to her novels and autobiography. A tentative revival of interest in this archetypal memsahib as the species actually as it might have been, is given in the reprint of her *Tales of the Punjab* (Bodley Head), a collection of the tales heard at innumerable villages in northern India.

Her approach to the Punjab is as much exciting as a bridegroom his bride on wedding night. And no wonder the nuptial turns out to be ecstatic or an anti-climax. She describes the experience leaving out a detail, and almost important, tenderly. So tenderly, in fact, that one wonders if he is afraid to take the wrong step and the whole would fall down, shatter to

## Following The Sea

criticism is to writing poetry as hugging the shore to sailing in the open sea. In this open book, Updike seems to have swallowed the whole sea. He follows Naipaul, from the Cioran, from Wallace to W. H. Auden, from the Japanese authors to the Europeans, from Doris Sagan, all have been in the threadbare. He works at everything he touches with the thoroughness of a first rate reporter, presenting the inventiveness of a novelist in the essays on Haw-



ROUGHING IT OUT: "Punjab Theme" by Mohammed Bakhsh, 19th century.

book is one of those that are usually read with advantage by discriminating adults. Originally published in India as *Wide-Awake Stories* it was later issued in England under the present title with illustrations by Lockwood Kipling. If there is such a thing as quintessential Punjabism, as indubitably there is, here it is neatly packed almost a century ago by a hardworking, observant Victorian memsahib, ready once again to be chuckled over as a deft and deeply felt exercise in evocation.

Another reprint, much overdue, for which Sitwellian devotees will be grateful is Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand* (Penguin, £ 4.95), an abridgement of his monumental five-volume autobiography. The blurb says "high society, high art and high entertainment" and for once a blurbish claim must be respectfully allowed, though not without a sense of its inadequacy. The Sitwells seem to have generated a sort of exhilaration, a zest and a capacity for pure enjoyment in their writing. It is a style that would pierce your idea like dagger. In defence of whores: "Our century is a century of whores and so far what is least prostituted is the prostitute." Flaubert's cru-

music, art and literature that usually ended up as an enrichment of the spirit by all who were even fleetingly touched by it. Anyone familiar with the five volume edition will wonder how such an abundance of riches has been "abridged" without some unacceptable sacrifice of the author's expansive prose and urbane anecdote. However, better this than nothing if only because even stray copies of odd volumes from the original edition are seldom available in the seafish hand shops.

## Resonant Reality

Most of us are dimly aware that outside his novels V. S. Naipaul is offering us something more resonant than surface narrative; and this is as apparent in the now arrived *Finding the Centre* (Deutsch, £ 7.95) as in *A Wounded Civilization, An Area of Darkness and Among the Believers*. In all these he seems weighed down by an unbearable sense of the superstition, hypocrisy, ignorance, fanaticism, mysticism, and withered intellectualism that dis-

tance the Afro-Asian world from the clarity, order, and rational containment of excess that are the comforting badge of western society.

Breaking through this carapace of a degraded Afro-Asian inheritance is the incredible miracle which Naipaul endlessly celebrates; and failing to break through is the other side of the coin which he also endlessly mourns. Yet the one cannot do without the other. The liberated area lacks point without the area of darkness which, arguably, is why Naipaul set off on his travels to India, Africa and the Muslim world seeking a reassurance and confirmation of his own liberation. The first part of *Finding the Centre* is a clinical if also affectionate recall of his father, born on a sugar plantation, worker in a shop and finally (triumphantly?) staff correspondent on the Trinidad Guardian. For Naipaul this is a journey backwards in time to his family's area of darkness of which *A House for Mr. Biswas* is a novelistic reinterpretation. His successful jazzmatazz was more to do with salesmanship than with a qualitative change in the firm's lists.

**Hugging The Shore: Essays And Criticism: By John Updike (Andre Deutsch, £21, distributed by Bahri Sons, New Delhi)**

dity, Updike points out, sometimes reached poetic proportions. James Joyce, who wrote letters to beg for money and to promote his work, also wrote his wife, Nora, letters laced with lust: "Write me a long long letter... Tell about yourself, darling... Tell me the smallest things about yourself so long as they are obscene and secret and filthy. Write nothing else." Then there is Hemingway, the bully and braggart. "After the publication of *The Old Man And The Sea* in Life," he complained to Wallace Meyer, "Then some perfectly innocent character thinks he bought the right to call you 'Papa' by paying 20 cents for the copy of Life and you say, 'I may be your father but you

The aim of his fiction, Updike says, is "bringing the corners forward. Or throwing light into them... Singing the hitherto unsung... I distrust books involving spectacular people, or spectacular events... let literature concern itself, as Gospels do, with the inner lives of hidden men." Updike likes poems and stories to "come out of the creator like toothpaste from a tube, generating the music of self-reflexive allusion as they flow." And what is a writer? "A secreter of images, some of which he prays will have the immortal resonance of Don Quixote's windmills, of Proust's madeleine, of Huck Finn's raft." Updike hugs the shore, we hug his book.



ON the paperback trail one, alas, comes across Ved Mehta's **Daddyji Mamaji** (Picador, £3.50) and is instantly put off by the title, seemingly angled

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His theme is an arguable one: that in this technological age the ability to pursue and cultivate private enthusiasms has diminished almost to vanishing point. But has it? Surrounded by contemporary tribal intensities there is surely a fairly widespread defensive option for the private interest. Levin, however, is persuasive but never to the point of wholly converting us; and this open-endedness is what seems in him to be quite irresistible. He rages with gusto over travel, books, music, food, friendship, paintings and so on, and such enthusiasms apart what we have

Kazuo Ishiguro was born in Nagasaki in 1954 and has lived

\*The professors will be much put out by this unslottable book. It is not Japanese insofar as it has not been written in Japanese. It is not English insofar as the author is Japanese. It is not



Another character who, to put it mildly, arouses strong feelings is Murdoch, the press tycoon whose peculiar style of tycoonery has been causing reverberations in Fleet Street, not to mention Australia and the United States. **Barefaced Cheek** by Leapman is the story, and a gripping one it is, of the series of coups by which he shaped his press empire in the unmistakable character-image of its creator. It is a story with implications of the sort on which the thoughtful can brood. But it is at the same time as enthralling as any thriller, and with such quotable items as the following: Colin Chapman lasted

as editor of the Australian for exactly forty-eight hours; the Aga Khan tried to buy **The Times** when it was put on the market by Thomson; Evans's salary as editor of **The Times** was the equivalent of sixty thousand rupees a month; on joining Evans found it necessary, incredibly, to lecture the editorial staff on the right use of "fewer" and "less"; bidding for the **Observer**, the editors of which were proud of their third world coverage, Murdoch said "the third world never sold any papers"; and giving point to the legend that a secretary is the last person to understand her boss, Murdoch's lady Friday reported him as "suffering intensely" when he sacked anyone.

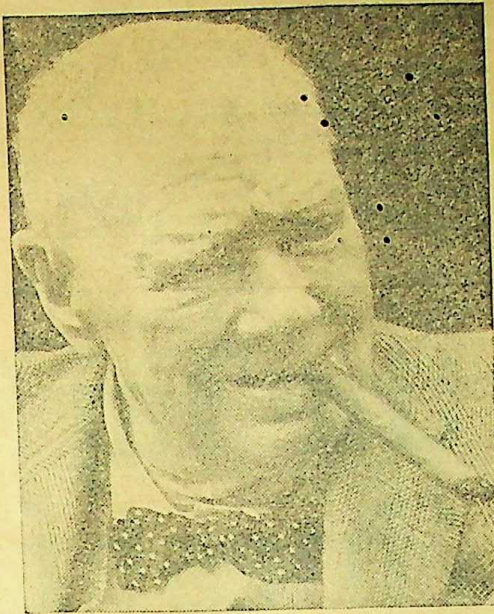
One is happily injected into a quite different world by a Penguin edition of Nicholson's **Diaries and Letters** 1930-1964 which reproduces material from the earlier hardback edition but includes items that have not previously been published. There is of course the documentary interest







# High riders of history



EGOIST AND EGOTIST: Churchill (left) and de Gaulle (right).

vative rulers. De Gaulle fitted into the first category. Churchill into the second. The General's notion of legitimacy (a favourite word) was essentially rooted in religious sanction. Churchill did not believe in God: power was a "game" to be "played," above all enjoyed.

De Gaulle, unlike Churchill, was an intellectual. Cook writes of his "vast reading": in youth, Maurras, Peguy, Barres, Berson, in old age Aeschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Claudel and the French classics. He got on well with intellectuals, as Gide testified and as his relationship with Malraux — he had no friendships as such — proved.

Of the two, it is difficult to

say who had more impact on history. Brendon quotes a story that Attlee, asked what exactly Churchill did to win the war, replied: "Talk about it." That is unjust. I suspect that, without

De Gaulle did. He not only single-handedly kept France at the top table in 1944-45, but came back from 12 years of political exile to give her an entirely new constitutional structure. Within

Charles de Gaulle: By Don Cook (£ 15)

Winston Churchill: By Piers Brendon (£ 9.95, both published by Secker and Warburg)

Churchill, Britain would have drifted into a compromise peace in 1940 and the history of the last half-century would have been very different. On the other hand, Churchill had little permanent impact on his own country.

its framework, France has enjoyed unprecedented stability and prosperity. That is a formidable legacy, and Churchill left no comparable achievement.

PAUL JOHNSON

ment has really done much in terms of sales of the earlier titles, has seemingly under its no touch.

was when, in a display of paperbacks, Penguin's distinctive not sole- of their titles but background but of their attractive and al jacket designs. Lurid covers but some of them almost authors are em- working for the W. Odd that the Am- ment is not neces- honest self-criticism near-impossible to- tively to political- without the ingrat- ness of received- emigre status does- exclude objectivity work doubly hard- ing; and this, om- authors of Yuri- omitted to do. Available now in Penguin is Yet Other by Laurence one of those who abundantly by life- but also endowed to distil them in the elusive essence described as a vision

understandable. Why is there a loyal and enthusiastic Greene readership and not, for example, one for Evelyn Waugh who is as well represented in the Penguin series?

A relatively brand new arrival is *Stranger on the Square* by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler (Hutchinson, £9.95), an autobiographical rounding-off by husband and wife of the story earlier unveiled in *Arrow in the Blue* and *The Invisible Writing*. Koestler's contribution is restricted to two short chapters and is dully uninformative, the balance consisting of Cynthia's obsessional involvement with Koestler to the point of offputting morbidity. Such obsessions do not make for pleasurable or instructive reading. Koestler, clearly, was not a comely character, being much too conscious in the mid-European manner, of his intellectual dominance. There was something wrong in a man who in his cultural arrogance could jeer at the Japanese for their inability to express themselves adequately in

ing as yet another example of how people react to a country that is so eminently reactable to.

So much has been published, much of it unstructured, on the Japanese miracle, the Japanese virtues of hard work and discipline, and the arts of Japanese management that there was bound to be a response in the contrary strain. An applause is always echoed by a jeer. So we have *A Japanese Mirror* by Ian Buruma (Cape, £9.95), telling us of all

perspiration and effort.

All writers in pursuit of the elusive word reach out their hand for Roget's Thesaurus, though strangely many are reluctant to admit this. Words that flow are not always the right ones and Roget reminds us that expression is a selective process demanding some perspiration and effort. The Thesaurus, in a number of editions, is very much on the shelves

that it has sold in millions all over the world and ranks among the foremost of international best sellers. Roget was the son of a French Protestant pastor in Soho whose ambitions were not limited to helping writers find the right word.

He believed that linguistic clarity would "introduce a golden age of union and harmony among the several nations and races of mankind". That is perhaps a wee bit extravagant but pending such harmony the Thesaurus has brought much solace to writers and crossword puzzlers.

Another very special contribution to Anglo-Indiana with a particular claim to our attention, is Jan Morris's *Stones of Empire* (Oxford, Rs. 210), a survey of the buildings of the Raj. Could there be a more appropriate subject for an imperial evocation? These buildings in the Indian landscape are the only visual evidence we have of our emergence from Empire, and collectively they are a useful and necessary reminder of our past. Jan Morris, described by Rebecca West as the best descriptive writer of our times, is ably supported by Simon Winchester's photographs. The British in India, despite much that suggested otherwise, were uneasy in an environment with which they could not easily come to terms. They decided consequently to change this environment as much as they could. Hence the buildings, monuments in a sense sending off many emotional messages which only Jan Morris can interpret for us in her inimitable way.



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Atlas has tried to on one canvas all relevant data, political, social, cultural and economic, which promise to be a treasury for students of the medieval history of India.

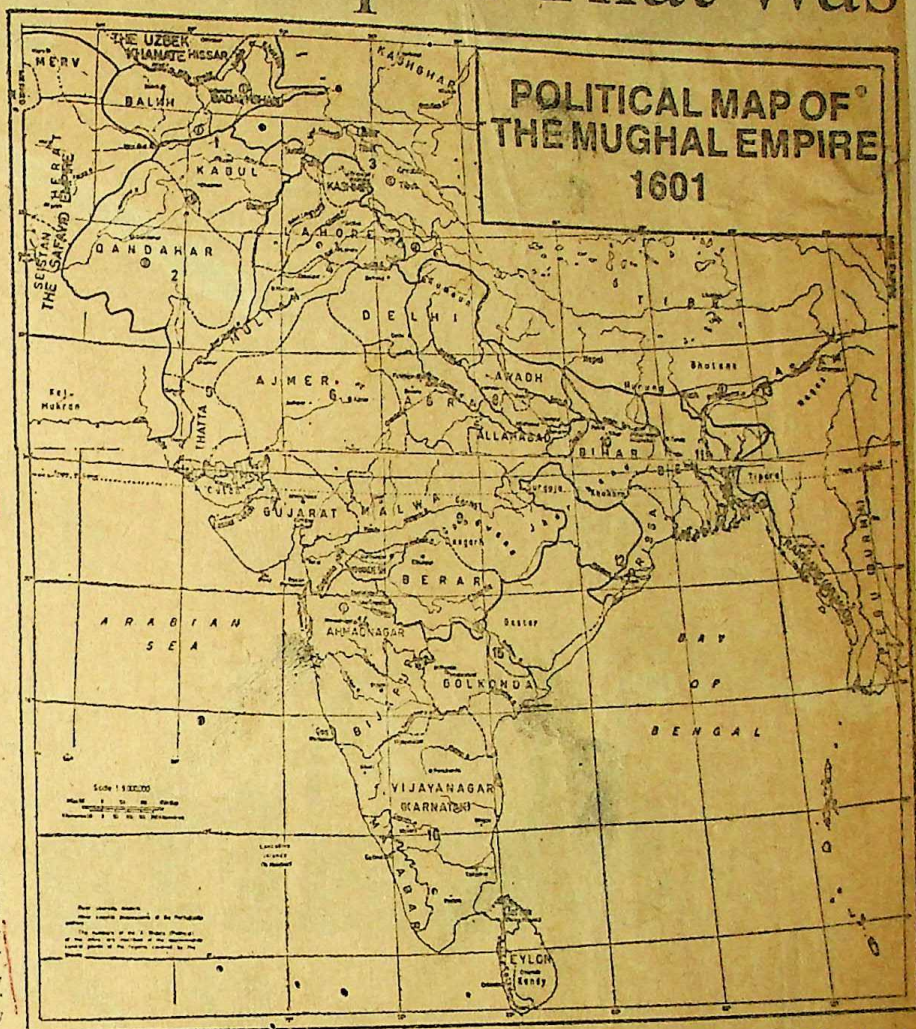
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Dr. Irfan Habib is a good historian, but his Marxist views often involve him in purblindness rather than historical study. He was the cause of the which, a year ago, shook the circles of the Aligarh Muslim University where he teaches. Were he an activist, he would have done some remarkable works of scholarship. This is evident from his Atlas of the Mughal Empire, which, in many respects, is a pioneering venture in historical research. The publication is noteworthy for being expertly produced and full credit to Oxford University Press for it. Indeed it can compare favourably with some of the best atlases anywhere.

The detailed maps in the Atlas are graphic that they present a picture of the countries of Asia in the 16th and 17th centuries and are far more eloquent than volumes of text. Prof. Habib has painstakingly put together the varied aspects of Mughal development; they reveal a picture that was not known hitherto. The political maps show not only the boundaries of subas (provinces) and their sarkars (divisions) but more than 4,000 places, important, some not so important, and many of transitory nature depicted in proper perspective.

The economic maps apart from routes, canals, and ports, also resources like livestock, minerals, crops, and manufactures. The sheets accompanying these maps are full of details and cross references.

# The Empire That Was



These are somewhat difficult to follow since they are a jumble of facts and figures. Only an alert eye can penetrate and understand the context. However, they are worth the trouble especially for the scholar.

To accomplish such a prodigious task, Prof. Habib has relied on many authorities. He has consulted and relied upon Abul Fazl's celebrated A'in-i Akbari and numerous other histories, manuscripts, documents and even travelogues.

All in all, the Atlas has tried to put on one canvas all the relevant data, political, social, cultural and economic, which promise to be a treasury for students of the medieval history of India.

Apart from Henry M. Elliot, the vast data collected, no general review of the economic conditions in terms of the standard of living of the people, and no account of the administrative set-up, the rationale behind the division of subas and how they were controlled and managed by the centre.

Facts and figures are sacred and to unearth them after a lapse of centuries is creditable, but of no less import is interpreting them to reveal the real state of affairs. What has been done in the sheets in relation to a particular fact could have been generalised in terms of the period that the Atlas covers — it would have helped to get a coherent picture of the times.

Geography is best understood in the context of history. But history should not be given piecemeal; it is best understood when as a whole. In that respect, this work, which is otherwise an excellent piece of research, falls short of the expectation it arouses. The price is prohibitive for even an affluent reader. Only the libraries can buy it; for them it is a must.

AN ATLAS OF THE MUGHAL EMPIRE, Political and Economic Maps with Detailed Notes, Biography and Index: By Irfan Habib (Oxford University Press, Rs. 400)



In the larger perspective, the freedom movement in East Asia and South East Asia was no more than peripheral, but the reality of Japan as an Asian nationalist force figured prominently in many Indian minds.

by N. J. Nanporia

**REMINISCENCES** of freedom fighters are never entirely without an imminent threat of boredom. Yet there are exceptions and A. M. Nair's absorbing account of his experiences in Japan and its neighbouring areas is indubitably one of them. Bombast and egotism tend to insinuate themselves into memoirs of this kind but, happily, what we have here is a plain, forward-moving narrative which gains a cumulative force of its own from one dramatic development to another.

Nair-san, with 54 years in Japan behind him, is the quintessential old hand but with the difference that he was directly involved in the events that form a far from modest chapter in the story of the Indian struggle for independence. In the larger perspective the freedom movement in East Asia and South East Asia was no more than peripheral. Nevertheless the reality of Japan as an Asian nation-

alist force, reaching back to the days of the Russo-Japanese war, figured prominently in many Indian minds. Nair's was one such lively mind, nurtured in his native Travancore by his involvement in student strikes and sustained by the provocation of British superciliousness and sense of racial superiority. The student agitations he organised were some of the earliest in Asia, causing violent incidents and general disruption.

Soon he was pursued by the police, and his anxious family arranged to bundle him off to Kyoto University for an engineering degree course beginning in 1928. His elder brother, seemingly as colourful a personality in his own right, had studied at the Imperial University in Hokkaido and had many influential Japanese connections. He asked the captain of the Japanese ship, on which Nair embarked to keep an eye on him, serve him only Japanese food and teach him the rudiments of the language. Nair had the usual problems of adjustment. When he could not handle chopsticks the Japanese steward, taking pity on him, provided a knife and fork, but, as he notes, these were as unfamiliar to him as the chopsticks. So he stuck with the latter and shortly mastered them.

Human touches of this sort ensure readability but beyond this invite speculation on the remarkable adaptability of the Keralite mind, an adaptability that was much in evidence in

the later years of Nair's career. The Japanese authorities were puzzled by a passport which described Nair as a citizen of British-protected Travancore (of which they had never heard). However, he was admitted on the strength of a letter from Kyoto University which the Japanese considered more relevant than Nair's passport. Nair mentions in an aside that if he had managed to keep his passport it would have been a unique document to-day. At the time he was probably the only Indian university student in Japan and this sense of being on his own as much as his own temperament caused him to plunge headlong into student life in Kyoto. Nair's chapters on the city, its architecture, gardens, food and customs provide an enthralling glimpse of student life in the Japan of the twenties.

### The Other Bose

The Japanese have a quality of warm-heartedness that is quite their own but it is not easily evoked through the inhibitions of reserve and ~~timidity~~. Nair was in no way equipped by knowledge and experience to overcome this difficulty but his enthusiastic response to things Japanese clearly endeared him to his hosts. Shortly after the Duke of Gloucester visited Japan the Japanese secret police, under British instigation, placed Nair under open surveillance, making it clear in the politest way possible that this was only a for-

mality. They eventually released him with a box of tokens of their regret at the inconvenience caused by his coming with Rash Behari Bose to his involvement in Indian Independence.



STILL REMEMBERED

## People blossoms

and there can be little doubt that his knowledge of Japanese psychology and his ability to befriend the Japanese at all levels helped to consolidate his position as a close adviser of Behari Bose and his associates.

Nair ventures into highly controversial ground in his assessment of Subhas Bose but he does so with a confidence that is infectious. Bose was a flamboyant figure, handicapped by an inability to understand the Japanese, by

an ignorance of military matters which he would not acknowledge, a failure to distinguish between speechifying and reality, and a tendency to distort unpleasant facts by romanticising them. In the event he alienated the Japanese by a personal aggressiveness and condescension that took no account of realities. For example, while Rash Behari was convinced that India could never be liberated by the INA, Subhas Bose continued to propagate this myth and acted accordingly. For Nair himself anyone who challenged Nehru's and Gandhi's leadership could not command his complete confidence. Furthermore, Bose seemed unable to achieve a working relationship with his subordinates in the League, and this was confounded by the presence in the League and INA of some self-seekers and adventurers with no qualifications other than that they happened to be there.

### Minus The Myths

All this makes rather sad reading but Nair's account goes some way towards finally exploding some of the myths that have proliferated around Subhas Bose and the INA. In contrast, Rash Behari Bose emerges as a less obtrusive personality, confident, calm, realistic, with a dedication to a cause rather than to people, and with the respect and confidence of those who worked with him. In a matter so far befogged by a great many tendentious reports, Nair's version does at least provide the basis for a much needed reassessment of this segment of the history of independence.

As for the Japanese attitude to

the independence movement also has so far exacted attention of the serious and what Nair has to help to stimulate further on the subject. While it was a factor in Japan, the element of sincerity for Indian independence much larger than the account of it. Behari Bose's character, the kind the Japanese and understood, and him, for example, Japanese policy in and to resist any, croached on the independence movement.

As a secret agent in lia in various guises to both the Kwantung and the Independence later to the Indian Tokyo, Nair was out losing his capacity observation. He out bitterness or partisanship, giving a persuasiveness which has no reason to formative years in to have equipped discipline, objectivity, dedication that what he has to story of a highly whose memoirs be described as the Indo-Japanese. Over the years come known as a thriving Indian Tokyo. This book there is more to

AN INDIAN FIGHTER IN JAPAN  
A. M. Nair (1964)  
Rs. 85

N : Prayers are offered on the occasion of Netaji Subhas Bose's death anniversary.



MEMBERS

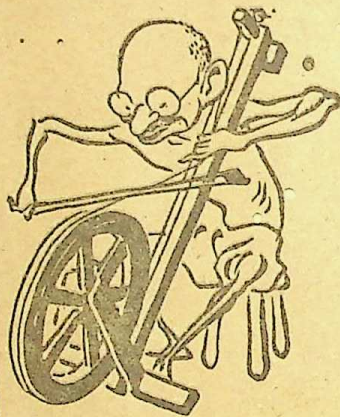
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## LOW & OTHERS

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Starting, quite adequately, with his days in South Africa, the book gives the reader an idea of the main developments of Gandhi's political life, and most of the 112 cartoons are of a high standard, except towards the end, where not wit but melodrama is the keynote. Reproduction, unfortunately, is very bad.

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## SWEETNESS & LIGHT

**Tender Hearts of India.** By Jane Richardson. (Vikas, Rs 35.)

It is not surprising that Jane Richardson, coming to India as a guest of the Government, should have found the country an area of brightness. Everywhere she went, mainly in the south and north-west, she met with friendliness and enthusiasm. These she returned in good measure, intent on erasing the image of the ugly American.

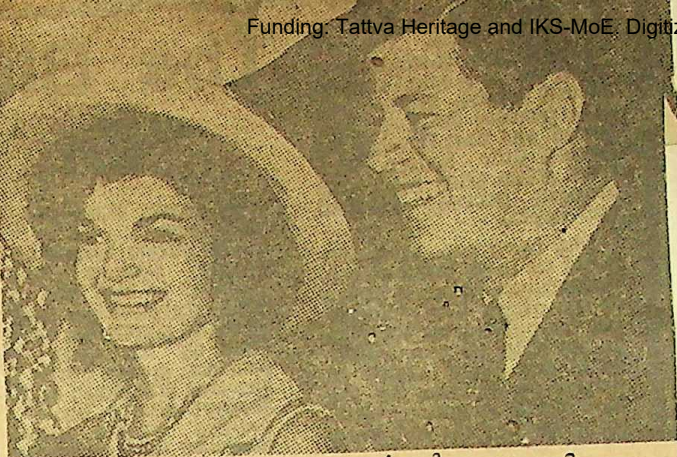
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John and Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy.

## A Woman Of Little Importance

My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy. By Mary Barelli Gallagher. (Michael Joseph, 45s.)

IN a recent essay, Time Magazine pertinently pointed out that, however interesting Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis may be in private life, as a public personage she has become a "colossal bore". Yet the demand for news—or more accurately, gossip—about her would seem insatiable; otherwise it is difficult to explain the commotion caused by Mrs Gallagher's book both during its pre-publication serialization in the Atlantic Monthly and after its appearance on the bookshelves. Mary Gallagher was the former First Lady's personal secretary from 1955 until a few months after the Black Friday in November 1963, when President Kennedy was assassinated. Since the two ladies called each other "Jackie" and "Mary" (sometimes "Sweet Mary"), the publishers feel that Mary was in a "unique position to understand the real woman beneath the goddess-figure that the world has made of Jacqueline Kennedy". Their anxiety to exploit this situation may be understandable, but nothing could be less justified than the claim that Mary's book is "unique" for its insight into not only Jackie's complex life but also some "crucial years in American history".

Not only does Mary add nothing to the history or analysis of the Kennedy years; she adds little to the surfeit of the Kennedyana with which the world has already been flooded by such masters in the art as Mr Theodore White and Mr William Manchester and such perceptive associates as Mr Schlesinger Jr, Mr Ted Sorensen and Professor Galbraith. Even Mary's claim to be a privileged "insider" is open to question on the strength of her own confession: "When the headlines broke about Jackie's marriage to Onassis, I must admit I wasn't different from the rest of the world. Even with my inside view (Onassis had been to the White House both before and after the President's death), it came as a complete shock to me".

Nevertheless her book has sold well, within the USA and outside, presumably because it is a collection of trivia, some of which at least are titillating, even if the rest are boring. And almost all of what she says is hostile to the former First Lady, some of it viciously so. Perhaps Jackie Kennedy deserves every bit of criticism, but Mary's credentials are suspect. A not inconsiderable portion of the book is taken by her account of how she had to fight for an increase in her pay—eventually going above Jackie's head to the President's

hygiene and hospitality in the White House. But is it to reach this that one must pay 45 shillings? At any rate Mary's disclosure is unlikely to discourage future acceptance of Presidential invitations to cocktails.

Mary alleges that Jackie was aloof, selfish and generally uninterested about her husband. Yet she cites incidents which would show that the former First Lady was most meticulously concerned about her husband's personal well-being and political career. In August 1963, the doctor in charge of the Walter Reed Hospital—where Jackie was to be admitted for the birth of a baby who eventually died soon after birth—got a sharp rebuke for seeking Mrs Kennedy's instructions for repainting and redecorating the hospital's Presidential suite. She said she could not care less if the walls were "bright purple" for she could do without the headlines. **MRS KENNEDY DOES OVERHAUL ENTIRE SUITE—THROWS OUT EISENHOWER PAINTINGS.**

About the only readable part of an otherwise trivial and dreary book relates to President Kennedy's financial troubles on account of his charming wife's extravagance. In spite of Paul Kennedy's millions and the substantial Presidential salary, Mr Kennedy was constantly harassed by money worries, insisted on seeing all Jackie's bills before they were paid, often lost his temper, and at least once sought the advice of the experts who had looked after the financial affairs of the entire White House. But, as the keeper of Jackie's accounts, Mary says that nothing helped. During her first year at the White House, Jackie spent \$40,000 on her wardrobe, notwithstanding her gibe: "I spend so much I must be wearing sable underwear". Humiliated husbands, worried by bank overdrafts or deprived of control of purse-strings, may draw consolation from JFK's plight and even the unperceptive may be able to realize why it had to be Aristotle Onassis.

rights of man, its corroding of institutions, its dependence on an oppressive bureaucracy, its pedantic approach to culture, its insatiable appetite for family fortunes."

All this has been felt much more bitterly in East Pakistan. Even until four years after independence East Pakistan's regional income was higher than that of West Pakistan. By 1960-61 not only did West Pakistan forge ahead in terms of regional and per capita income, the East Wing's had started falling. Politics in East Pakistan would have to be related to this basic fact of economic imbalance and depression. What has been happening there, to quote Mr Masihur Rahman, is "not a secessionist movement but a movement against injustice, coercion and oppression." Mr Banerjee poses the right question: "What led East Pakistan being increasingly denied power in the new State?" But where is the answer? When power was in the hands of the bureaucracy, hardly any of its senior members belonged to East Pakistan. When the army ruled, there was none in it who came from the East. Now with the industrialists in the foreground, the story is the same. It is a pity that for some reason Mr Banerjee has preferred to confine his emphasis on the socio-economic factors only to Bengal's pre-independence Muslim politics. It is curious that he has depended so completely on non-Indian publications and newspapers. All the same as a short and readable account of East Pakistan's changing party reactions, the book deserves a welcome.

P. Dasgupta

## RELIGION

Sri Ramakrishna and His Unique Message. By Swami Ghnananda. (Ramakrishna Vedanta Centre, Rs 7.50.)

The Art of Remaking Men. By Paul Campbell. (Himmat, Rs 3.)

The Mystery of God. By Maurice Nassan. S.J. (St. Paul Publications, Rs 3.)

GANDHI found in the life of Ramakrishna an example of a bright and living faith.



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the evening when he returned from school. There were times—especially when he was at school, and his teacher ignored and, in fact, discouraged his honesty, duty and self-sacrifice—when he felt very hungry; and on the way to school, do you know, he always had a wild fruit

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does so on the side of overstress-  
ing and that too in a rather col-  
oured manner of writing. No  
wonder Mr Akhtar chooses to en-  
title his book "Political Conspi-  
racies;" behind much of these he  
sees only British machinations.

This is an exaggeration but it cannot be dismissed altogether. The value of Mr Akhtar's book lies in the way attention is focussed on the role of the politically minded army officers and (for those who readily associate conspiracies and corruption with General Iskandar Mirza) also on Mr Liaquat Khan's own not very savory politics. Both authors give a fair coverage on one or other aspect of these two men who dominated the pre-1958 decade but fail, it must be repeated, to provide a total and realistic view of Pakistan's evolution.

An entire generation has disappeared since independence; another has matured. The former emerged against the background of the massive exodus of Hindu landlords, merchants and professional classes only to find that unemployment, soaring prices, chaos and corruption had robbed it of the benefits. General Ayub's coup in 1953 succeeded because this old generation finally secured what it wanted: his regime flourished in 1959 because for the new generation of students, teachers, engineers, lawyers, journalists that had grown up by then the same structure had become obsolete. Neither of the two books under review can claim even to have touched, let alone to have provided the right explanations, on the charges Mr Bhutto levelled against General Ayub in the affidavit in the West Pakistan court—"excesses of the regime, its corruption, its selfish purposes, its contempt for the

P. Dasgupta



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# Some Concepts Of Our Times

**Totalitarianism in Perspective.** By Carl J. Friedrich, Michael Curtis and Benjamin R. Barber. (Pall Mall, 55s.)

**Conflict of Ideals.** By Luther J. Binkley. (Van Nostrand, \$4.50.)

IN the cold war years following World War II, political theorists attempted to come to grips with two seemingly unique régimes: Hitler's Germany on the one hand and Stalin's Soviet Union on the other. At first it seemed that the two shared certain common characteristics defined by the term "totalitarian", thus distinguishing them from previous forms of autocracy. However, in the post-Stalinist era, many political theorists have argued that the concept is barren and meaningless, since it has not taken into account changing circumstances, especially within Russia itself. Indeed many writers have claimed that the concept itself is dangerous, as it has encouraged and perpetuated cold war perspectives.

In the opening essay of the first book, Benjamin R. Barber traces the major approaches to totalitarian theory, as they have appeared in both theoretical and descriptive studies. Part of the confusion surrounding the concept is due to the random way in which the term has been loosely applied to States ranging from the USA in the 1960s to Geneva under Calvin in the Sixteenth century. The definition of the term is as varied as its application. Karl Popper claims totalitarianism to be "as old or as young as our civilization itself" while Neumann feels "the first aim of totalitarianism is to institutionalize revolution". Michael Curtis devotes most of his essay to the relevance of the concept in the post-Stalinist era. He argues that the main characteristic of totalitarian States has been the elimination of the carefully cultivated distinction in Western democracies between the State and society.

But it is arguable that this was not so much a basic element of totalitarianism itself as the result of the "idiosyncratic views and temperamental abnormality" of the dictator. In some respects Curtis argues that, since the term was formulated to explain and define the behaviour of two States, one of which has collapsed and one of which has changed radically, much of its value has been lost. Friedrich on the other hand attempts to retain the concept, with amended definition, to apply to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. He maintains that totalitarianism is a relative rather than an absolute term. He prefers to talk of "trends" rather than use hair-splitting definitions. Within the changing concept, Friedrich would include certain aspects of de Gaulle's France, "remnants" in the Federal Republic of Germany and even constitutional democracies such as the United States. When the term is stretched to such an

extent one is inclined to agree with Michael Curtis that it is dangerous rather than useful.

The modern world faces a conflict in value systems, as in most other spheres of life. In the belief that Socrates' comment, "an unexamined life is not worth living", is still relevant today, Professor Binkley examines the systems of thought which have shaped the twentieth century. In discussing the rôle of Marxism, it is its moral force rather than Marx's historicism which is seen as relevant today. The author upholds Popper's claim that "his criticism of capitalism was effective mainly as a moral criticism".

Perhaps no writer has been so influential and so misinterpreted as Freud. Such terms as "id", and "super-ego" are readily bandied about, but generally misapplied. In the light of modern research it would seem that many of Freud's conclusions were based on insufficient evidence. Margaret Mead, for example, has strongly opposed the idea of the universality of the Oedipus complex in her studies in anthropology. Nietzsche, like Freud, has been enormously influential and also largely misunderstood. This is partly due to the lack of an overt system in his writings and also to the tendency to regard him merely as the forerunner of contemporary existentialism. His work constitutes an attempt to define the intellectual and moral crisis which would follow the death of the traditional Christian ethic.

In the final chapter Professor Binkley attempts to show how the philosophies which have moulded twentieth century thought are relevant to anyone trying to choose between conflicting ideals. Here he leaves the teacher's dais and mounts the pulpit, an unfortunate change of tactics. Any reader intelligent and persistent enough to have waded through rather deep philosophical waters, to the last chapter, will not welcome preaching.

economists, Marx was also unable to comprehend the adaptability of the capitalist system to changing conditions. But many of his prophecies such as the rise of monopolies came true.

Defining vested interests as a marketable right to get something for nothing, Veblen attacked the status consciousness, conspicuous consumption and conspicuous waste by the leisure class, and forced the big business to change their outlook towards society.

In just 24 pages, the author has comprehensively discussed the strong points and weaknesses in the revolutionary theory of John Maynard Keynes who emphasised the importance of macro-economic studies and the vital rôle to be played by the government in the total economic activity. While Veblen attacked the vested interests of big business, Parkinson successfully ridiculed bureaucracy, its habit of empire-building and consequent waste of public money.

The chapters on Galbraith and other modern thinkers who dealt with the problems of affluent society as also those of the undeveloped backward nations makes the author's history of economic thought most up-to-date. The work is thus a valuable contribution for all those who are interested in the economic problems.

V. V. N.



## UP IN THE AIR SKY HIGH

**It Doesn't Matter Where You Sit.** By Fred McClement. (Cassell, 30s.)

MR McClement's slightly alarming book comes when the British Concorde has been making unpleasant noises over the North Sea; but the author points to dangers of air travel without suggesting that we must go back to the hackney carriage or the steam engine. His contention, very well documented, is that safety in air travel is neglected by a multiplicity of authorities, local and international. "So little time is left", says the author. The problems of the jets have not been solved yet; casualties are far higher than those officially admitted. On the way now are jumbo jets, air buses and supersonics—without adequate safety precautions in terms of airports or sophisticated instrumentation.

The author's criticism of current inadequacies is balanced by his optimism: "Flying is a delightful way of travel. It should be safe and can be safe". Mr McClement analyses some of the air disasters and comes to the conclusion that some at least might have been avoided if ground control had been stricter and if safety had been accorded greater importance than just speed for its own sake. The unpreparedness at the receiving end of bigger and faster aircraft does not necessarily mean "go slow" but "go safe" and not expose thousands of lives to instant death, which is not necessarily painless. Civil aviation authorities the world over should read the book. The military, one supposes, hardly read anything.

## RELIGION

**The Call Of The Upanishads.** By Rohit Mehta. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs 15.)

**The Message of the Hebrew Prophets.** By Anjilvel V. Matthew. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Rs 3.)

Mr Mehta has chosen to comment mainly on those verses and passages having a bearing on the mystical teachings of the Upanishads. The translation lacks the lyrical quality of W. B. Yeats but the commentaries are lucid. The author also makes the pertinent point, often missed by commentators, that the teachers of the Upanishads were not dictating "full notes" for reproduction in examinations but were flying from summit to summit. The students were asked not merely to remain awestruck, but to cover step by step the distance separating one summit from another.

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Intimately bound up with the history and fortunes of the Israelites is the emergence of their prophets, who alternately exhorted and inspired the "chosen people". Dr A. V. Matthew examines the varying emphases of these religious teachers, some of whom went beyond the exclusive mentality of the Hebrews and insisted that their message was for all nations. The view of God as an avenging deity punishing sinners and outside enemies was but one approach: Hosea and Isaiah had as their themes the love and holiness of the Lord. Though there is evidence of false analogy in some of his examples, the author enhances his discussion by comparisons with the Hindu view of God and man.

## WALL STREET

**Once in Golconda.** By John Brooks. (Gollancz, 52s.)

GOLCONDA, according to legend, was a city in south-east Asia where everyone who passed became rich. A similar legend was attached to Wall Street. John Brooks brings to life Wall Street in its most interesting period, from the first World War to Roosevelt's New Deal. It was an era of rugged individualism, survival of the fittest and capitalism at its most uninhibited. A whole panorama of people pass through the pages: A. A. Ryan, the single-handed challenger of the integrity of the nation's most powerful financial institution, the Stock Exchange, a fight that eventually led him to bankruptcy; J. P. Morgan the banker and his partners, an elite who almost ran Wall Street; speculators like Joseph Kennedy; the stock manipulators who netted substantial profits for their employers.

A group of people would get together and invest some money. They would enlist the services of a member of the Exchange who would buy stock. This stock would be manoeuvred to push its price up. The investors would then sell their holdings to the eager who had been attracted by the apparent rise. A few days later the price would be back, but the fluctuation might have meant a few million in profit. Thus, during the twenties, there was the boom and Wall Street meant wealth.

Then came the depression, and with it the emergence of Richard Whitney as Wall Street's White Knight, the defender of its honour and traditions. He began buying stocks at the height of the panic, to halt the landslide. But after his spectacular rise to the presidency of the Exchange came his equally spectacular fall to a prison cell in Sing Sing. The successful public businessman's own private financial affairs were in a mess. The Presidents as well are here, from Coolidge and Hoover to Roosevelt who brought the Exchange under governmental control. It is an absorbing story well told. Amusing, at times critical, and revealing.

## SOUTH AFRICA

**A Healthy Grave.** By James Kantor. (Seven Seas, price not stated).

Speaking from experience as a political suspect in South Africa, James Kantor diagnoses the system of justice in that country as far from healthy. There is, indeed, a Kafkaesque quality in his account of his arrest under the 90 Days Detention Act and of his subsequent imprisonment. His life in prison is recorded with an objectivity that rarely fails him—though he describes a goodly number of his adversaries as "beady-eyed"—and the reader's sympathy is undoubtedly augmented by the knowledge that the wife of the author was expecting a child during these harrowing months.

Mr Kantor stood trial with a handful of South Africans, both white and black, whose opposition to apartheid had reached revolutionary proportions. His inclusion of their brief autobiographies, given him during the attenuated proceedings, adds a human element which is independent of the politics involved. The author, incidentally, keeps insisting that he is not a Communist in the "European sense of the word" but he obviously admires the spirit of the men in the Rivonia case. They were sentenced to life imprisonment, which in South Africa "means exactly that".

## Asia's

### SINGAPORE'S

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\*The Security D. E. Kenne for Institut 35s.)

A. M. Nair (Oce Rs. 85)



# Asia's Defence on Shifting Sands

By **BRIAN CROZIER**

SINGAPORE'S secession from Malaysia has shown yet again the fragility of defence arrangements built on the quicksands of independence. True, independent Singapore seeks membership of the Commonwealth and the base remains for the time being. But a whole set of assumptions is challenged and shaken.

Unity in the face of a common enemy is shattered; and Britain's 1957 and 1963 defence agreements with Kuala Lumpur assumed that unity. Now the base, on which the defence of the amputated Federation rests, survives on its severed limb.

Whispers are heard of a deal between Mr. Lee Yuan Kew's Government and President Soekarno's. Mr. Lee's commonsense and the enlightened self-interest of Singapore's wealth-producing capitalists do, of course, limit the possibilities of damage. But there is no escaping the anomaly of a situation in which the thin, jungle-green line of British and Commonwealth troops defending Sarawak and Sabah against Indonesia's continuing confrontation is supplied from an island relieved of Jakarta's pressure.

In Vietnam, American policy is struggling in the grip of a different but parallel anomaly, in that it seeks to defend a war-weary people at the receiving end of competitive forms of violence and in a political vacuum.

## Lost Illusions

The assumptions of a decade ago have been swept away. Messianic and morally invulnerable, Mr. John Foster Dulles and Mr. Walter Robertson built America's China policy and her string of peripheral bases and alliances on the mistaken hope that China's Communist régime could not last.

Mr. Nehru's faith in the brotherhood of China was shattered in the Himalayan snows, though his successors console themselves with the view that friendship with Russia has kept non-alignment alive. Mr. Khrushchev's foreign policy was weakened by loss of authority over ruling Communist parties, one sign of which was discovery that he had lost control over events in Laos and Vietnam.

China's illusions seem harder to dislodge. But China's involvement on North Vietnam's side has been largely confined to fire-breathing threats, and her nuclear explosions must already have been educative, to the Chinese themselves. Unless the Americans do something rash, such as invading North Vietnam, or landing on Chinese soil, the caution of China's ageing leadership is likely to increase while a delivery system is being built.

There is probably therefore some time left, and a comprehensive and intellectually impressive survey\* today gives factual nourishment for an agonising reappraisal. Dr. D. E. Kennedy is a clear-sighted academic.

\**The Security of Southern Asia*. By D. E. Kennedy. (Chatto & Windus, for Institute for Strategic Studies, 35s.)

He is conscious of the realities of power and of the fragility of ill-tested emerging sovereignties, and aware—as our “teach-in” intellectuals profess not to be—of the virulent character of Communist subversion, especially the Viet Cong's, in South-East Asia.

But when all is said and done, Dr. Kennedy remains an academic. It would be churlish to suggest that this detracts from the value of his study. He does at least avoid the error of men like Prof. Kennan and Prof. Morgenthau, who follow the logic of their disillusionment to a defeatist and isolationist end. This he has spared us; but his suggestions fall short of being an alternative policy.

For self-evident reasons, our destinies are closely linked with those of the United States. But too much has perhaps been made of our relatively diminished position in the world and of our financial inability to sustain a defence establishment commensurate with our imperial past. A more important factor still is a certain creeping softness.

For America—whose power is overwhelming—appeasement and isolationism may be a valid alternative policy, though only for some years. But for Britain and Europe it would be a disaster if the United States opted for appeasement. Nor should we expect America to defend Britain and British interests if we should choose appeasement.

If the Americans handed over South Vietnam to the Viet Cong (either by a unilateral decision to withdraw or at the conference table), handed back Okinawa to a hastily armed Japan, closed down the Philippines bases, and washed their hands of Africa, they would soon leave the defence of Europe to President de Gaulle's embryonic *force de frappe* and Britain's debatably independent deterrent.

Those who talk of abandoning our bases east of Suez argue that this must be done either because we can no longer afford these costly establishments or because local political hostility will soon make them untenable, as happened to the Suez Canal zone. A further argument is that they are of diminishing utility anyway in the nuclear age and in the light of America's preponderant power.

## Asking for Trouble

Once abandoned, however, a base is not easily replaced; Cyprus was no substitute for Suez. To pull out of Aden because Mr. Asnag doesn't love us, or out of Singapore because the Malay extremists don't like Mr. Lee Kuan Yew would be to meet trouble more than halfway. Nor would Australia fully meet the needs now filled by Singapore. The financial argument is only superficially valid.

We must put our financial house in order but there are better ways of doing it than by dismantling the bases which represent an enormous fixed capital investment. Modernising our industry would be a less wasteful way. And if, as some say, we are looking to the Americans to build a

base for us in Australia, we should dismiss the thought. Our present contribution gives us a major voice in Asia. Why throw it away?

It would be excessively modest on our part to underestimate the contribution we are still able to make to the defence of Southern Asia; unduly unambitious, at this stage of our strategic readjustment, to reduce ourselves to Portuguese or Scandinavian levels in terms of power; and foolishly short-sighted to measure our long-term defence needs by the diminishing value of our South-East Asian investments. “I'm all right, Jack” is no recipe for survival.

It has been argued that the major threat to the status quo in Southern Asia is now subversion and that there is therefore no longer a case for conventional defence establishments. This is an untenable proposition. The aggressive Powers—China, North Vietnam and Indonesia—will use conventional force when they can get away with it and subversive force when they can't.

China used conventional force against South Korea and the United Nations, and against India, but relies on subversion in areas of Asia where conventional force would be dangerous, and in Africa and Latin America, where it is logistically impracticable.

## Subversive War

The British military response to Indonesia's confrontation has made a direct assault on Malaysia unprofitable, so the Indonesians have turned to irregular force of various kinds. In Laos and South Vietnam, North Vietnam's subversion (which serves China, though conceived for North Vietnamese ends) is escalating—as the text-books of Mao and Gen. Giap say it ought—into full-scale war.

Subversive war is, in fact, the long, hard way of getting the results that conventional war, if safe and successful, brings more quickly. It is difficult, as the Americans have discovered, for an outside Power to fight subversive war since it lacks sovereignty and therefore, in the final analysis, the power to offer good government and independence.

Britain could offer both in Malaya and the Communist insurrection there was defeated. But it would be dangerously wrong to argue that because subversive war is difficult to counter and is now the greatest threat, the Western Powers should quit South-East Asia. For if they did, both the North Vietnamese and the Indonesians would discard subversion for conventional war. So would the Chinese, at places of their choosing.

There is indeed no easy way out of Asian defence problems. And whether we or they like it or not, we are involved on the same side as the Americans, the Indians, the Singaporeans and Malaysians, and the Australians and New Zealanders. Defence, as Litvinov might have said, is indivisible.



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# WHEN OXFORD WAS FIRST MODERNISED

By the Earl of Birkenhead

Victorian Oxford. By W. R. Ward. (Cass. 75s.)

IN the days, not far distant, when Oxford University sent her own members, or burgesses, as they were called, to Westminster, the elections by which they were chosen provided an interesting field for the study of human behaviour.

Public meetings were rare and most votes were cast by post. The electorate consisted of graduates of the University, and always contained a large admixture of parsons, many of whom lived in North Oxford, and other clerical elements.

The candidates were often dons and University professors of wide academic learning and high intellectual distinction. In these circumstances those unfamiliar with Oxford politics might have imagined that these elections would be dignified affairs raised high above the normal tumult of the hustings by the eminence of the participants, and conducted in an atmosphere of cloistral calm.

## Tortuous Intrigues

Those who, nourished such a belief were sometimes deeply shocked by the reality. They discovered that if you wished to see intrigue at its most tortuous, and acute personal resentment at work, it was not to some depressed dockland constituency that you should go, but to the dreaming spires of Oxford. Some of these elections before the last war were contested with astonishing venom.

Backstairs intrigue of a nature baffling to outsiders was indulged in by those seeking nomination, and the absence of a public forum did not prevent them from circulating feline innuendoes about one another's character and habits. There was something both droll and deplorable in the spectacle of these learned men, teachers of youth, and expounders of philosophic truth, descending to such methods of controversy, and it gave one a comfortable feeling that in the affairs of ordinary life they were really no better than the rest of us, if not a little worse.

One notices with interest that this formidable piece of research, "Victorian Oxford," by W. R. Ward, proves conclusively that personal hatred and the habit of intrigue pursued with fanatical persistence are nothing new in Oxford, and that they are in fact endemic in the history of the development and reform of the University.

## Shifting Alliances

Dr. Ward has already won high praise for his excellent book on Georgian Oxford, and serious students of the subject will certainly not be disappointed by this second volume on the reform of the University during the Victorian era. But the students will have to be serious, for this is not an easy book to read.

An immense amount of research has clearly been put into it, and it is so tightly compressed that a proper understanding of it demands slow reading and a high

degree of concentration. But it is a *tour de force* and will be invaluable to those who wish to know exactly how the reform of the University was brought about during Victoria's reign; to study in minute detail the cliques and shifting alliances that were formed, and the part played by Tractarians, evangelicals and dissenters, by Tories and Liberals, and by Parliament itself in the removal of the old anomalies from the structure of the University.

Those who embark on this book should be clear that its object is historical analysis rather than entertainment. It is, in every sense, a serious book, and its title is in a way misleading, for there are many aspects of Oxford during this period which are not examined at all.

## Brought into Line

The reader will look in vain for descriptions of the enveloping peace of that pre-industrial Oxford when there once were cornfields on the far side of Magdalen Bridge. Nor will he be regaled by academic reminiscence. This is a slice of constitutional history which is concerned exclusively with that fluctuating struggle through which the institutions of Oxford were slowly and painfully brought into line with the requirements of a modern university.

Dr. Ward describes lucidly the pressure exerted on the Oxford Establishment from 1830 onwards by a group of dissimilar people united only for this purpose—dissenters, radicals and evangelicals. He traces carefully the way in which the tests which excluded dissenters from the University were attacked, strongly defended, and ultimately discarded, and how the chartered privileges to which the Tories clung so fiercely were gradually whittled away.

When we read of the anachronisms whose survival was so

passionately fought for—the rich closed colleges, the blatant sinecures, the absentee professors, the closed fellowships, the farcical examination system, the tyranny of the tutors and the tyranny of the classics, we are forced to agree with the prevailing liberal conception of what a university ought to be, a place of teaching and research, whose fellows also make a real contribution to knowledge.

In one of his most interesting chapters, "The Great Blue Book," Dr. Ward describes the Royal Commission in the early 1850s which was the forerunner of the various Acts of Parliament directed towards constitutional change at Oxford. The Commission insisted that the University must have the power to alter the Landian Code, condemned the *passant* the tests, although they did not come within its terms of reference, advised ending the privilege of Greats as the compulsory School, and demanded the opening of Fellowships, and the freedom of Fellows from the necessity of taking Orders.

## Opposition to Bills

The strength of the vested interests and the incredible power of their intrigues emerge clearly from Dr. Ward's description of the opposition offered to the various Bills brought forward in Parliament to modernise the University. So aggressive and persistent was the lobbying that Bills were often mutilated in Committee, and their objects long delayed.

Even Gladstone was at times powerless against these forces. But a great movement of reform, once launched, can be delayed, but not halted. The reactionaries fought a desperate rearguard action, but in the end they were bound to lose. One wonders what the Oxford Tories of 1850 would have thought of the University today.



# Of Police

Developing Society  
 (Osmania)  
 Law and Order : R  
 (Eastern Law)

THE editors pointed out mysterious reasons for the problems of police administration from the inception of public administration in this country. A comparison of papers reviewed in the police organized by the Public Administration graduate Centre, Andhra Pradesh, shows a timely and relevant great interest to the people are interested in with the law and order in the country.

The contributors are men of experience and analysis has taken into consideration the problem of social fabric. They pointed out the need for including the police in the development of the framework of national administration.

The premise of the rôle of the police in a democratic setup is one of "management" of the contents of the papers. At the same time, heartening to find that the papers also deal with the changing social climate in the country and interpretation of the law and other legislation. It is also acknowledged that the constable in India is ill-equipped and under-manned. Quite a number of people have been pointed out who motivate the many cases that motivate a political agitator.

What strikes immediately is the fact that the causes have been given for the police. High-ranking officials generally perform down various civic functions. But it is obvious that there are concrete steps made keeping in mind all political, social and economic picture for the various law enforcement agencies in the country. Patil in his paper on reforms points out the psychological adjustment of the police. The view is refreshing and does not take a hostile attitude towards the police.

Willing to consider



# Of Politicians and Policemen

Developing Society and Police. By G. Ram Reddy and K. Sesha-dri. (Osmania University, Rs 30.)  
Law and Order: From the Police Point of View. By S. K. Ghosh. (Eastern Law House, Rs 20.)

THE editors have rightly pointed out that for some mysterious reason there has been a virtual blackout of the problems of police administration from the innumerable studies conducted by the institutes of public administration in the country. A compilation, therefore, of papers read at a seminar on police administration organized by the Department of Public Administration, Post-graduate Centre, Warangal, Andhra Pradesh, is not only timely and relevant but of great interest to all those who are interested in or connected with the law and order machinery in the country.

The contributors to this book are men of experience and their analysis has taken into consideration the problems of the entire social fabric. They have pointed out the need for including the police and their development into the bigger framework of national planning.

The premise that the main rôle of the police in a democratic setup is one of "tension-management" perhaps sums up the contents of the various papers. At the same time it is heartening to see that the papers also deal with law, the changing social and political climate in the country and interpretation of the Constitution and other legislative measures. It is also acknowledged that the constable in India is an "ill-fed, ill-equipped and ill-educated person. Quite right. It has been pointed out that what motivates the constable is in many cases the same reason that motivates a criminal or a political agitator.

What strikes the reader immediately is the fact that no excuses have been made or apologies offered on behalf of the police. High-ranking police officials generally tend to play down various criticisms of their functions. But in this book the obvious is not there. Instead there are concrete suggestions made keeping in mind the overall political, social and economic picture for the improvement of various law enforcement agencies in the country. C. B. Patil in his paper on prison reforms points out the need for psychological and emotional readjustment of criminals. His view is refreshing in that he does not take the moralists' attitude towards criminals and is willing to consider them human.

order situation merit serious thought. He says: "Time has, therefore, come to give serious consideration as to whether certain legal and administrative safeguards should not be provided to the police so as to enable them to carry out their statutory duties impartially unhindered by extraneous considerations of any kind. This is all the more important in our country where democracy and rule of law are in their early stages of growth and no firm and suitable conventions have yet been built up."

## A Lonely Hunter

Heart Attack. By Christian Barnard. (Allen, London and Rupa, Calcutta, £1.75.)

Dr Barnard's sub-title is telling. "You don't have to die", says he. What is politely called "a heart condition" scares most people; and here is the famous surgeon saying that "the concept of the heart as a frail mystic thing that is easily 'broken' (which must be lived down) and let us examine the heart in its true light". This assertion itself must seem to many totally heartbreaking, for poets and other writers have for centuries accorded the human heart a rather different status from that of the kidney or an arm or leg. Dr Barnard, a South African with no pronounced racial politics, will undoubtedly attract many readers with the fear of death through heart attack or coronary thrombosis. He gives clinical details, and diagrams on the functions of the heart in relation to the human system. He tries to write simply but does not altogether avoid technicalities in sundry classical languages.

It is not surprising that at the end of his learned and undoubtedly sincere discourse Dr Barnard quotes the French saying: "It is only the temporary that lasts". His successes have so far been temporary; but he has started something, as his many imitators in many countries, including India, show. For all his success, he is cautious: "Technological advancement, on the other hand, must be constantly viewed with vigilance". Dr Barnard has made a technological advance; it is for the world's surgeons, and their patients, to be constantly vigilant. His experiments are certainly exciting, but the heart may be more elusive than all the physiologists think.

He is not frightfully original when he says that the criminal attitude is a complex of environmental influences. But his candid view of police and legal functioning and attitudes towards offenders establishes the importance of his paper.

The editors have stressed the fact that there has been little or no research in police administration. They argue the need for it since the police have always been treated as an important branch of government. They claim that the Government took the police for granted in its enthusiasm for development. This, according to them, did not do justice to the cause of the police nor did it benefit the people.

The dual rôle of the police as agents of law and agents of government has been analysed well. It is agreed that the integrity of the police has come under severe strain in the last few years and every ruling party has been tempted to make or has made use of the police to further its interests. This has led to a feeling among the public that the police is an instrument of the party in power.

Mr S. K. Ghosh's work is fortunately devoid of bureaucratic pompousness. His is a clear, sometimes too clear, attempt at portraying the rôle of the police from the insider's point of view. He makes no bones about how corrupt the police can be but merely points out the correlation between politics and the police and the influence of the former on the latter. Mr Ghosh lashes out at those forces who in his view "are trying to weaken the fabric of constitutional stability and, as the theory goes, precipitate the chaos from which leftist totalitarianism can emerge victorious". He explains how most disturbances occur and how the police are incapable of handling them because they do not have the facilities to gather adequate intelligence. He advocates stern and decisive action when a disturbance begins.

The dual control by which police officers have to take permission of the district magistrate to act has often led to delays and these delays coupled with indecision have caused unnecessary damage to life and property. Mr Ghosh feels that this approach is no longer workable.

The author who retired as Inspector-General of Police has written a number of books and his observations on the law



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## VEENA IN THE BAND

**The Indian Constitution: Cornerstone of a Nation.** By Granville Austin. (Oxford, Rs 25.)

**Legal control of Government: Administrative law in Britain and the United States.** By Bernard Schwartz and H.W.R. Wade. (Oxford, £3.)

THE Indian edition of Mr Austin's familiar book, first published in 1966, remains relevant today, for Mr Austin deals with what he calls the political history of framing the Constitution, of how past and present aims and events, ideals and personalities, moved the members of the Constituent Assembly to write the Constitution.

A somewhat long review of an old book is pertinent because, as Mr Austin reminds us, many in the country, particularly radicals, tend to forget that the Indian Constitution was devised as an instrument of social change, revolution if you like. To argue that it has impeded progress, economic or otherwise, is sheer nonsense. The Constitution was the creation of hard-headed men who compromised where they had to but obtained a consensus on most issues. They deliberately rejected the Gandhian concept of society and chose the parliamentary system. Nehru asserted that the Congress had "never considered" the Gandhian view of society, "much less adopted it". The path ultimately chosen was socialism and the "Oligarchy"—Nehru, Patel, Prasad and Azad—was helped in achieving its aims by the fact that many members were intellectually and emotionally committed to ILO. Although they ranged from Marxists to conservative socialists, each with his own definition of socialism, and nearly everyone a Fabian, they were united in their aim of bringing about economic equality.

Mr Austin dismisses as unfounded the suggestion that the Indian Constitution is un-Indian and that it does not represent the genius of the people. Few, he aptly points out, have successfully defined Indian "genius". He admits that most of the Constitution is plainly non-Indian, but this is something different from being un-Indian. "The heart of the matter is that most Indians—no matter how strong the attachment to traditional life—have shown little fondness for traditional politics, understood as the rule of the many by the privileged few; they do not see any necessary connexion between the two". Nor is Mr Austin impressed by the criticism that the Indian Constitution is too detailed and too rigid; in the circumstances of the country it had to be a bit of both.

A more perceptive and understanding view of the Indian Constitution has yet to be written. But it needs to be remembered that this is a book by a generous scholar. Even in the new preface to the Indian edition, written six years after the book was first published, Mr Austin maintains that the Indian Constitution has worked very much as the framers intended to. Although not all their hopes have been fulfilled, and although not all their forecasts have proved correct, parliamentary institutions created by

them have provided the impetus for sustenance of the Constitution. A question mark here would perhaps be in order, as it would be on his comments on the Fundamental Rights and Directive Principles, but one need not bandy words with a gentle foreign scholar. His is a refreshing outsider's view; there may be differences in detail, even in substance, but there is no reason why we should not all listen to him with profit. Even though the sound of the "veena" or the flute is missing from the Indian Constitution, as one Constituent Assembly member lamented, the English band played is the Indian version of it and Mr Austin has the ear for an Indianized English band.

The authors of the second book compare and contrast the functioning of the administrative law in England and America. There is more to contrast than to compare for judicial review has no place in England. In America the judiciary, which initially sat in judgment over the "welfare State of the wealthy", has increasingly adopted itself to the needs of the lower order. The authors have compared the rules, procedures and substance of administrative law in the two countries and offered valuable comments.

### ECONOMICS

**Towards Socialist Transformation of Indian Economy.** Edited by A. V. Bhuleshkar. (Popular Prakashan, Rs 48.)

To what extent was Jawaharlal Nehru a socialist and to what extent a liberal? These are questions which have been much debated and will be debated for quite some time to come. The volume under review is the second in the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial series, the aim of which is to "expound the economic ideology of Nehru, and to present... a broad picture of India's planned economic progress". The book is divided into four parts with the essays on "Indian Economic Thought" being the most interesting.

In his introduction, Lord Edward Boyle, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds, takes the none too original view of Nehru, namely, that he was "among the last of the great nineteenth century 'melliorists'". Nehru is quoted as having said once: "Life is too complicated and, as far as we can understand it in our present state of knowledge, too illogical for it to be confined within the four corners of a fixed doctrine".

Julius Silverman, in his essay "The Ultimate Objectives of Nehru's Socialism", need not have relied on so many quotations. Yet it is this piece in the book which gives the reader the clearest idea of what Nehru's socialism really was—a powerful streak of Western liberalism combined with shades of Utopian Socialism.



### LOW DISHONEST DECADE

**Between the Wars.** Edited by Julian Symons. (Batsford, £2.50.)

NOT many may really want to be reminded of the dreary years between 1919 and 1939. Even Mr Symons is less than ecstatic about the period. In introducing the pictures, he makes no secret that their selection can easily present a plausible lie. "What follows, then, is personal". He candidly says that his book is no more than a personal portrait of Britain between the wars "seen through the eyes of a non-party Leftist, committed enough, however, to have no doubt about which side he is on when he sees a worker in conflict with his natural enemy... a policeman". The picture gallery, culled from many sources, gives little impression of aggressive partisanship. Mr Symons is no radical revolutionary; he would not have fared very well in China's cultural revolution. The portrait is further moderated by the fact that between the two wars, which brought about tremendous changes, there was nothing remotely like China's cultural revolution. Even the social revolution was incredibly gradual, easily captured by the camera which itself was something of an amateur.

In 187 photographs with mercifully brief captions, Mr Symons still presents a picture of the period none need be particularly proud of. There are pictures of the Spanish civil war; before these there are reminders of the General Strike and the misery in the coal mines; but there is also the portrayal of a certain gaiety in which Noël Coward and Sir C. B. Cochran are lovingly remembered. The class character of British society is brought out with little harshness. Neville Chamberlain and Ribbentrop have to be included in the chronicle; but there is little acrimony. The end of it all was predetermined, as our picture shows. The photographs are well chosen; and we see Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain addressing their people with assurances of peace that brought war nearer.

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## INDIAN HISTORY

**Advanced Study in the History of Modern India.** By G. S. Chhabra, vols. I-III (Sterling, Rs 100.)

**Lord Ripon's Administration in India.** By L. P. Mathur. (S. Chand, Rs 30.)

**Indian Revolutionaries Abroad.** By A. C. Bose. (Bharati Bhawan, Rs 30.)

**Contributions to the History of the Hindu Revenue System.** By U. N. Ghosal. (Saraswat Library, Rs 45.)

IN three volumes Dr Chhabra presents the history of India from Aurangzeb's death to the coming of independence. On the whole he has done a good job of work, although he hardly breaks new ground. Constitutional development gets more space than the story of the national movement, and economic history has of course been left out. What appears to be a recurrent theme is that the national movement was faced with a dilemma when the masses resorted to violent methods.

Dr Mathur presents a connected account of the Liberal experiment initiated by Ripon in the face of the persistent opposition of the Home government and the bureaucracy. Although Ripon chose to retreat on the Ilbert Bill issue and his endeavour to associate Indians with local government hardly achieved much success, he achieved some measures of credit in creating an image of the Liberals, so that the moderates long harboured the illusion that collaboration with the Raj would pave the way for India's liberation. Ironically, the Ilbert Bill issue gave an impetus to nationalist agitation, although the ruling class had apparently no inkling of its significance.

It has become almost a ritual in the post-independence period to paint terrorists as national heroes, although many of them had feet of clay and could not rise above middle class aspirations for power and affluence. Dr Bose's volume is no exception, although he concedes that "prospects of a successful revolt with outside aid were not so bright after the war". The point is whether they had ever any chance of success in a vast country like India. Dr Bose quotes Michael O'Dwyer, who wrote that the common people in the Punjab helped the police in chasing and capturing the Ghadar revolutionaries. It seems that the Indian revolutionaries, like the Narodniks, were caught up in a blind alley of terrorism and lacked popular support, so that their romantic plan of liberating India with foreign arms was doomed to failure.

A reprint of the late Professor Ghosal's volume deserves wide welcome. This was a pioneer attempt at writing ancient India's economic history and remains a standard work on the revenue system, although one may argue that the institution of slavery has not received adequate attention.

## TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

**Pick of Punch.** Edited by William Davis. (Hutchinson, £2.50.)

**Varoomshka.** By John Kent. (Eyre Methuen, £1.25.)

**The Saturday Book.** Edited by John Hadfield. (Hutchinson, £4.)

AT this time of year at least the British, perhaps most of the Christian world, take great pains to amuse themselves; and the result is not always painful. Much, of course, is expected of Mr Punch. Mr Davis, the present lively editor of Punch, only mildly complains that the last Pick of Punch was criticized for not containing enough sharp topical satire. Indeed it did not; nor does this year's. Perhaps it was during Malcolm Muggeridge's editorship that Henry Fairlie could seriously suggest that Punch was the most serious political journal in Britain. Even that was an exaggeration. The fact is that Punch can be only tangentially political, for its first business is to amuse; and politics is only occasionally amusing. Chesterton and Belloc could be funny about politics; so can Bernard Levine in our time. None of the three appear in this year's Pick of Punch.

This is not to say that the present collection is altogether without merit. The "sick" humour of America has not yet quite invaded the British literary scene; even in the USA perhaps it is getting a little tiresome. But something has gone out of British humour; perhaps humour itself. The European Common Market. British entry into, exercised many at one time; and Mr Heath was the target of many shafts. Even that is now a damp squib. Mr Davis's contributors have, mostly therefore to fall back upon stale old themes with not too many variations. Some new contributors have been attracted; but the old hands seem better at the game. E. S. Turner, R.G.G. Price, Thelwell, Ffolkes and Basil Boothroyd, are still at it with their brushes and pens; and some of the newcomers are beginning to make an impression; but not everyone will accept the claim that "Punch is sharper, livelier, younger, more irreverent and more entertaining than ever before". Mr Punch himself would have written a less bragging blurb. A certain brashness has come in, which is not the same thing as being funny. The prose is possibly nearer the idiom of the day, which is not necessarily an improvement.

Rather, it is the variety of themes dealt with which impresses; this is evidence more of editorial enterprise and ingenuity than of a better quality writing. Ffolkes's history of fashions somehow does not seem very funny any more; and Alan Coren's account of the National Union of Literary Humorists & Allied Trades (NULHAT) is characteristic of what makes Punch tick, after a fashion: "We were at lunch. Ostensibly a bourgeois lunch. Brothers, awash with such

nob items as caviar mousse and baked courgettes and slivers of rare meats rolled in arcane veg secured with midget skewers, and served by fawning butlers besotted by a vestigial class system... More we were surrounded by a hundred and thirty years of middle-class tradition, the walls of the Punch Table Room hung with bearded Victorian comics... a contemporary Polyfoto of W. G. Grace..." That about sums it up. Nor has the standard of drawing gone up noticeably, although Trog and David Langdon are still very good, almost as good as the best in the New Yorker.

The late Sir Bernard Partridge and Sir David Low brought to political cartooning in Britain a certain conviction and an earnestness. They could be severe, as could be that non-Anglo-Saxon, Vicky. With John Kent, who almost miraculously appears in both Private Eye and the Guardian, political cartooning too seems to have gone "pop". Varoomshka is Colonel Blimp without his swimming trunks, frequently without her own almost. (Jane revived in political undress?) Noteworthy seems Mr John Kent's total lack of political commitment. His admiration for "Grocer Heath", whom he invented, seems as limited as his for Mr Harold Wilson. Perhaps it is a hard choice; but opposing political quantities are never quite the same; not to choose may itself be a choice, usually on the side of the status quo and hence, as Lenin would have said, against change, revolutionary or otherwise. The reader may like all Mr John Kent's dislikes; Heath, Wilson, Nixon, Barber, Sir Alec, Pompidou and the rest of the lot; but his reaction may be like Ike Adlai Stevenson's: "I like Ike too; what I want to know is what Ike likes". Mr Kent's deft drawings amuse but lack political delineation. He teases but does not strip, politically that is.

Mr Hadley approvingly quotes one of his critics: "The Saturday



Jean Domergue's impression of the Negro dancer and singer in Paris cabarets in 1923, Josephine Baker.

colour and take off everything false. All very seasonal.



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## panorama

History Ploughed  
At Fatehpur  
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A FARMER'S plough, instead of the archaeologist's spade, has turned up dozens of terracotta pieces in a field near Addabazar in Gorakhpur district. The terracotta pieces have been identified as belonging to the Sunga and Kushan periods, about the start of the Christian era. Addabazar is close to Banerasiha where the ruins of an old stupa can be still seen, and Cunningham over a century ago thought Banerasiha was Devdah of Buddhist scriptures where the Buddha's mother was born.

Even Devdah placed early in the 6th century B.C. is recent compared to nearby Sohagaura in the same district of Gorakhpur where the archaeologist's spade, and not a farmer's plough, has upturned relics of the Copper Age. The most important of these relics are the white-painted Black-and-Red pots. A distinct firing technique produces the Black-and-Red pots which archaeologists have abbreviated to BR. In India the technique seems to have started in Kutch and Saurashtra on the extreme west coast during the period that Harappans colonized Kutch and Saurashtra. It is not known from Harappan settlements in the Indus Valley proper and Rajasthan. Later it spread over a large part of India, and persisted for a long time.

The white-painted BR pots represent a more specific tradition in the geographically and chronologically diffuse BR technique. They have so far been reported from only six sites throughout India.

At Surkotda in Kutch white-painted pots appear so dramatically after a period of Harappan occupation that Mr B. K. Thapar, the ceramic expert of the Archaeological Survey, declares that these pots "indicated that a new group of settlers had arrived in the area". The arrival is placed about 1800 B.C.

Two hundred years later at Ahar near Chitor this new group was not only producing the white-painted BR pots but also creating the only purely copper culture India has known.

The appearance of this new group and their identifying pottery at Sohagaura in Gorakhpur district has not been so far dated by radioactive tests, but 115 miles to the east at Chirand the group overwhelmed a settlement of Neolithic farmers about 1300 B.C. In the wide Ganga plains the farmers had no access to stone to fashion their implements and so made their axes, hoes and hammers of antlers, and polished them as the fashion was with the Neolithic people. Still further east at Pandurajar Dhibi in West Bengal the

white-painted BR pots are dated to about 1000 B.C.

The identity of the people who used white-painted BR pots is not yet established but there is a possibility that their leadership vested with the Solar Race which is mentioned in the Puranas as comprising the Ayodhya, Videha, Vaisali, and Saryata (Gujarat) dynasties. The last mentioned are the people after whom Saurashtra is named. Ayodhya is close to Sohagaura, and Vaisali only 30 miles from Chirand. One of the Ayodhyian ancestors, Kuvalasva is mentioned by the Puranas as having campaigned near a shallow and sand-filled sea in Rajputana which fits in with the white-painted BR pots' appearance at Ahar. The most famous of the Ayodhyians was of course Rama, and he is quite likely to become an historically dated person.

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ALTHOUGH MUCH of what went on at Fatehpur Sikri during the Seminar held there on December 2 and 3 to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the founding by Akbar of his dream city, remained in a veil of secrecy, from the little that some thick-skinned newsmen managed to glean, it would appear that the Archaeological Department who organized the function and were hosts to the delegates were rather badly rewarded for all their spirit-cleaning of the monuments for the occasion and their lavish hospitality.

Some of the delegates, it seems, did not mince matters in taking the Department to task for its "neglect" and "indifference" in its duty towards the monuments. Dr A. A. Rizvi, from the Australian National University, Canberra, was one such critic. In his paper on the planning of Fatehpur Sikri, he declared: "Since then so many inscriptions have disappeared, so many structures have been demolished, either secretly or openly, and such indifference has been exhibited by the Archaeological Survey of India towards many of the remaining monuments, but this magnificent town has been reduced to a collection of miscellaneous buildings—their original purposes misrepresented and misunderstood—apparently intended to be hastily glanced at by tourists to be hastily visitors. Anything not on the day-trippers' circuit seems to be lapsing under the benign neglect of the authorities into irreversible decay."

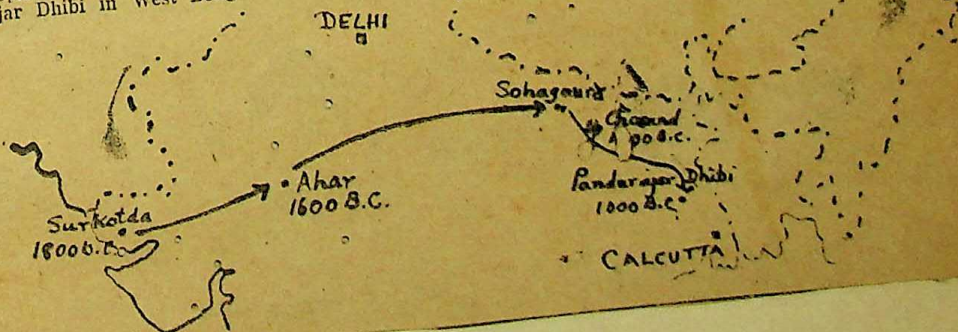
Such criticism is daily heard about practically all the historical monuments in Agra not excluding Taj Mahal, the Red Fort, the tomb of Itmad-ud-Daula, to say nothing about the other architectural beauties like Firoz Khan's tomb and

Chini ka Rauza (that fall outside the circuit of the day-trippers) which, had they been in other countries, would probably be preserved in glass cases as national treasure.

A more recent development noticed is that the precious stones of the inlay work in the Taj Mahal, the Fort and other buildings are removed and taken away, a thing no visitor can perhaps do without implements, and yet these monuments which yield a tidy income, are supposed to be carefully guarded by the Department of Archaeology.

★  
CRISES IN the cashew industry of one sort or another have become perennial and the latest to afflict this foreign exchange spinner, according to knowledgeable sources in Trivandrum, came from differences between the Union Finance and Foreign Trade Ministries, allegedly under pressure from the pro-U.S. lobby in the Capital. It ended following an exposé in this paper and, at the intervention of the Prime Minister, orders were issued authorizing export of 4,000 tonnes more of cashew kernels to Russia this year and the "consignment for Russia held up at Cochin was released. Traditionally, the USA has been the biggest buyer of cashewnut, a virtual Kerala monopoly which earns the nation nearly Rs 60 crores a year in foreign exchange. When the Soviet Union exhausted its contracted quantum of 20,000 tonnes of cashew kernel for the current year, stocks began piling up with the processing units. Taking advantage of the situation, U.S. buyers withheld orders, although their purchases this year were down by 300,000 cases, and thereby brought about a slump in the U.S. market where prices for cashewnut plummeted from 77 cents a pound to an all-time low of 70 cents. It was at this stage that the Soviet Trade Mission stepped in placing an order for 6,000 tonnes of cashew kernels. This additional order had the tacit approval of the Union Foreign Trade Ministry, and its impact, according to cashew exporters in Kerala, had the desired effect of steadying the U.S. market.

Until September, 1970, import of raw nuts was in the private sector. Purchases from East African countries were made by factory owners directly at auctions conducted by those countries without any guarantee of quality or quantity. This resulted in the export of inferior quality processed kernels which was often rejected





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## UCHTERLONY PAPERS

SELECTIONS FROM UCHTERLONY PAPERS (1818-1825) in the National Archives, edited by N. K. Sinha and A. K. Das Gupta, University of Calcutta, Calcutta.

The Indian historical Records Commission formulated a scheme of publications of English Records in the National Archives of India by non-official agencies; the scheme was meant to supplement and speed up publication of source material as dependence on the exclusive agency of the Archives staff was considered not enough. Naturally the publications entrusted to the non-official agencies were of secondary importance. In 1960 the University of Calcutta was entrusted with a task of publishing a selection from the papers of Sir David Ochterlony of the period 1818 to 1825. Prof. N. K. Sinha, to whom the task was entrusted in the first instance, says in the preface: 'I selected these records in 1961. But my preoccupations have delayed publication. I had to request Dr. Arun Kumar Das Gupta who was then an Assistant Professor in West Bengal Educational Service to come to my assistance. I have selected the records, written the introduction and given an analysis of the contents of the records. I was unable to undertake the arduous task of seeing it through the Press and solving all those problems of textual inaccuracies which editing involves. This was rather a pity for even a cursory glance through the volume is enough to show that the editing has not come up to any reasonable standard, and some glaring errors have been overlooked. There are five pages of what are called 'Notes' at the end, and there is no indication of what these snippets relate to.

There are 239 items in the book mostly letters, and several of very little general interest, which need not have found publication. The main topics of the important letters relate to Ochterlony's differences with Col. Tod on Rajput affairs on the one side, and later with the Governor General of Bharatpur on the other. Prof. Sinha almost seems to regard the latter as retribution for the former, and writes: "Some comments made by Ochterlony on one of the reports of Tod are applicable to him in Bharatpur. — every agent will act to the best of his judgment when called upon to exercise it but whether a sound discretion has been used or whether his proceedings are fully entitled to approbation should not be judged by a report in which self-love will have its full operation but on knowledge of every preceding occurrence." Both these topics are dealt with fully in the Introduction. In Bharatpur where a child raja had become ruler after the death of his father in 1825, his cousin Durjan Sal disputed the succession and made himself raja. Ochterlony at once moved troops, but was recalled by Amherst who was worried over the failure in Burma and could not forget the failure of Lake some years earlier before Bharatpur. Sir Charles Metcalfe, who succeeded Ochterlony, soon convinced the mediocre Amherst of his mistake and in January 1826 Lord Combermere took Bharatpur by storm. But Ochterlony died soon after his recall, of an illness brought perhaps by the mortification.

## SIKH HISTORY

A HISTORY OF THE SIKHS—Volume I 1469-1839: By Khushwant Singh (Princeton University Press, New Jersey. Price \$10).

For long Cunningham's 'History of the Sikhs', first published in 1849, continued to be the standard work on the history of the Sikhs. More recently writers like Tara Singh, H. N. Sinha and H. R. Gupta have attempted to provide further account of the Sikhs. Khushwant Singh has now projected a history of the Sikhs in two volumes; the first traces it from the beginning down to the death of Ranjit Singh. The author claims to have made use of the original sources found in Gurmukhi, Persian and English. But no notable change is found from the account given in the earlier works. The author no doubt writes a racy style, and his book is eminently readable.

Nanak, the founder of Sikhism, was a product of the Bhakti movement in North India. Kabir was his spiritual ancestor, while Kabir himself was a disciple of Ramananda. In fact, Sikhism was born out of a wedlock between Hinduism and Islam, though soon it developed an individuality of its own.

In the beginning, the Sikh Gurus were concerned only with the peaceful pursuit of their religious creed. But persecution by the Mughals compelled the Sikhs to organise themselves into a military sect. The sixth Guru, Hargobind was the first to appeal to arms; the tenth Guru, Gobind put the army on a regular footing.

Later, the invasion of Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah Abdali affected the Sikhs seriously. However, their resilience was so remarkable that not only did they survive these onslaughts, but they emerged out of them even stronger than before. It has been rightly said that though the third battle of Panipat was fought between the Marathas and the Afghans, it was really won by the Sikhs.

But soon disunity appeared among the Sikhs. The great hero who forged the kingdom of the Punjab was Ranjit Singh. The author gives a graphic account of the character, personality and achievements of the 'Lion of the Punjab'.

There are seven useful Appendices among which, Appendix five provides a translation of seven hymns from the Adi Granth. The Bibliography is quite good. In the text, some errors have crept in, as for example, regarding the dates of the invasions of the Arabs and of Mahumad of Ghazni (P. 21).

K.K.P.

## Dynamic Religion

THE HERITAGE OF THE SIKHS: By Harbans Singh: Asia Publishing House, Bombay-1. Pp. 219. Price Rs. 25.

The Sikhs are a small, well-knit community comprising less than two per cent of the total Indian population. Their history is not even 500 years old, dating from 1469, the year of Guru Nanak's birth. But it is a unique history, vivid and violent in its vicissitudes. "The heritage of the Sikhs" is a masterly presentation of the part of that history, it serves to show how a dynamic religion could determine the political fortunes of a people. The Sikhs are a deeply devoted people and "throughout their living impulse" the fervour of their faith has provided them with an inexhaustible source of spiritual energy, from which they have drawn abundantly in times of crisis and even in times of peace. The first trials of persecution descended on them from the Mughal rulers, and the martyrdom of Guru Arjun, the guru in the line of apostolic succession, marked a turning point in the history of the Sikh faith. His son, Guru Harigobind, "chose himself a war equipment for the ceremonies of succession" and gave a martial and to the career of the community. Thus grew, "heroism out of the holy tradition," inspired by the intolerance and bigotry of an alien ruling race. Later on, when Guru Gobind Singh, the last of the Sikh apostles, introduced the baptism of the sword and initiated the order of the Khanda, the Sikh movement reached its height, and "the sect of saints and martyrs turned into a band of bold warriors, without losing its original attributes of compassion and selflessness." Thus, "enduring, creates power" is well exemplified in this saga of Sikh heroism; that organisation is the keynote of Sikh success is also well brought out.

With remarkable skill, combining a poet's feeling and imagination with a keen, historical sense and honesty of soul, the author traces the history of the Sikh heritage through a prominent landmark, like the liberation of the Punjab from foreign domination and the defence of the country against Afghan invasion, highlighting the courage and valour of Ranjit Singh. "The main code of the Sikh fold and the Sikh fold and the Protestant currents within the Sikh fold and the Sikh fold down to the partitioning of the country and the birth of Pakistan." "There was no end in the Sikh argument", says the author in opposition to the partition of the Punjab (p. 180). The book is an excellent product, and deserves credit to human publishing.

K. Seshadri.

MILITARY SYSTEM OF THE SIKHS: By Fauja Singh Baiwa. Motilal Banarsidass Delhi-6. Rs. 20

In dealing with the military system of the Sikhs the author has taken considerable pains to collect material from original sources available in the English, Persian and the Punjabi languages. It is not a mere attempt to glorify the military traditions of Sikhs. On the other hand the early difficulties which Maharaja Ranjit Singh faced in building up the Sikh army, its weaknesses and drawbacks in discipline, training and equipment which it had in common with the Marhattas and the Moghuls, and how by persistent efforts the great ruler made the Sikhs shed the prejudice against the European system and adopt the good points in it have been well brought out in this critical and comparative study. Some illustrations could have made the book more attractive.

E. K. Ramaswami.



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## RESTUDY OF HISTORY

What precise contributions have been made to historiography and to the philosophy of history at the 34th session of the Indian History Congress will be known in due course. Meanwhile, there will be general agreement with the three resolutions that the Congress adopted at its concluding session as well as with the view expressed by Prof. Nurul Hasan, who presided, that in consonance with the changing concept of writing history the focus must today shift

from the doings of kings and elites to the life of the people. The historian in every age and environment must interpret events from his own point of vantage from a viewpoint conditioned by the needs, demands, pressures, and values that rule the society of which he is part. Today historiographers must reconsider the past in terms of popular responses and reactions to rulers. One may not easily brush aside the fact that much history stems from the

struggle for and exercise of power. But life is more than the story of kings and conquerors and dynastic intrigues. The people of every age have obviously counted for something. Even when kings ruled by "divine right", the contentment or otherwise of their subjects was crucial. A reading of Kautilya should be enough to establish this. Nor is it possible to overlook the fact that rebels, pretenders and insurgents had invariably to seek augmentation of their forces from the people.

Prof. Nurul Hasan's view lends support to and carries forward the burden of the resolution adopted at the congress which states that the basic task of the historian is constantly and scientifically to re-examine the past. The other two resolutions have to do with prac-

tical problems of teaching and appreciating history. The first of these expressed concern at the expulsion from Poona University of Dr P. V. Ranade, who was forced to give up his job because he had written critically of Shivaji. The resolution at the History Congress demanded his reinstatement. This must of course be done. But the problem goes deeper. What has to be countered and corrected is the intolerance that led to the Professor having to relinquish the post. It is depressing that such intolerance should be found in a university. Shivaji was and is a hero to the people of Maharashtra and doubtless elsewhere too. But it is necessary to inculcate, at every level, a broader view of history, so that Shivaji, and other regional heroes, are assessed in the perspective of sub-continental, South

Asian, history. The kind of narrow prejudice that idolises Shivaji and other regional heroes to the point of intolerance for any but the hero-worshipper's own view is of a piece with the kind of narrow chauvinism that expresses itself in communal fanaticism and frenzy.

The corrective lies in providing the right kind of history textbooks all over the country. The improvement of current history textbooks should start with abandoning conventional but misleading nomenclatures such as the "Hindu Period" and "Muslim Period" in Indian history with connotations of ruler and ruled, conqueror and oppressed. This again is dynastic history of part of India. It ignores the people and the social movements that affected them. Indian history needs a new angle of vision.



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"K NOW thyself and know thy enemy". This is a wise dictum. Instead of getting periodically flustered over the relentless rearming of Pakistan by the United States and certain Arab powers, India should be her age and take a realistic view of things. For better or for worse, quite likely for worse, chunks of West Asia and Pakistan have been sucked into the whirlpool of super-power rivalry. The United States is not pretending when it assures India that America has no intention of undermining this country's stability through subversion or through manipulated aggression. Pakistan, given the opportunity, may launch yet another attack on India, using sophisticated U.S. arms in the process. But that will not be at the instance of the Pentagon unless India, abandoning the policy of non-alignment, lines up with the Soviet Union—a remote possibility.

The American people do not like Zia and his regime but the foreign policy of any country is not dictated by moral considerations. In the Second World War when the British people had expressed their deep revulsion against Stalin's brutal and wholly immoral ways of getting things done in his own country, British war Premier Churchill came out with this stunning reply: "I would sup with the devil if it were in Britain's interest". Ethics and so-called moral values must take a back-seat when the security of a country is at stake. Rightly or wrongly the Reagan Administration believes that the Soviet Union is America's Enemy No. 1 and that alliances have to be forged with such countries and governments as are willing to extend all possible facilities to the exploitation of America's Rapid Deployment Force in strategic areas, both in West Asia and in the Indian sub-continent, including Pakistan. South Block is reportedly upset over the U.S. move for bringing both Pakistan and Saudi Arabia in her scheme of Rapid Deployment Force now operating in the Gulf region. South Block is being very naive.

Indian commentators, all Delhi-based, recorded quite some time ago that the American behaviour is the outcome of a studied plan. It is part of a compact between Zia's military regime and Washington strategic planners whereby a special place of trust and importance is allocated in American political mapping to the present rulers of Islamabad. The sooner Indian thinking gets to take note of this basic reality, the better. The latest inside reports on the secret U.S.-Pakistan strategic compact indicate that Pakistan has virtually become an integrated part of American military strategy in South-West Asia. The current arrangement includes Pakistani defence teams regularly visiting countries of the Persian Gulf and select Arab countries covered by the compact. Some 10,000 Pakistani military troops are currently serving on foreign soil, excluding the contingent which the Pakistani regime has pledged to the Saudi Arabian ruling dynasty, believed to be 20,000 strong. In this way the Pentagon, predict our political pundits, will use Pakistani contingents as proxies for its own troops in any circumstances, apart from an open and direct clash between the two super powers.

There are also reports of a secret alliance between Pakistan, Egypt and Turkey for joint military manoeuvres by the three armies under the friendly but watchful eye of the Pentagon. "If you want peace, understand war". This is a time-tested salutary dictum. Union Defence Minister Venkataraman struck the right note when addressing the armed forces, he said bluntly that there was no room for complacency and that "the nation and the armed forces should be prepared for any eventuality." There is no question of an arms race between India and Pakistan. Pakistan is being rearmed by the United States in a manner that poses a threat to India. Remember Pakistan had waged war against India four times and the possibility of a fifth cannot be ruled out. However brave may be our armed forces, they will be at a considerable disadvantage if they have to fight with obsolete arms an aggressor equipped with up-to-date sophisticated weapons. From time immemorial it has been demonstrated that what wins war is superior mobility and fire power. Our policy-makers and people should see to it that these two immutable factors do not operate against us in any physical confrontation with an invader.

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It was Milton who, in 1646, sent copies of some of his polemical writings to the Bodleian library, addressing the gift to John Rous, the librarian, whom he considered the best judge of books.

by Govind Talwarkar

NATIONS should be known by the libraries they keep. As such, England is richly endowed and even Lenin commended its library facilities to his countrymen.

Among the English libraries the British Museum library and the Bodleian, at Oxford, are the most reputable and prestigious. The Bodleian library owes its birth and nourishment to Sir Thomas Bodley who was England's envoy in the Netherlands at the time of Queen Elizabeth I.

Thomas Bodley's father John was opposed to papacy and when Mary Tudor came to the throne he left for the continent along with his family. In 1557, John was in Geneva and was elected an elder of the English congregation. Here, Thomas who was twelve by then, had the first taste of scholarship and learnt at the feet of Calvin and Beza. He had his lessons in Greek and Hebrew and he continued to foster his interests in both the languages throughout his life. After the accession of Queen Elizabeth, Bodley family turned to England and Thomas is sent to Oxford.

In 1576 he set out on a tour of Europe, travelled for four years and cultivated proficiency in Italian, French and Spanish. On his return he entered Parliament but was sent to the Netherlands as envoy where he conducted himself successfully for nine years and voluntarily returned to London. In March 1598, when he set up at the library door in Oxford, he found a great empty library as the university was in financial straits. Books and manuscripts in the Humphrey library were sold, even the bookshelves were disposed of. Thomas was by then knighted and he had to see this empty library and the damage done to it.

10/84 He found that the library was empty because of lack of funds. While colleges had funds, the university was

## A gift of great minds

in difficulties. He, therefore, offered to build the library. Shelves and furniture were also to be furnished by him. Along with this, he made an offer of an annual grant. Sir Thomas was married to a rich widow and decided to spend his money on endowing a library at Oxford. His offer was accepted and the Bodley library came into

being. Francis Bacon sent his copy of *Advancement of Learning*, in 1605, with an accompanying letter which described the library as an ark to save learning from deluge. The earliest collection of books received as gift was probably that from Earl of Essex who donated 252 volumes. There was



SCHOLARSHIP PAR EXCELLENCE: John Price, Bodley's librarian (1768-1813).

being in 1598, while furnishing was completed by 1600.

Bodley appointed four delegates to supervise the library and Thomas James as librarian. In addition to the funds he provided, he called for amounts from his acquaintances who responded to his appeal. Thus, between 1600 and 1605, Sir Thomas could collect £1,700 from benefactors and assigned two London booksellers to purchase books for the library. They were often to go to the continent and buy books and manuscripts.

The library also welcomed

also a steady acquisition of English medieval manuscripts from collectors and well-wishers who saw the Bodley library as a safe place of preservation.

On the continent there were rich libraries and Bodley came later but caught up with them and so in the course of hundred years John Ayliffe describing the state of affairs could write "Upon the whole, this library is much larger than that of any University in Europe, nay, it exceeds those of all the Sovereigns in Europe, except the Emperor's and the French King's. When Bodley died in

writings to the library and addressed the gift to Rous personally as he thought him to be the best judge of books.

As the library expanded, cataloguing became essential and classified catalogues were prepared. These were done by librarians like Barlow who was also responsible for enriching the library by getting hold of the Seldon collection of about eight thousand volumes. Hyde was another librarian who was known for his innovation in cataloguing.

taken out of the library. When in 1645, King Charles I called for a book, the librarian refused to send it quoting the relevant rule. In 1654 when Cromwell sent a letter to the vice-chancellor asking for a manuscript for a Portuguese ambassador, a copy of the statute was sent to him instead. Cromwell was satisfied and commended the prudence of the founder.

Great institutions like the Bodleian library are built on such foundations.



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It was at Bodley's side that the library became a bulwark against Catholicism. Early librarians were at his side but it could not be proved convincingly that Bodley wanted to build the library as a Protestant institution.

The collection of manuscripts started with Thomas Allen, a friend of Bodley. His own gift of books and manuscripts was valuable. Bodley saw the worth of old manuscripts and then there was no end to the collection. His attention was drawn to oriental material and one of the first Chinese books was acquired in 1607. Some of the officers of the East India Company helped Bodley to get oriental manuscripts.

However, it was not always easy for the library to finance its activities. As the books and manuscripts increased in numbers they required enough accommodation. Besides the civil war prevented the collection of rents from the Bodley estate. So expenditure on books dropped to £12 a year. But by the end of 1610 the Stationers Company granted the University of Oxford one copy of every new book in quires on condition that they might borrow or copy any book so deposited for reprinting. This agreement was not adhered to all the years but it helped the library a great deal.

The library continued to receive gifts of books and manuscripts. The Earl of Pembroke

in the eighteenth century a number of foreign students, especially from Germany and Scandinavian countries helped in enlarging the stock of books and manuscripts.

Financial stringency always dogged the progress of the Bodleian library but the librarians were ingenious enough to overcome the difficulties. However, the Copyright Act of 1780 came to the rescue and the Bodleian library along with that of the British Museum became the repositories of every new book printed in Britain. In the 18th century, it was Rawlinson who collected a large number of books and manuscripts for the library.

To overcome the financial difficulties it was considered advisable to charge fees from those who used the library. This came into force in 1780 and for the next hundred years the library was transformed.

This fascinating history is narrated by Ian Philip with meticulous care. He has a feeling for this great institution which was conceived by Bodley and built up by scores of devoted individuals.

Even the statute of the Bodleian library is worth noting. It told the scholars, "Also that you will neither in your own person steal, change, make cures, defer, tear, cut, write notes in, interline, wilfully spoil, obliterate any book or books, nor authorise any person to commit the like." There was a rule which laid down that, "undergra-

### The Bodleian Library In The Seventeenth And Eighteenth Centuries: By Ian Philip (Clarendon Press, Oxford, £ 17.50)

and Sir Thomas Roe were the first few who donated Greek manuscripts. But Laud surpassed them by donating 1,250 volumes. More important than this, Laud established the Bodleian as a centre for Greek and Arabic studies.

The progress of the Bodley library was uneven but steady and it was fortunate in having many dedicated and scholarly librarians. John Rous was one of them. It was Milton who, in 1646, sent copies of some of his polemical writings to the library and addressed the gift to Rous personally as he thought him to be the best judge of books.

As the library expanded, cataloguing became essential and classified catalogues were prepared. These were done by librarians like Barlow who was also responsible for enriching the library by getting hold of the Seldon collection of about eight thousand volumes. Hyde was another librarian who was known for his innovation in cataloguing.

duates and all graduates of inferior order were to show due observance and deference to seniors by giving place to them, the moment they see them approaching the bench or bookcase where they are or else by passing to them, if the case require it, the book which they were previously using."

Jan Morris in her inimitable book on Oxford has some instructive stories to tell about the library. The statute required that no book or manuscript should be taken out of the library. When in 1645, King Charles I called for a book, the librarian refused to send it quoting the relevant rule. In 1654 when Cromwell sent a letter to the vice-chancellor asking for a manuscript for a Portuguese ambassador, a copy of the statute was sent to him instead. Cromwell was satisfied and commended the prudence of the founder.

Great institutions like the Bodleian library are built on such foundations.



# Exorcising Auschwitz

Denied martyrdom, Goldberg wrestles with his destiny to resolve the void of being fatherless and the guilt of being a survivor.

by Havovi Anklesaria

**N**AMESAKE is an off-beat contribution to the literature of the Nazi holocaust. This autobiography has no heroes and no heroics. Nazi persecution in occupied France constitutes only one reason for the author's alienation from French society. The book is a record of his dilemmas in relation to identity and race, and its objective is therapeutic rather than historical. Goldberg is the product of secularist ideals, of mixed schools, mixed cultures and multiple loyalties. His crisis is the consequence of the dissolution of tradition, family and community.

Goldberg escaped Auschwitz at the age of three because he could not accompany his father to Lyon. Denied this martyrdom, he wrestles with his destiny to resolve the void of being fatherless and the guilt of being a survivor. When still very young, anti-semitic remarks exclude him from all schoolboy groups and games. He is made to feel alienated even before he is mature enough to realise his own identity. The consequent self-hatred incapacitates him for love, and the book is at one level a search for this elusive capacity, which is tied up with the fate of his father and the sufferings of his race.

Goldberg tries to submerge his identity in the larger entity of France but finds that paradoxically it was only outside France that others saw him as "fully French". Extensive physical travel thus becomes a search for his French-Jewish heritage.

Unable to be, he becomes a compulsive doer. Moving from one conquest to another with relative ease, he graduates with first class honours from the lycee, wins scholarships to renowned American universities, joins the inner circle of banking and goes on missions abroad. Yet he can never conquer his sense of failure, for success does not generate love

but only respect, admiration or envy.

When still in school, his mother marries a second time, and Goldberg's name is changed to Cojot. This is the second instance of a change of name. It had been changed earlier during the Nazi persecution as a means of protection. A name is the index of race and identity. Cojot was a French name with no Jewish associations. The title of the book not only reflects the discarding of a name but the suppressing of an identity. Marrying Marie-France (a French Catholic) is seen as another step towards self-destruction.

## Hitting Back

With nothing left to gain or conquer, Goldberg feels the need to do something exceptional. He traces Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyon," the murderer of Jean Moulin and his father, to Bolivia. By killing Barbie, Goldberg felt he would be glorified by both Frenchmen and Jews. He would no longer exist at the periphery but move to the centre of French nationality and consciousness.

The abortive "Barbie" attempt constitutes a watershed between past and present, between groping towards identity and a confident self-awareness of it. He realises his need for love and craves for the attention of his children. By a series of coinci-

cant in a fundamental sense, Goldberg's tone, attitude and manner of writing suggests that he is creating the story of an outside entity. This innate objectivity is its strength, and also the weakness of the book. The writing is taut and rapid, never degenerating into maudlin hysteria. But this sometimes makes for a simplistic analysis. Throughout the book the engineering force is Goldberg's Will which has driven him to higher academic grades, to further promotions. Will is associated with ambition and intelligence. These faculties reflect an inflexible impatience that constitute precision and clarity. Therefore in this sense Namesake is an intelligent book, though it is rarely imaginative. The analysis and the conclusions are too pat to reflect the ambiguity of his motivations. The commentary on his mother's relationship with him and his relationship with his children is too obviously Freudian. The Barbie and the Entebbe incidents, though rationalised thoroughly, are not wholly convincing.

In the Barbie incident, it is precisely Goldberg's Will that lets him down. A superior force that he could not understand prevents him from committing the murder. This force manifests itself only when there is time for indecision:

"I was best only in situations in which there was neither time to

**Namesake: By Michel Goldberg (Yale University Press, \$13.94)**

dences he was on the plane hijacked to Entebbe, an incident representing the culmination of his despair. After Entebbe, Goldberg establishes the new patterns in his life, divorcing his wife and "settling scores with his country." He reverts to the name of Goldberg and recaptures his father's past, talking to people who knew him, starting with his mother. He imaginatively relives the capture of his father, goes through old camp records and finds an early photograph. He understands that his father had never been a hero, although his son dreamt of heroism. His father was human and therefore mortal, and this realisation stills the nightmarish dialogues in his soul.

The title Namesake is signifi-

hesitate nor the possibility of laying a decision."

In Entebbe his role is significant though unheroic. He up the glory of remaining the passengers for a stay save the Israelis. Incidents, Goldberg from heroism is not de love; it seemed exhibitionism to his gative quality reasoning is the ment in an able autobiogr

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